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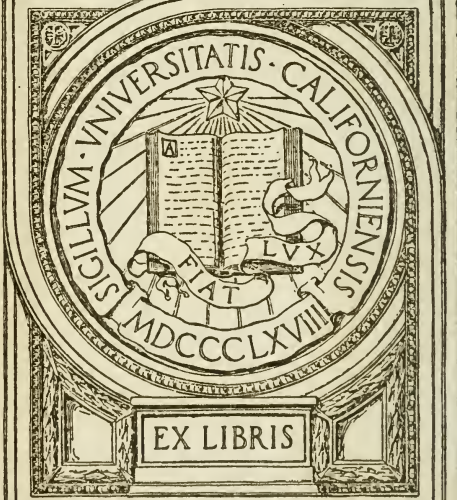

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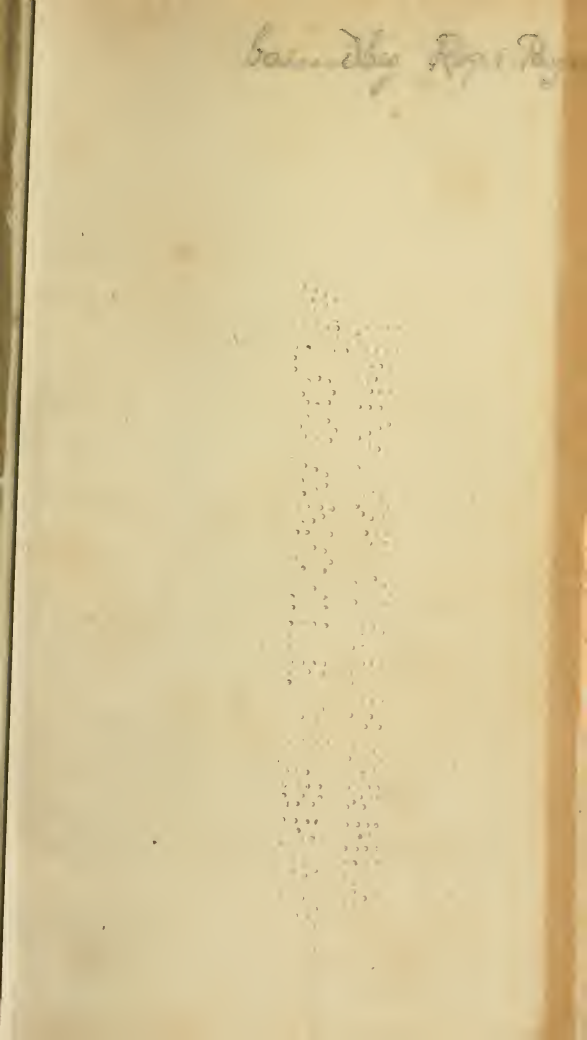

Bryden's
Poems

Le Clerc Lefils inv. *Lud. Du Guernier Sculp.*

The FIRST PART of

Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Most Eminent Hands.

Publish'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, & Te, Proxima Myrte:
Sic posita quoniam suaveis miscetis odores. Virg. Ecl. 2.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's Head* over-against *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand.* MDCCXVI.

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To His GRACE the

DUKE of *Newcastle.*

My LORD,

THIS under Your Auspice that this Collection now appears. For who is so proper to Patronise some Pieces not unworthy of *Virgil* and *Horace*, as *Mecænas*? Not only

Your Quality has diſtinguiſh'd You, but Nature too; and as none but Your Great Anceſtor, who adopted You, cou'd give You ſo great a Fortune; ſo none but Heav'n, who inſpir'd him to do it, ſuch a Soul to uſe it. How often has Your Charity ſeem'd a Profuſion, and always done with a Grace and Behaviour ſtill greater! For the Wants of many that Addreſs to You laſt no longer than the time of telling them.

Wealth, if well conſider'd, is but a ſplendid Vexation; and He Manages the beſt, who is neither

neither Intemperate with it, nor Uneasie without it. I dare say, I am now writing to one whose Conduct discovers that Moderation and Humility may be consistent with Superfluity and Power; and that Show and Vanity are not constant Attendants on Youth, and a great Estate. On how many Occasions of late have You been known to shun Popularity, with more Industry than others court it! How little do You affect what the Cry of the Populace wou'd make one believe You promoted so much! A Tumult

is a Frenzy you neither like nor Encourage; nor can any Cauſe You engage in, want the Supports of Licentiouſneſs and Violence. You are well aſſur'd, that Hate is often Blind as well as Love; and that none ought to be treated as Enemies, but thoſe whom the Laws of Nature and Nations have declar'd ſo.

From this Conſideration it is, that Candour and Benevolence directs all Your Actions, and that You are a Friend to every one that is not otherwiſe to Your Country. An equal Temper, a human Behaviour, and

and a good Conſcience are the chief Purſuits of Your Ambition: And therefore it is that You chuſe Retirement at an Age, when others think they breath not out of a Hurry, and a Court. With what Satisfaction do you always leave the Diverſions of the Town for the Solitude of *Claremont*, where Nature at one careleſs Stroak has sketcht an infinite Variety; ſo pleaſant is the Situation, and yet ſo proud, You can at once enjoy Your lov'd Receſs, and look down on the Neighb'ring Royal Palaces that are crowded below.

There

There the Air is not tainted with the Breath of Flattery, nor ruffled with Animosities; but Truth walks unmask'd, and Innocence sleeps unguarded. There You Study the Interest of the Publick, and the Good of every private Man; and imitate very early that great Consul who frequently withdrew from *Rome*, and the *Fasces*, to Practise at *Tusculum* what he had learned at *Athens*.

I have sometime since observed, that he who came to advise You was always more welcome, than he that came to flatter You;

You; but if in any part of this, Your Modesty thinks me guilty of what I assure you I detest; continue to be what I believe You, and confirm as well the Judgment as the Opinion of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

PREFACE.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

FOR this laſt half Year I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of Tranſlation; the cold Proſe-fits of it, (which are always the moſt tedious with me) were ſpent in the Hiſtory of the League; the hot, (which ſucceeded them) in Verſe Miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to my ſelf a kind of eaſe in the change of the Paroxiſm; never ſuſpecting but that the Humour wou'd have waſted it ſelf in two or three Paſtorals of *Theocritus*, and as many Odes of *Horace*. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more

pleasing in them, than my ordinary Productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with *Lucretius* and *Virgil*; and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the Undertaking: But there was an accidental Motive, which was full as forcible. It was my Lord *Roscommon*'s *Essay* on Translated Verse, which made me uneasie 'till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks; very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his Instructions; I am sure my Reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules.

Yet withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commiſſion; for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my Authors, as no *Dutch* Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcover'd ſome Beauty yet undiſcover'd by thoſe Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their Expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the *Greek* or *Latin*, wou'd not appear ſo ſhining in the *Engliſh*: And where I have enlarg'd them, I deſire the falſe Criticks wou'd not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him; or at leaſt, if both thoſe Conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an *Engliſhman*, they are

such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like, the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience *Virgil*, *Homer*, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say, to their Faces, by a botching Interpreter. What *English* Readers, unacquainted with *Greek* or *Latin*, will believe me

or any other man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our *Ogleby's* have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many who understand *Greek* and *Latin*, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the *English* are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good Wit, to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of *English*,

and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men take up some cry'd-up *English* Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his Thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile; but he must be a Master of them too: He must perfectly understand his Author's Tongue, and absolutely command his own: So that to be a thorough

Translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Author's Sense, in good *English*, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a Secret of which few Translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you wou'd interpret. For Example, not only the Thoughts, but the Stile and Versification of *Virgil* and *Ovid*, are very different: Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was *Virgil*, and

which was *Ovid.* It was objected againſt * a late noble Painter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, becauſe he always ſtudied himſelf more than thoſe who ſate to him. In ſuch Tranſlators I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the Hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot diſtinguiſh their Poet from another. Suppoſe two Authors are equally ſweet, yet there is a great diſtinction to be made in ſweetneſs, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Tranſlations out of four ſeveral Poets; *Virgil*, *Theocritus*, *Lucretius* and *Horace*. In each of theſe, before I undertook them, I conſider'd the Genius and diſtinguiſhing Character of my Author. I look'd on *Virgil*, as a ſuccinct and grave Majeſtick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every Thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was ſtill aiming to crowd

* *Sir* P. Lely.

his Senſe into as narrow a compaſs as poſſibly he cou'd; for which reaſon he is ſo very Figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a Grammar apart to conſtrue him. His Verſe is every where ſounding the very Thing in your Ears, whoſe Senſe it bears: Yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the Reader; ſo that the ſame Sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, *Ovid* and *Claudian*, though they write in Stiles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of Muſick in their Verſes. All the verſification and little variety of *Claudian*, is included within the compaſs of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his Senſe at the end of a Verſe, and that Verſe commonly which they call Golden, or two Subſtantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. *Ovid*, with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of Numbers and Sound as he: He is always as it

were upon the hand-gallop, and his Verſe runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to *Virgil*, tho' he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is requir'd, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it. Frequently makes uſe of Synalæpha's, and concludes his Senſe in the middle of his Verſe. He is every where above conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and groſs Hyperboles: He maintains Majeſty in the midſt of Plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of *Lucan*. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular conſideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delighful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of *Virgil* I par-

ticularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but muſt confeſs to my ſhame, that I have not been able to Tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf. For where the Original is cloſe, no Verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. *Hannibal Caro*'s in the *Italian*, is the neareſt, the moſt Poetical, and the moſt Sonorous of any Tranſlation of the *Æneids*; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verſe, he commonly allows two Lines for one of *Virgil*, and does not always hit his Senſe. *Taſſo* tells us in his Letters, that *Sperone Speroni*, a great *Italian* Wit, who was his Contemporary, obſerv'd of *Virgil* and *Tully*; that the *Latin* Orator endeavour'd to imitate the Copiouſneſs of *Homer*, the *Greek* Poet; and that the *Latin* Poet made it his Buſineſs to reach the Conciſeneſs of *Demoſthenes*, the *Greek* Orator. *Virgil* therefore being ſo very ſparing of his Words, and leaving ſo much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be tranſlated as he

ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Tranſlate him Line for Line is impoſſible, becauſe the *Latin* is naturally a more ſuccinct Language, than either the *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, or even than the *Engliſh*, (which by reaſon of its Monoſyllables is far the moſt compendious of them.) *Virgil* is much the cloſeſt of any *Roman* Poet, and the *Latin* Hexameter has more Feet than the *Engliſh* Heroick.

Beſides all this, an Author has the choice of his own Thoughts and Words, which a Tranſlator has not; he is confin'd by the Senſe of the Inventor to thoſe Expreſſions, which are the neareſt to it: So that *Virgil* ſtudying Brevity, and having the command of his own Language, could bring theſe Words into a narrow compaſs, which a Tranſlator cannot render without Circumlocutions. In ſhort, they who have call'd him the Torture of Grammarians, might alſo have call'd him the Plague of Tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudy'd

not to be Tranſlated. I own that endeavouring to turn his *Niſus* and *Euryalus* as cloſe as I was able, I have perform'd that *Epiſode* too literally; that giving more ſcope to *Mezentius* and *Lauſus*, that Verſion which has more of the Majeſty of *Virgil*, has leſs of his Conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for my ſelf, is only that I have done both, better than *Ogleby*, and perhaps as well as *Caro*. By conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might poſſibly have ſucceeded better; but never ſo well, as to have ſatisfy'd my ſelf.

He who excels all other Poets in his own Language, were it poſſible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord *Roſcommon* juſtly obſerves, approaches neareſt to the *Roman* in its Majeſty: Neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt Interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in *Virgil*'s words, and in them principally conſiſts that

beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force; this Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied; and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language, and the hastiness of my Performance wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his Sense; but I think the greatest Variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular Lines in *Mezentius* and *Lausus* I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely ally'd to *Virgil*'s Sense; but they are too like the tenderness of *Ovid*; and were Printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them: The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because

the Copy is at the Press: The second is this;

—*When* Lausus *dy'd, I was already slain.*

This appears pretty enough at first sight, but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the Expression is too bold, that *Virgil* wou'd not have said it, though *Ovid* wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines which are more according to the Author,

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of *Virgil*, I have in the next place to consider the Genius of *Lucretius*, whom I have Translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best Age of *Roman* Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it;

and he himself refin'd it to that degree of Perfection, both in the Language and the Thoughts, that he left an easie Task to *Virgil*; who as he succeeded him in time, so he Copy'd his Excellencies; for the method of the *Georgicks* is plainly deriv'd from him. *Lucretius* had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical Descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see *Virgil* has imitated with great Success, in those Four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine *Æneids*. The turn of his Verses he has likewise follow'd, in those places which *Lucretius* has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much Variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of *Lucretius*, (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble Pride, and positive Assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his

own Reason, and assuming an absolute Command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron *Memmius*. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him; and using a Magisterial Authority, while he instructs him. From his Time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of *Malmsbury*. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by *Lucretius*; who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our *Hobbs*, who could not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some Eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for *Lucretius*, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his Cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists: Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an Objection for the future. All this too, with so much Scorn

and Indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his Thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery Temper proceeds the Loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual Torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making *Memmius* a Materialist, and teaching him to defie an invisible Power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the Considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And

accordingly I laid by my natural Diffidence and Scepticiſm for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which, as I ſaid, is ſo much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the Mortality of the Soul, they are ſo abſurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future State demonſtrable even by natural Arguments; at leaſt to take away Rewards and Puniſhments, is only a pleaſing proſpect to a Man, who reſolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after Death, is a burthen unſupportable to a virtuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at Happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the ſhortneſs of our preſent Being, eſpecially when we conſider that Virtue is generally unhappy in this World, and Vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the Ex-

ceſſes to which he is prompted by his natural Inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be uncapable of puniſhment after he is dead? If he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of Morality to reſtrain him: For Fame and Reputation are weak ties; many men have not the leaſt ſenſe of them: Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their Intereſt, and that not always when a Paſſion is predominant; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my Thoughts abſtractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Chriſtian Faith, which is the proper buſineſs of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into *Engliſh*,) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable Man, to make him leſs in love with Life, and conſequently in leſs apprehenſi-

ons

ons of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him uncapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others; these and many other reasons so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the *Prosopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own Endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my *Englishing* the * *Nature of Love*, from the Fourth Book of

* In the Second Volume.

Lucretius: And I can leſs eaſily anſwer why I Tranſlated it, than why I thus Tranſlated it. The Objection ariſes from the Obſcenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verſes. In the firſt place, without the leaſt Formality of an Excuſe, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worſt they can of this Confeſſion; I am not yet ſo ſecure from that paſſion, but that I want my Author's Antidotes againſt it. He has given the trueſt and moſt Philoſophical account both of the Diſeaſe and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which Reaſons I Tranſlated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luſcious *Engliſh*, (for I will not give it a worſe Word;) inſtead of an Anſwer, I wou'd ask again of my Supercilious Adverſaries, whether I am not bound, when I Tranſlate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to Tranſlate him to the beſt advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am ſatisfy'd was honeſt and

inſtructive, I had either omitted ſome part of what he ſaid, or taken from the ſtrength of his Expreſſion, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeneſs of Thought and Words, being thus caſhier'd in my Hands, he had no longer been *Lucretius*. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Phyſicians muſt not ſtudy Nature, Anatomies muſt not be ſeen, and ſomewhat I could ſay of particular Paſſages in Books, which to avoid Prophaneneſs I do not name: But the Intention qualifies the Act; and both mine and my Author's were to inſtruct as well as pleaſe. 'Tis moſt certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the pooreſt pretence to Wit imaginable. If I ſhould ſay otherwiſe, I ſhould have two great Authorities againſt me: The one is the Eſſay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the Commendation of which my Lord *Roſcommon* ſo happily begins his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe: The other is no leſs than our admir'd *Cowley*; who ſays the ſame

thing in other Words: For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it;

Much leſs can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such Droſs the Fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The Author bluſh, there where the Reader muſt.

Here indeed Mr. *Cowley* goes farther than the Eſſay; for he aſſerts plainly that Obſcenity has no place in Wit; the other only ſays, 'tis a poor Pretence to it, or an ill ſort of Wit, which has nothing more to ſupport it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in it ſelf, and fulſome to the Reader. But neither of theſe will reach my caſe: For in the firſt place, I am only the Tranſlator, not the Inventor; ſo that the heavieſt part of the Cenſure falls upon *Lucretius*, before it reaches me: In the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the groſſeſt Words, but the cleanlieſt Metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadneſs of the

Meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philosophical exacted. There is one Mistake of mine which I will not lay to the Printer's charge, who has enough to answer for in false Pointings: 'Tis in the Word *Viper:* I would have the Verse run thus,

The Scorpion, Love, must on the Wound be bruis'd.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted People, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal Slip; tho' *Horace* would instruct them better in true Criticism: *Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parùm cavit natura.* True Judgement in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the Beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge: 'Tis a sign that Malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is ano-

ther. In the midſt of an ill-natur'd Generation of Scribblers, there is always Juſtice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by Humanity and Intereſt, to eſpouſe each others cauſe, againſt falſe Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This laſt Conſideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Tranſlator of *Lucretius*; I have not here deſign'd to rob him of any part of that Commendation which he has ſo juſtly acquir'd by the whole Author, whoſe Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty Years ago: The ways of our Tranſlation are very different; he follows him more cloſely than I have done, which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my Deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my Method in ſo long a work, and I had certainly taken

his, had I made it my buſineſs to Tranſlate the whole. The Preference then is juſtly his; and I join with Mr. *Evelyn* in the confeſſion of it, with this additional Advantage to him; that his Reputation is already eſtabliſh'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obſcure, in following our common Author, or if *Lucretius* himſelf is to be condemn'd, I refer my ſelf to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new Pleaſure.

My Preface begins already to ſwell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by ſo tedious a beſpeaking of him; and yet I have *Horace* and *Theocritus* upon my Hands; but the *Greek* Gentleman ſhall quickly be diſpatch'd, becauſe I have more buſineſs with the *Roman*.

That which diſtinguiſhes *Theocritus* from all other Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and which raiſes him even above *Virgil* in his Eclogues, is

the inimitable Tenderneſs of his Paſſions; and the natural Expreſſion of them in Words ſo becoming of a Paſtoral. A Simplicity ſhines thro' all he writes; he ſhews his Art and Learning by diſguiſing both. His Shepherds never riſe above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the ſame difference betwixt him and *Virgil*, as there is betwixt *Taſſo*'s *Aminta*, and the *Paſtor Fido* of *Guarini*. *Virgil*'s Shepherds are too well read in the Philoſophy of *Epicurus* and of *Plato*; and *Guarini*'s ſeem to have been bred in Courts. But *Theocritus* and *Taſſo* have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was ſaid of *Taſſo*, in relation to his Similitudes, *Mai eſce del Boſco*; that he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his Compariſons were taken from the Country: The ſame may be ſaid of our *Theocritus*; he is ſofter than *Ovid*, he touches the Paſſions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a Sup-

ply. Even his *Dorick* Dialect has an incomparable Sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdness in her Country Russet, talking in a *Yorkshire* Tone. This was impossible for *Virgil* to imitate; because the severity of the *Roman* Language deny'd him that Advantage. *Spencer* has endeavour'd it in his Shepherd's Calender; but neither will it succeed in *English*, for which reason I forbore to attempt it. For *Theocritus* writ to *Sicilians*, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely Expressions. I proceed to *Horace*.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrist, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them: For let his *Dutch* Commentators say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and Providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But

ſince neither his Criticiſms (which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond *Juvenal*'s, if to laugh and rally is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my preſent Undertaking, I confine my ſelf wholly to his Odes: Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts; ſome of them are Panegyrical, others Moral, the reſt Jovial, or (if I may ſo call them) *Bacchanalian.* As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate *Pindar*, yet in his moſt elevated Flights, and in the ſudden Changes of his Subject with almoſt imperceptible Connexions, that *Theban* Poet is his Maſter. But *Horace* is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of Verſe, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the Numerouſneſs of his Verſe; there is nothing ſo delicately turn'd in all the *Roman* Language. There appears in every part of his Diction,

or, (to ſpeak *Engliſh*) in all his Expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are choſen with as much exactneſs as *Virgil*'s; but there ſeems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a ſecret Happineſs attends his Choice, which in *Petronius* is call'd *Curioſo Felicitas*, and which I ſuppoſe he had from the *Feliciter audere* of *Horace* himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his Character, ſeems to me, to be his Briskneſs, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And thoſe I have chiefly endeavour'd to Copy; his other Excellencies, I confeſs, are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindarique Verſe: 'Tis that which is inſcrib'd to the preſent Earl of *Rocheſter*, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this ſmall Teſtimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the *Latin*, and I have taken ſome Pains to make it my Maſter-piece in *Engliſh*: For which reaſon I took this kind of

Verſe, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. *Cowley*. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it, has made it ſpread; but it has not been conſider'd enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every Hand but his, and ſome very few, whom (to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfetion as was poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But if I may be allow'd to ſpeak my Mind modeſtly, and without Injury to his ſacred Aſhes, ſomewhat of the Purity of *Engliſh*, ſomewhat of more equal Thoughts, ſomewhat of Sweetneſs in the Numbers, in one word, ſomewhat of a finer Turn and more Lyrical Verſe is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which conſiſts in the Warmth and Vigour of Fancy, the maſterly Figures, and the Copiouſneſs of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the Kind it ſelf be capable of more Perfection,

though rather in the Ornamental Parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules of Morality or Respect have I broken, in naming the Defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write. *Milton*'s Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no Flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred Lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his Expression, without defending his antiquated Words, and the perpetual harshness of their Sound? 'Tis as much Commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since *Pindar* was the Prince of *Lyrick* Poets, let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our Numbers should for the most part be Lyrical: For variety, or rather the where the Majesty of Thought requires it, they may be stretch'd

to the *English* Heroick of five Feet, and to the *French* Alexandrine of Six. But the Ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of Numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarique Verse can never be compleat; the Cadency of one Line must be a Rule to that of the next; and the Sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one Extream into another. It must be done like the Shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker Colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explain'd myself as to be understood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantùm*, must be my Excuse. There remains much more to be said on this Subject; but, to avoid Envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grosly copied, by almost all the rest: A musical Ear,

and a great Genius, if another Mr. *Cowley* cou'd ariſe, in another Age may bring it to Perfection. In the mean time,

— *Fungar vice cotis acutum*
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipſa ſecandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I ſhou'd ſay any thing of my Fellow-undertakers in this Miſcellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without Suſpicion of Partiality: Others I am ſure need it not; and the reſt I have not perus'd. To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſly; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt Draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no Excuſe; for it may be reaſonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not, (which was certainly my caſe) why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a Subject? The Objection is unanſwerable, but, in

part of Recompence, let me assure the Reader, that in hasty Productions, he is sure to meet with an Author's present Sense, which cooler Thoughts wou'd possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of Spirit, though not of Judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently though my Hazard be the greater, yet the Reader's Pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

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MAC

MAC FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.
This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with Issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State:
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should only rule, who most resembles me:
Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years.
Sh—— alone, of all my Sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*---- never deviates into Sense.
Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But *Sh*----'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:

Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
Thoughtless as Monarch Oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
And courtly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung,
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well sharpened thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
Ecchoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sh*---- call,
And *Sh*---- they resound from *Aston-Hall*.
About thy Boat the little Fishes throng,
As at the morning Toast, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
St. *Andre*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche*'s Rhime:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er wou'd act *Villerius* more.
Here stopt the good old *Sire*; and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopeful Boy.

All Arguments, but moſt his Plays, perſwade,
That for anointed dullneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys. [keep,
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a Nurſery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defie.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnſon* dares in Socks appear.
But gentle *Simkin* juſt reception finds
Amidſt this Monument of vaniſht minds:
Pure Clinches, the ſuburbian Muſe affords;
And *Panton* waging harmleſs War with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his *Sh*----'s Throne.
For ancient *Decker* propheſi'd long ſince,
That in this Pile ſhould reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a ſcourge of Wit, and flayl of Senſe:
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome *Pſyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Miſers* from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and *Hypocrites* it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.
Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſht the renown
Of *Sh*----'s Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-hill*, and diſtant *Watling-ſtreet*.

No *Perſian* Carpets ſpread th' Imperial way,
But ſcatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*---- almoſt choakt the way.
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And *H*----*n* was Captain of the Guard.
The Hoary Prince in Majeſty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Aſcanius* ſate,
Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs plaid around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his *Sire* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*---- ſwore, nor ſhould his Vow be vain,
That he till Death true dulneſs would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor truce with Senſe.
The King himſelf the ſacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Prieſt by Trade:
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;
Whoſe righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe Loyns recorded *Pſyche* ſprung.
His Temples laſt with Poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head:
Juſt at the point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber*'s Brook,
Preſage of Sway from twice ſix Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.

The *Sire* then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetick mood:
Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne;
Beyond love's Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the People cry'd *Amen*.
Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.
Let *Virtuoso*'s in five Years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly shew the Writers wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justifie their Author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay let thy men of Wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;
But let no alien *S--dl--y* interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal*'s oratory will be thine.
Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.

Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy Mind to Fame,
By arrogating *Johnſon*'s Hoſtile name.
Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy Mind with praiſe,
And Unkle *Ogleby* thy Envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnſon* has no part;
What ſhare have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander*'s vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in *Pſyche*'s humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he Bargains, Whip-ſtitch, kiſs my Arſe,
Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce?
When did his Muſe from *Fletcher* ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd as Oyl and Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boaſted Byaſs of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulneſs, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muſe gives ſmiles, thy Comick ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thy ſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Iriſh* Pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchaſe Fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtick Land.
There thou may'ſt Wings diſplay and Altars raiſe,
And Torture one poor word Ten thouſand ways.

Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own Songs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid, but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget Robe behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

—— Si propiùs stes
Te capiet magis ——

The NINTH EDITION.

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TO THE READER.

THIS not my Intention to make an Apology for my Poem: *Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest: But he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For,* Wit *and* Fool, *are Consequents of* Whig *and* Tory: *And every Man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the* Phanatick Church, *as well as in the* Popish; *and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in* Deuteronomy, *has not Curses enough for an Anti-*Bromingham. *My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a* Poem *have a* Genius, *it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no Man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of*

Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest Party; and in all probability, of the best Judges: For, the least Concern'd are commonly the least Corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyr (*where Justice would allow it*) *from carrying too sharp an Edge. They who can Criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some Mens Follies when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: And other Mens Virtues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious* Reader, *I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if Men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you* Commonwealth's-Men *for Professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not subscribing of my Name; for that would reflect too grosly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my* Poem, *the fault may possibly be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the Truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of* Absalom, *as*

either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand is to Extenuate, Palliate, and Indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth I have a greater for his Heroic Virtues; and David *himself could not be more tender of the young Man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But since the most excellent Natures are almost the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of* Achitophel, *than it was for* Adam, *not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The Conclusion of the Story I purposely forbore to prosecute; because I could not obtain from my self, to shew* Absalom *Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out but for a Picture to the Waste; and if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.*

Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom *to* David. *And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may be only for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable Wish against* Achitophel, *but am content to be accus'd of a good-natur'd Error, and to hope, with* Origen, *that the Devil himself may at last be sav'd.*

For which reason, in this Poem, *he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful: And his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite*

The true end of Satyr, *is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease; for those are only in order to prevent the Chirurgeon's work of an* Ense rescindendum, *which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politick have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak Judgment, an Act of* Oblivion *were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an* Opiate *would be in a Raging Fever.*

To the unknown AUTHOR of this excellent POEM.

TAKE it as earneſt of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vaſt, your Verſe divinely good:
Where, tho' the Nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all ſerenely Great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like Angels Love to Humane Seed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minature of Man, but he's all Heart;
'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art;
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your Praiſe.
As if a *Milton* from the Dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your Feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd Head on *David*'s Diadem.
David that rebel *Iſrael*'s Envy mov'd,
David by God and all good Men belov'd.
The Beauties of your *Abſalom* excel:
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May*'s firſt Morn more bright,
Chearful as Summer's Noon, and chaſt as Winter's Night.
Of *Annabel* the Muſes deareſt Theme,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my Dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter-piece theſe Shadows ſend.

NAT. LEE.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of this admirable POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius shines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.
Not *David*'s self could in a nobler Verse
His gloriously offending Son rehearse;
Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met,
The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.
Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Æneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father else would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Absalom?*

R. DUKE.

To the Conceal'd AUTHOR of this incomparable POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The Glory of our Iſle and of our Age.
Th' inſpiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work to vie
With *Homer*'s Flame and *Virgil*'s Majeſty.
While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet ſought,
(His raviſht Mind with vaſt *Idea*'s fraught)
Our Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought;
This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro*'s Mines
He dreins of all their Gold, t'adorn his Lines:
Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* ſhines.
The Rock obey'd the pow'rful *Hebrew* Guide,
Her flinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
And makes the *Helicon* in which he ſails.
The Dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his Poem, a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your Country Fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain----for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it you muſt ſhun Mankind.
Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their Idol cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Flood
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-blood:
The Cauſe whoſe Growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our *Hero*'s fought.
Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies:
Before your Sacred Lines their ſhatter'd *Dagon* lies.
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe:

(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs:)
This hope remains,--May *David*'s God-like Mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find:
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. TATE.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart
To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's Care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, ſeveral Sons before.
But, ſince like Slaves his Bed they did aſcend,
No true Succeſſion could their Seed attend.
Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful, ſo Brave as *Abſalom*:

Whether, inſpir'd by ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his conſcious Deſtiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Iſrael*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his face.
With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His youthful Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride:
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Were conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Murther by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd a juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undiſturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The *Jews* a Headſtrong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People, whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd pleaſe;
(Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That God-ſmiths cou'd produce, or Prieſts deviſe:)
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of Men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.

They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſhboſheth* the Crown forego;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And with a general ſhout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jews*, who, at their very beſt,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruin him they cou'd creare;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were random bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor Intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful Reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They curſt the memory of Civil Wars,
The Moderate ſort of Men, thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And *David*'s mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to Rebel.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The careful Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires;
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruin Kings.
Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites*: the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right----
But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightful Cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the Men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's Enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David*'s Government:

Impoverish't and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land;
And, what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their Gods diſgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This ſet the Heathen Prieſthood in a flame;
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame.
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewiſh Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt Men and wiſe:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curſe,
Bad in it ſelf, but repreſented worſe.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the Maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some Truth there was, but daſht and brew'd with Lies,
To pleaſe the Fools, and puzzle all the Wiſe.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſav'ry Deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days, was odds.
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to ſlay
By Guns, invented ſince full many a day:

Our Author ſwears it not, but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For as when raging Feavers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lake ſoon floats into a Flood;
And ev'ry hoſtile Humour, which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:
So, ſeveral Factions, from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not riſe.
Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Pow'r and Publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd tye.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt:
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
And o'er-inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity; [high:
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went
He ſought the Storms: But for a Calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his wit.
Great Wits are ſure to madneſs near ally'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needful Hours of Reſt?

Punish a Body which he cou'd not please;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendship false, implacable in Hate:
Resolv'd to Ruin or to Rule the State.
To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke:
The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:
And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So easy still it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:
How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,
Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's Guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
In *Israel*'s Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*
With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of Dispatch, and easy of Access.
Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
With Virtues only proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppress the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful Fame, and lazy Happiness;
Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arm to shake the Tree.

Now

Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtning Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*.
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their Scribes record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalom*.
Not, that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
(For Politicians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:
That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venom in ſuch words as theſe.

Auſpicious Prince, at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countrey's Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:
The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Viſion, and the old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nation's Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs:

Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain,
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days
Like one of Virtue's Fools that feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For human Good depends on human Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you Spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oil had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful Youth your hopes ingage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan*'s Sand
The joyful People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.

What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh*'s doubtful Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Ægypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh*'s Arms, t'aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhou'd, their Int'reſt ſoon wou'd break,
And, with ſuch odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsful Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts
From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood,
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a Gen'ral gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a ſucceſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Cœleſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heav'nly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways; [Praiſe.
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with
Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him ſtruggled ſtill)
He thus reply'd.---And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?

My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right:
The Faith's Defender, and Mankind's Delight:
Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful Reign?
Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign
His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David*'s Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
Oppress the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Nature's holy bands
Wou'd curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands:
The People might assert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire;
What more can I expect while *David* lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that---But there he paus'd; then sighing, said,
Is justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toils shall rest,
And late Augment the Number of the Blest:
His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend;
Or the *Collateral* Line where that shall end.
His Brother, though Oppress with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,

Of every Royal Virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' offending Croud will find;
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heav'n's Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
To my large Soul not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David*'s part diſdains my Mother's Mold.
Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.

Him ſtaggering ſo when Hell's dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, ſupremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Virtue's only given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when Kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor:
And every Shekel which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.

To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;
Which when his Treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy;
His faithful Friends, our Jealousies and Fears
Call *Jebusites*, and *Pharaoh*'s Pensioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To pass your doubtful Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust:
Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
Succession, for the general Good design'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one suffer than a Nation grieve.
The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they chose,
God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.
Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their Posterity.
Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?

It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays;
Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
Then the next Heir, a Prince Severe and Wise,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
And marks your Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who least complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his distance draws;
Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Prostrate Vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
But with a Lordly Rage his Hunters tears.
Your Case no tame Expedients will afford:
Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
Which for no less a Stake than Life, you draw;
And Self-defence is Nature's Eldest Law.
Leave the warm People no Considering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whose Sacred Life each minute would expose
To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
And who can sound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul.

He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery to seem constrain'd;
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the Frown,
Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.
He said, and this Advice above the rest,
With *Absalom*'s Mild Nature suited best;
Unblam'd of Life (Ambition set aside,)
Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor pust with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
And blest all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatness since so few refuse;
'Tis juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;
To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the Plot.
To further this, *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Israelites*:
Whose differing Parties he could wisely Join,
For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious Arts.
By these the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack't the Government.
The next for Int'rest sought t'embroil the State,
To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.
Others thought Kings an useless heavy Load,
Who cost too much, and did too little Good.

These were for laying honest *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them join'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Perferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawful Prince Restor'd;
Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration:
For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed,
Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ,
Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong:
Was every thing by starts, and Nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual Themes;
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom*, and wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.
Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best:
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paschal-Lamb.
Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure:
Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.
Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who cou'd Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law,

But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The Wretch, who Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to curse:
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curse, unless against the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:
His Hand a Vare of Justice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treason was no Crime,
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Self,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them.
And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
Wou'd free the suff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
(Because 'tis Sin to misemploy an hour:)
His Busines was, by Writing to persuade,
That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaste were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Grossness of a City Feast abhorr'd:
His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.

Such frugal Virtue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews*:
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebel:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthly Vapours e'er they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one deed Ennobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion, and a *Moſes*' Face.
His Memory miraculouſly great,
Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For human Wit cou'd never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke:
Some things like Viſionary flights appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.

His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well:
And ſuited to the temper of the Times,
Then groaning under *Jebuſitick* Crimes.
Let *Iſrael*'s Foes ſuſpect his Heav'nly call,
And raſhly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my ſelf in Witneſs *Corah*'s place,
The Wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s Murther call:
In terms as coarſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
What others in his Evidence did join,
(The beſt that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall:
For *Witneſs* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every ſort,
Deluded *Abſalom* forſakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown;
Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his Goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſht Man, for your dear Cauſe
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.
My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame;
And brib'd with prety ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhould he his own, and yours betray?
He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:
No Court-Informer can theſe Arms accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action ſeldom fail;
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the People's wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a numerous Train;
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And conſecrates the Place of his abode;

But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.
This moving Court, that caught the People's Eyes,
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom, where it went,
The People's hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And try their ſtrength before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
And peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh *Iſrael!* never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of Health Imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and juſt,
And Kings are only Officers in Truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Scepter cou'd not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?
How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how cou'd Heav'nly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Father's Fall?

Then Kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is mischievously seated in the Croud:
For who can be secure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Most may err, as grosly as the Few.
And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
Nor only Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not Kings alone, (the God-head's Images,)
But Government it self at length must fall
To Nature's State, where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a setled Throne wou'd shake?
For whatsoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.
All other Errors but disturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the Ark.
To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
At once Divine and Human Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruin of the Whole.
The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,
To Physick their Disease into a worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!

Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.
In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years;
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan*'s Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
In Exile with his Godlike Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
His Bed cou'd once a fruitful Issue boast;
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
B' unequal Fates, and Providence's Crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd;
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand!
But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul [Pole:
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry

From thence thy kindred Legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy Soul she should have fled before;
Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
If thou canst find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canst see not far behind:
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the Western Dome, whose weighty Sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who best can plead, and best can judge a Cause.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend,
Himself a Muse:-----In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Assemblies, who but only try'd
The worse a-while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can do.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
In publick storms of manly stedfastness;

By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Soveraign Pow'r is too depress or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praise refuse?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a Loyal Nation's Sense,
That as their Band was *Israel*'s Tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher Charioteers the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careers his steady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd such powerful Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawful Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended Frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Successor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd.
These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound,
They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Concessions from the Throne wou'd please;
But Lenitives fomented the Disease:
That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:

That false *Achitophel*'s pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful Breast
Th' event of things; at last, his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear
His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I, by Native Mercy sway'd,
My Wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King assuage.
But now so far my Clemency they slight,
Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear:
Though manly Tempers can the Longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to sustain and prop the Nation's weight:
If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
Is one that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince:

The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old Inſtructor, e'er he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot paint!
My Rebel ever proves my People's Saint:
Wou'd *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government;
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my leave a future King to Chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to ſecure, they take my Pow'r away.
From Plots and Treaſons Heav'n preſerve my Years,
But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
To guard the ſmall Remains of Royalty?
The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peaceful Sway,
And the ſame Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r controul,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to puniſh e'er they prove:
For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh, curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan!
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.

Law they require, let Law then shew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the Terror of her Front, and Dye.
By their own Arts, 'tis Righteously decreed,
Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.
Against themselves their Witnesses will swear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And suck for Nutriment that bloody Gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me right:
Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage,
In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted Course:
Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force:
But when they stand all Breathless, urge the Fight,
And rise upon 'em with redoubled Might:
For lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found; [ground.
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the
He said. Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
The mighty Years in long Procession ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was restor'd,
And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord.

Part of VIRGIL's
FOURTH *GEORGICK.*

Engliſh'd by the Earl of Mulgrave.

'TIS not for nothing when juſt Heav'n does frown:
The wretched *Orpheus* brings theſe judgments down;
Whoſe Wife, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his Joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to paſs,
Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the graſs:
A mournful noiſe the ſpacious Vally fills,
With echoing cries from all the neighb'ring hills;
The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;
All o'er the lonely ſands did wildly ſtray,
And with ſad Songs begin and end the day.
At laſt to Hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide gaping Gulf and diſmal Shade;
Viſits the Ghoſts, and to that King repairs,
Whoſe heart's inflexible to human pray'rs.
Hell ſeems aſtoniſh'd with ſo ſweet a Song,
Light Souls, and airy Spirits ſlide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night or ſome tempeſtuous wind;
Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
And mighty Heroes more majeſtick Shades;
Sons burnt before their mournful Parents face,
Styx does all theſe in narrow bounds embrace
Nine times with loathſom mud, and noyſome weeds,
And all the filth which ſtanding water breeds:

Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd, [strain'd.
And the great-Dog his three-mouth'd voice re-
Now safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His Spouse restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
Following, for so *Proserpina* was pleas'd,
A sudden rage th' unwary Lover seiz'd;
He when the first bright glimps of day light-shin'd
Unmindful, and impatient, look't behind,
A fault of Love, could Hell compassion find.
A dreadful noise thrice shook the *Stygian* coast,
His hopes now fled, and all his labour lost.
Why hast thou thus undone thy self and me?
What madness this? Again I'm snatch'd from thee,
She faintly cry'd; Night, and the Powers of Hell
Surround my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewel:
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
No more allow'd to behold him or day;
Then from his sight like smoak she slipt away.
Much he wou'd fain have spoke, but Fate, alas,
Wou'd ne'er again consent to let him pass.
Thus twice undone, what course now cou'd he take
To redeem her already pass'd the Lake?
How bear his loss? what tears procure him ease?
Or with what Vows the angry Powers appease?
'Tis said, he seven long months bewail'd his loss
On bleak and barren Rocks, on whose cold moss
While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
So the sad *Nightingale*, when Childless made
By some rough Swain who steals her young away,
Bewails her loss under a Poplar shade,
Weeps all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;
Her sorrow does a mournful pleasure yield,
And melancholy musick fills the Field.

Marriage,

Marriage, nor Love, could ever move his mind,
But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
Shivering on *Tanais* ſnowy Banks remain'd,
Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of *Bacchus* ſolemniz'd,
Kill'd the poor Youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His Head torn off from the fair body ſwims,
Down that ſwift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
And ſtill his Tongue in doleful accents goes;
Ah, poor *Eurydice*, it dying cry'd,
Eurydice reſounds from every ſide.

The PARTING of *SIRENO* and *DIANA*.

Engliſh'd by Sir Car. Scrope.

The ARGUMENT.

Sireno *and* Diana *having lov'd each other with a moſt violent Paſſion,* Sireno *is compell'd, upon the account of his Maſter's Service, to go for ſome time into a Foreign Country. The Melancholy parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following* Eclogue.

CLoſe by a ſtream, whoſe flowry bank might give
Delight to Eyes that had no cauſe to grieve,
The ſad *Sireno* ſate, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;
Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
From her dear ſight, who long had charm'd his heart.
Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
That gave him firſt what this muſt take away;

Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
And nought forgot that might increase his pain.
Then with a sigh raising his heavy Eyes,
Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he spies;
Sad as she was, she lost no usual Grace,
But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the place:
Thither she came to take her last farewel;
Her silent Look did her sad Business tell.
Under a neighb'ring Tree they sat 'em down,
Whose shade had oft preserv'd 'em from the Sun;
Each took the other by the willing hand,
Striving to speak, but could no word command:
With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
The much they had to say had made 'em dumb.
There many a time they two had met before,
But met, alas! upon a happier score:
Cruel reverse of Fate, which all the Joys
Their mutual presence us'd to bring, destroys.
Sireno saw his Fatal hour draw near,
And wanted strength the parting pang to bear;
All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd;
Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
And gave him leave faintly at last to say,

SIRENO.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
That wou'd not vanish at the sight of thee?
Thy charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispel;
Let but *Diana* smile, and all was well.
Absent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
And yet, alas! I dye to see thee now.

DIANA.

Turn, O *Sireno!* turn away thy Face,
While all her shame a blushing Maid betrays;
For though my Eyes a secret pain reveal,
My tongue at least shou'd my fond thoughts conceal:

Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking do me good,
And since it is to thee, methinks it shou'd.
O Shepherd think how wretched I shall be,
When hither I return depriv'd of thee!
When sitting all alone within this shade,
Which thou so oft thy tender Choice hast made,
I read my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
Of our past Love the kind affecting mark;
Then my despairing Soul to death must fly;
And must thou be content to let me dye?
Why dost thou weep? Alas! those Tears are vain,
Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us complain.
By this the Falshood of thy Vows I know,
For were thy Sorrow true, thou wou'dst not go.

SIRENO.

Cease, cruel Nymph, such killing Language cease,
And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
Witness ye Everlasting Powers above,
That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
With thee I wish't had been my happy doom,
With thee alone to spend my Life to come;
That we now part is by no fault of mine,
Nor yet, my dearest Shepherdess; of thine;
For as no Faith did ever mine excel,
So never any Nymph deserv'd so well.
But the great Shepherd, whom we all obey,
'Tis his Command that forces me away;
Whatever he ordains none dare refuse;
I must my Joy, or else my Honour, lose;
Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

DIANA.

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
How fond she is that can believe Mankind;
Who such Excuses for himself pretends,
Will eas'ly bear the absence he defends.
A little time, I fear, will quite deface
Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:

Fool that I was my weakneſs to betray,
To one not mov'd with all that I can ſay.
Go, cruel Man, imbark when e'er you pleaſe,
But take this with you as you paſs the Seas;
Tho' with the fierceſt Winds the Waves ſhould roar,
That Tempeſt will be leſs than mine on Shore.

SIRENO.

'Tis hard, unjuſt ſuſpicions to abide,
But who can ſuch obliging Anger chide?
Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
My heart to this degree, without thy Love:
For 'tis thy tender ſenſe of my ſad Fate,
That does my ſharpeſt, deadly'ſt pain create.
Ah fear not, to what place ſoe'er I go,
That I ſhall ever break my ſacred Vow:
When for another I abandon thee,
May Heav'n, for ſuch a Crime, abandon me.

DIANA.

If ever I my deareſt Swain deceive,
Or violate the Faith that here I give:
When to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
May the freſh Graſs ſtill wither where they tread;
And may this River, when I come to drink,
Dry up as ſoon as I approach the brink.
Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
And when for me thou can'ſt a minute ſpare,
Remember this poor pledge was once a part
Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.
Where-e'er thou go'ſt, may Fortune deal with thee
Better than thou, alas! haſt dealt with me.
Farewel; my Tears will give me leave to ſay
No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
Theſe weeping Eyes may once enjoy thy ſight,
Before they cloſe in Death's eternal Night.

SIRENO.

Then let *Sireno* baniſh all his fears,
Heav'n cannot long reſiſt ſuch pious Tears.
The Righteous Gods, from whom our paſſion came,
Will pity (ſure) ſo innocent a Flame;

Reverse the hard Decree for which we mourn,
And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
I shall again my Charming Nymph behold,
And never part, but in her Arms grow old:
That hope alone my breaking heart sustains,
And arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

The STORY of *LUCRETIA.*

Out of *Ovid de Fastis.* Book II.

English'd by Mr. Creech.

NOW *Tarquin* the last King did govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, tho' fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, some he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit;
For of his three brave Youths his youngest Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child outright, pretends a flight,
And came amidst the Enemies by Night;
They drew their Swords, Come kill me now, he said,
My Father will rejoice to see me dead:
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true, he had been whipt before)
The men grow mild, they sheath their threatning Swords,
And view his wounds, and those confirm his words:
Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs resents,
And begs to side with them, and he consents.
Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in trust,
The first occasion sought to be unjust,
And the unthinking *Gabii*'s Town betray,
Consults his Father for the surest way.
There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
A little Spring ran through the pleasant Bowers,
The soft retreat of *Tarquin*'s thinking hours.

There when the meſſage came, he chanc'd to ſtand,
And lopt the talleſt Lillies with his wand:
With that the Meſſenger return'd, and ſaid,
I ſaw your Father crop the lofty head
Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;
Well, ſays the Son, I know what I muſt do;
And ſtreight the Nobles kill'd; when thoſe were gone,
He ſoon betray'd the poor defenceleſs Town.
When lo (a wond'rous ſight) a Serpent came,
And ſnatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;
Phœbus advis'd, and thus the Anſwer ran,
He that ſhall kiſs (for ſo the Fates ordain)
His Mother firſt, ſhall be the greateſt man.
Then ſtreight with eager haſte th'unthinking Crowd
Their Mothers kiſs'd, nor underſtood the God.
But wiſer *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
Leſt *Tarquin* ſhould ſuſpect his riſing Soul,
Fell down, as if 't had been a caſual fall,
And kiſs'd his Mother Earth before them all.
Now *Ardea* was beſieg'd, the Town was ſtrong,
The men reſolv'd, and ſo the Leaguer long:
And whilſt the Enemy did the War delay,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe the careleſs Soldiers lay,
And ſpent the vacant time in ſport and play.
Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feaſts,
The Captains treats, and thus beſpeaks his Gueſts;
Whilſt we lye lingring in a tedious War,
And far from Conqueſt tired out with Care,
How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome?*
And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
Each ſpeaks for his, each ſays, I'll ſwear for mine,
And thus a while they talkt, grown flusht with Wine;
At laſt young *Collatine* ſtarts up and cries,
What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;
Away to *Rome*, for that's the ſafeſt Courſe:
They all agree, ſo each man mounts his Horſe.
Firſt to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
No Watchman there, and all the Gates unbarr'd;

Young *Tarquin*'s Wife, her hair disorder'd lay
And loose, was sitting there at Wine and play.
Thence to *Lucretia*'s, She a lovely Soul,
Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
Sate midst her Maids, and as they wrought she said,
Make haste, 'tis for my Lord as soon as made;
Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
Is rash, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
Ah when I fancy that I see him fight,
I swoon and almost perish with the fright.
Then wept, and leaving her unfinisht thread,
Upon her bosom lean'd her lovely head.
All this became, graceful her grief appears,
And she, chast Soul, lookt beauteous in her Tears.
Her Face lookt well, by Nature's art design'd,
All charming fair, and fit for such a mind.
I come, says *Collatine*, discard thy Fear;
At that she straight reviv'd, and, Oh my Dear, there.
She clasp't his Neck, and hung a welcome burthen
Mean while young *Tarquin* gathers lustful Fire,
He burns and rages with a wild Desire;
Her Shape, her Lilie-white, and Yellow hair,
Her natural Beauty, and her graceful Air,
Her words, her voice, and every thing does please,
And all agree to heighten the Disease;
That she was Chast doth raise his wishes higher,
The less his Hopes, the greater his Desire.
But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
His working Powers her absent Form restore,
The more he minds her, still he loves the more;
'Twas thus she sate, thus spun, and thus was dress't,
And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her breast;
Such was her Mein, and such each Air and Grace,
And such the charming figure of her Face.

As when a furious ſtorm is now blown o'er,
The Sea ſtill troubl'd, and the Waters roar,
And curl upon the Winds that blew before:
So he tho' gone the pleaſing Form retains,
The Fire her preſent Beauty rais'd remains;
He burns, and hurry'd by reſiſtleſs Charms,
Reſolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
I'll venture, let whatever Fates attend,
The daring bold have Fortune for their friend;
By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome;
This ſaid, he takes his Horſe, and ſpeeds for *Rome:*
The Sun was ſetting when he reach'd the place,
With more than Evening bluſhes in his Face;
A Gueſt in ſhew, an Enemy in deſign
He reach'd the ſtately Court of *Collatine*,
And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly kin.
How much are we deceiv'd? She makes a Feaſt,
And treats her Enemy as a welcome Gueſt;
Now Supper's done, and ſleep invites to Bed,
And all was huſht, as Nature's ſelf lay dead.
The Lamps put out, and all for reſt deſign'd,
No Fire in all the Houſe, but in his mind:
He roſe, and drew his Sword, with luſtful ſpeed
Away he goes to chaſte *Lucretia*'s Bed;
And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
For look, *Lucretia*, here's my naked Sword;
My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
The King's young Son, his beſt beloved Son.
Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
As harmleſs Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an eaſie prey.
Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
She trembled, and ſhe breath'd, and that was all:
What could ſhe do? Ah! could ſhe ſtrive? with whom?
A Man! a Woman's eaſily o'ercome.
Should ſhe cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
His violent Sword had quickly ſtopt her tongue.
What ſhould ſhe ſtrive to fly? that hope was gone,
Young *Tarquin* held her faſt, and kept her down.

He preſt her Boſom with a luſtful hand,
That chaſt, that charming Breaſt then firſt prophan'd.
The Loving Foe ſtill ſues, reſolv'd to gain
With promiſe, threats, and bribes: but all in vain.
At laſt, 'ris Folly to reſiſt, he cry'd,
My Love will riſe to Rage, if long deny'd;
For I'll accuſe thee of unlawful Luſt,
Kill thee, and ſwear, tho' falſe, thy Death was Juſt.
I'll ſtab a Slave, and what's the worſt of harms,
Black Fame ſhall ſay I caught thee in his Arms.
This Art prevail'd, ſhe fear'd an injur'd name,
And liv'd and ſuffer'd, to ſecure her Fame.
Why doſt thou ſmile, Triumphant Raviſher?
This ſhameful Victory ſhall coſt thee dear.
Thy ruin pay for this thy forc'd delight,
How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
She bluſht, and roſe, and double Mourning wears,
As for her only Son, ſhe ſits in Tears,
And for her Father, and her Husband ſends;
Each quickly hears the meſſage, and attends.
But when they came, and ſaw her drown'd in Tears,
Amaz'd they ask'd the Cauſe, what violent Fears,
What real ill did wound her tender mind;
What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief deſign'd?
But ſhe ſate ſilent ſtill, ſtill ſadly cry'd,
And hid her bluſhing Face, and wept, and ſigh'd.
Both ſtrive to comfort, both lament her Fate,
And fear ſome deadly ill, they know not what.
Thrice ſhe would ſpeak, thrice ſtopt; again ſhe tries
To ſpeak her wrong, yet durſt not raiſe her Eyes:
This too on *Tarquin*'s ſcore, ſhe cry'd, I place,
I'll ſpeak, I'll ſpeak, ah me! my own diſgrace:
And what they could, her modeſt words expreſt,
The laſt remain'd, her Bluſhes ſpoke the reſt.
Both weep, and both the forc'd offence forgive;
In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
The pity you beſtow, nor can I live.

This said, her fatal Dagger pierc'd her side,
And at her Father's feet she fell and dy'd.
Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above
As white and innocent as a Virgin Dove,
Not spotted with one thought of Lawless Love.
Yet as she fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
The fall as modestly as she had liv'd.
The Father o'er the Corps, and Husband fall,
And mourn, and both the common loss bewail.
While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came,
And shew'd his Soul ill-suited with his Name.
He grasp't the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
And as he held it, thus devoutly swore;
By thee, by this thy chaste and innocent Blood,
And by thy Ghost, which I'll esteem a God;
Tarquin, and all his Race, shall be expell'd:
My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
At that she rais'd her Eyes, she seem'd to bow
Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
The Pomp appears, and as it passes by,
The gaping Wound expos'd to publick View,
Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and justly drew
Curses from every Heart, and Tears from every Eye.
Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the wrong,
And tells them they endure the King too long:
The King's expell'd, and Consuls they create,
And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. DRYDEN's

RELIGIO LAICI.

By the Earl of *Roscomon.*

BE gone you Slaves, you idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;
Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,

And weighty truths, solid convincing Sense,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.
What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,
Must be an Angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power assume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:
What then have honest thinking men to do,
But chuse a mean between th' Usurping two?
Nor can th' *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame my Muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat Excuse;
What ever Councils have approv'd his Creed,
The *PREFACE* sure was his own Act and Deed.
Our Church will have that Preface read (you'll say)
'Tis true, But so she will th' *Apocrypha*;
And such as can believe them, freely may.
But did that *God* (so little understood)
Whose darling Attribute is being good,
From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
Yet leave his *Favorite*, Man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest Insects are?
O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey
To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
(And so do all their followers that Rebel)
If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,
Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding day
(For He declares what He resolves to say)
Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
And save the Sheep, for *Actions*, not for Thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.
To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity profusely shown
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!
I'll err at least on the securer side,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

To Mr. DRYDEN, on his
RELIGIO LAICI.

THose Gods the pious Ancients did adore,
They learn in Verse devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to use the common way
Of Talk, when they did to such Beings pray.
Nay they that taught Religion first, thought fit
In Verse its sacred Precepts to transmit:
So *Solon* too did his first Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By these few Precedents we plainly see
The Primitive Design of Poetry;
Which by restoring to its Native use,
You generously have rescu'd from abuse.
Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet Numbers sing,
She vindicates her God, and God-like King.
Atheist, and Rebel too, She does oppose,
(God and the King have always the same Foes.)
Legions of Verse you raise in their defence,
And write the Factions to Obedience;
You the bold *Arian* to Arms defie,
A conquering Champion for the Deity

Againſt the Whigs firſt Parents, who did dare
To diſinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* firſt began,
Is carried on by the *Socinian*,
Who ſtill Aſſociates to keep God a Man.
But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
T' aſſert the Rights of God's, and *Charles* his Throne.
Whilſt vulgar Poets purchaſe vulgar Fame
By chaunting *Chloris*, or fair *Phillis* Name;
Whoſe Reputation ſhall laſt as long,
As Fops and Ladies ſing the amorous Song.
A Nobler Subject wiſely they refuſe,
The Mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.
So Story tells, a Painter once would try
With his bold hand to Limn a Deity;
And He, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman ſit,
The Thunderer ſuch horrour did beget,
That put the frighted Artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his Pencil drop from's baffl'd Hand.

The XXII. ODE *of the* FIRST BOOK of *HORACE*.

By the Earl of Roſcomon.

Integer Vitæ, &c.

VErtue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt Guard is Innocence:
None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poiſon'd Arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* ſands or *Scythian* ſnows,

Or where *Hydaſpes* wealthy ſide
Pays Tribute to the *Perſian* pride.
For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in *Sabin* Woods I ſtray'd,
A grifly foaming Wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.
No Beaſt of more portentous ſize,
In the *Hercinian* Foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms embrace:
Where angry *Jove* did never ſpare
One Breath of kind and temperate Air:
Set me where on ſome pathleſs Plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the Chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching Country run:
The burning Zone, the frozen Iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of *Celia*'s Smiles;
All cold but in her Breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that in *Celia*'s Eyes.

The VI. ODE *of the* THIRD BOOK of *HORACE*.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

By the Earl of *Roſcomon*.

THoſe ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with Sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, grateful Piety,
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your neglect.
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they End.
Let *Craſſus* Ghoſt and *Labienus* tell
How twice by *Jove*'s revenge our Legions fell,
And with inſulting Pride
Shining in *Roman* ſpoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.
The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*,
While our Seditions took their part,
Fill'd each *Ægyptian* ſail, and wing'd each *Scythian* dart.
Firſt, theſe Flagitious times,
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conſpire to violate the Nuptial Bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And through the ſpurious breed and guilty Nation ran.
Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;
Ionian Artiſts at a mighty price
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,
What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtile Baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd Clay.
Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And ſcorns the common mean deſign
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or ſnatch in ſome dark place
A haſty Illegitimate Embrace.
No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal*, repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of Heirs.

Convenient Brutes, whose tributary flame,
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.
'Tis not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the Conquer'd Seas,
And quasht the stern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was against *Europe*'s Steel;
Forc'd e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield;
And won the long disputed World at *Zama*'s fatal field.
But Soldiers of a Rustick Mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or through hewn Woods their weighty strokes did sound:
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the labour of the day.
Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than Ours, next Age will see
A Race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

The IV. ODE *of the* FIRST BOOK of *HORACE.*

COnquer'd with soft and pleasing Charms,
And never-failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
To free the joyful Spring;
Which for fresh Loves with youthful heat do's burn;
Warm South-winds Court her, and with fruitful show'rs
Awake the drowsie flowers,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping white is seen,
But all the Fields are clad with pleasant Green,
And only fragrant Dews now fall:
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
To bask in th' Sun's much warmer beams;
The Plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring Teams;
Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
Nay tempted by the smiling Sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the shore,
Resolving once again to try
The Wind and Seas Almighty power;
Chusing much rather to be dead than poor.
Upon the flow'ry Plains,
Or under shady Trees,
The Shepherdesses and their Swains
Dance to their rural Harmonies;
They steal in private to the covert Groves,
There finish their well heighten'd Loves.
The City Dame takes this pretence
(Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quit the smoak and business of the Town,
And to her Country-house retires,
Where she may bribe, then grasp some brawny Clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come
To feed her loose desires;
Whilst the poor Cuckold by his sweat at home
Maintains her Lust and Pride,
Blest as he thinks in such a beauteous Bride.
Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why should not we?
Let's then accept our Mother Nature's treat,
And please our selves with all that's sweet;
Let's to the shady Bowers,
Where Crown'd with gaudy flowers
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conqueror Death
With the same freedom snatches a King's breath,

He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.
Tho' each day we with coſt repair,
He mocks our greateſt skill and utmoſt care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong.
And he that lives the longeſt, dies but young;
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in miſts of endleſs Night.
Once come to thoſe dark Cells of which we're told
So many ſtrange Romantick Tales of Old,
(In things unknown Invention's juſtly bold)
No more ſhall Mirth and Wine
Our loves and wits refine;
No more ſhall you your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis ſo long you've priz'd:
Nay ſhe too in the Grave
Shall lye like us deſpis'd.

The IV. ODE *of the* SECOND BOOK of *HORACE*

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke.

BLuſh not, my Friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move:
Achilles once the Fierce, the Brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmeſſa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when ſucceſs
Did all his Arms with Conqueſt bleſs;
When *Hector*'s fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midſt of Triumph dyes.

You know not to what mighty Line
The lovely Maid may make you join;
See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,
No common Cauſe could draw ſuch Tears;
Thoſe ſtreams ſure that adorn her ſo
For loſs of Royal Kindred flow:
Oh! think not ſo divine a thing
Could from the Bed of Commons ſpring;
Whoſe Faith could ſo unmov'd remain,
And ſo averſe to ſordid gain,
Was never born of any Race
That might the nobleſt Love diſgrace.
Her blooming Face, her ſnowy Arms,
Her well ſhap'd Leg, and all her Charms
Of her Body and her Face,
I, poor I, may ſafely praiſe.
Suſpect not Love the youthful Rage
From *Horace*'s declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty years
All his flames and all thy fears.

The VIII. ODE *of the* SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the falſe *Barine* ſwore,
Falſe, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the leaſt mark of Vengeance ſhed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy Perjury,
I ſhould believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow.

Of all our Youth the Publick care,
Not half ſo falſe as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead Mother's ſacred Urn,
By Heaven and all the Stars that ſhine
Without, and every God within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does ſmile,
Her Nymphs all ſmile, her little Son
Does ſmile, and to his Quiver run;
Does ſmile, and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee freſh Lovers hearts.
See all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy train of ſlaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,
Tho' oft they threaten to be free,
Tho' oft with Vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn Miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every careful Mother fears
For her Son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
In *Hymen*'s Fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger Charms
Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

HORACE and *LYDIA*.

The IX. ODE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms,

I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the Eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verſe and Fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

HORACE.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muſe,
And every Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire;
For whom I twice would dye, to ſave
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

HORACE.

What if our former Loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn?
If *Chloe*'s baniſh'd to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia?*

LYDIA.

Tho' he is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant and kind as he is Fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A DIALOGUE between *HORACE* and *LYDIA*.

Engliſh'd by another Hand.

HORACE.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part:
Unrivall'd while my longing Arms I caſt
About your lovely neck and ſlender waſte,
And you to every one but me were chaſte;
I ſcorn'd the lofty *Perſian* Monarch's ſtate,
And thought my ſelf more happy, and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer ſhe
Had ſtole your wandring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* ſeem'd not *Lydia* to out-ſhine,
Nor gain'd a Conqueſt that before was mine;
Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her ſweet embraces ſought.

HORACE.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has ſupply'd your place,
She charms me with her Muſick and her Face;
To ſave her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now, the ſweet *Meſſenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

HORACE.

What if kind *Venus* ſhould our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we ſlight?
If *Chloe* with her golden locks ſhould yield,
And baniſh'd *Lydia* ſhould regain the Field?

LYDIA.

If so, tho' you are cruel and unkind,
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he so kind, so charming and so true,
I willingly would live, would die, with you.

The III. ELEGY *of the* FIRST BOOK of *PROPERTIUS.*

English'd by Mr. Adams.

AS on the Beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
While the deaf Winds false *Theseus* bore away;
As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
More sweet, more fair in her first slumber seem'd;
Or as the no less weary *Bacchanal*
Surpriz'd by sleep near some smooth stream do's fall;
Such seem'd to me, so was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
While breathing soft repose the lovely Maid
On her fair hand reclin'd her bending head;
When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
Dragg'd home at Mid-night my unfaithful Feet;
But as sh' appear'd so charming to my view,
Gently I prest the Bed, and near her drew;
Thinking (for so much sense I still retain'd)
The Fort of Love might by surprise be gain'd;
Yet tho' commanded by a double fire,
Both by the flames of Wine, and hot Desire;
Tho' my lewd hand would naughtily have stray'd,
And I would fain my Arms have ready made;
I durst not in the soft assault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
But so my greedy eyes survey'd her o'er,
The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more;
Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
And try'd how sweetly 'twould on *Cynthia*'s show.

Sometimes corrected her disorder'd hair,
That loosely wanton'd with the sportive Air;
And when she sigh'd, I credulously fear'd
Some frightful Vision to my Love appear'd.
'Till the bright Moon thro' the wide Window shone,
(The Moon that would not suddenly be gone;)
She with her subtile rays uncios'd her eyes,
When thus against me did her fury rise.

At length affronted by some tawdry Jade,
Kick'd out of doors, your forc'd into my Bed;
For where is it you spend my Nights? you come
Drawn off and impotent at Morning home;
I wish, base man! I wish such nights you had,
As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
Sometimes I with my Needle sleep deceive,
Then with my Lute my wearines relieve;
Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
While in some others Arms you melt away;
'Till sleep's soft wings my willing Eye-lids close,
Beguile my Sorrows, and my Cares compose.

OUT OF

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fœda est in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

'TIS but a short, but a filthy pleasure,
And we soon nauseate the enjoy'd treasure;
Let not us then as lustful Beasts do,
Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
Left we put out Love's gentle fire,
And he droop, and languish in impotent desire:
But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiss,
Thus, thus improve the lasting bliss!

There

There is no labour here, no ſhame,
The ſolid Pleaſure's ſtill the ſame,
Never, oh, never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

EPISTLE

From Mr. *Otway*, to Mr. *Duke*.

MY much lov'd Friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light deſpiſe:
Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome Gueſt,
For though it bring ſmall eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er ſlumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing dreams of
Laſt night methought (Heaven make the next as kind)
Free as firſt innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt Parents in their *Eden* were,
E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all ſhade above,
Mild as our Friendſhip, ſpringing as our Love;
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd every Tree,
And ſung their joyful Songs of Liberty;
While through the gladſome Choir well pleas'd we
And of our preſent valu'd State thus talk'd; [walk'd,
How happy are we in this ſweet retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
What Fiſh of ſenſe would on that ſhallow lye,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crowd each other for a Taſte
Of the deceitful, painted, poiſon'd Paſte;
When the wide River he behind him ſees,
Where he may launch to Liberty and Eaſe?

No cares or buſineſs here diſturb our hours,
While underneath theſe ſhady, peaceful Bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we ſtray,
And midſt a thouſand Pleaſures waſte the day;
Sometimes upon a River's bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the ſurface fly,
Juſt as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
Kiſſes, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
Amidſt whoſe current riſing Fiſhes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Buſh,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thruſh,
Nightly their ſolemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And ſing their Veſpers e'er they go to ſleep:
There we two lye, between us may be's ſpread
Some Book, few underſtand, tho' many read:
Sometimes we *Virgil*'s Sacred Leaves turn o'er,
Still wond'ring, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
How *Juno*'s rage did good *Æneas* vex,
Then how he had revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido*'s ſtate, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
He knew the fatal danger of her Charms,
And ſcorn'd to melt his virtue her Arms.
Next *Niſus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendſhip, and their martial Fire;
We praiſe their Valour 'cauſe yet matcht by none,
And love their Friendſhip, ſo much like our own.
But when to give our minds a Feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read;
Who can our Tranſports, or our Longings tell,
To taſte of pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?
With thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in ſweet retirement much deſir'd.
A generous Bottle and a loveſome She,
Are th' only Joys in Nature, next to Thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that only can) to add delight,

When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
Dear *B----ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Adderly, honest as the Sword he wears,
Wilson, professing friendship yet a Friend,
Or---*Short*, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his blood,
Watchful to do, to modest merit good;
Who have forsook the wild tumultuous Town,
And for a taste of life to us come down;
With eager Arms how closely then w' embrace,
What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choicest Meats at least, though not with store:
Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain.
Each waited on by a bright virgin Glass,
Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lass.
Then down we sit, while every Genius tries
T' improve, 'till he deserves his Sacrifice:
No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his Head,
But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;
'Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep,
With twining Limbs, that still Love's posture keep;
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet craving love till the next night:
Then we the drowsie Cells of sleep forsake,
And to our Books our earliest visit make;
Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all;
While the poor under Faculties resort,
And to her fickly Majesty make Court;

The Underſtanding firſt comes plainly clad,
But uſefully; no ent'rance to be had.
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a Troop behind;
He meets Reception from the antick Queen,
Who thinks her Majeſty's moſt honour'd when
Attended by thoſe fine dreſt Gentlemen.
Reaſon, the honeſt Counſellor, this knows,
And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes;
Lets Fancy ſee her looſe irregular ſway,
Then how the flattering Follies ſneak away!
This Image when it came too fiercely ſhook
My Brain, which its ſoft quiet ſtraight forſook;
When waking as I caſt my eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
No Grove, no Freedom, and what's worſe to me,
No Friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
Were ſeiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r;
Gods! life's your gift, then ſeaſon't with ſuch fate,
That what ye meant a bleſſing, prove no weight.
Let me to the remoteſt part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haſte, the World;
But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
By day what's needful, and at night ſoft eaſe;
The Friend I truſt in, and the She I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I with remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in power, the woful'ſt ſtate of Man;
To be by Fools miſ-led, to Knaves a prey:
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.

A LETTER *to a* FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a Slave,
Found a retreat within a peaceful Cave;
Where no intruders durſt his hours moleſt,
(But the Dear Paſſion ſtill inflam'd his Breaſt)
And where abandon'd to his reſtleſs Pains,
He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
From thence------
To a dear Friend (ſuch as are hard to find)
Known true and juſt, and longing to be kind,
Who always ſhar'd his Pleaſures and his Pain,
In theſe ſad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My only Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate:
Your pity e'er I ask I'm ſure to gain,
But cruel *Cynthia*'s never muſt obtain.
You are not ign'rant of her charms I know,
Too well by her they're known, and thence my woe:
Yet muſt I not complain, I own the Fair
Has juſtly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
For I have long prophanely laught at Love,
And oft to make the World deſpiſe it, ſtrove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
With pleaſures wing'd my minutes gaily flew:
When Beauty wounded, Wine ſoon freed my Soul,
My peace came ſwimming in the healing Bowl;
Or if too weak the Wine againſt Love's charms,
I took ſome balmy Harlot to my Arms;
Which always did the raging pains remove,
And cool the ſtings of any other Love.
In peace and plenty, with ſtill new Delights,
I paſs'd my joyful Days and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom loſt I mourn,
My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;

Too ſtrong's my Paſſion, as the Nymph too Fair,
(Ah, lovely Nymph, muſt I for ever bear!)
In your bright Eyes ſuch Heav'nly Beauties ſhine,
You want but mercy to be all Divine;
Loſt freedom to regain I dare not try,
That were Rebellion, and I ought to dye.
Why ſhou'd your pow'rful Charms your Pride create,
Your Pride your only Fault, my only Fate?
Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conqueſt of her Eyes,
Since firſt my Heart was made her Sacrifice,
And ſhe the panting Victim cou'd deſpiſe.
Yet ſpite of all her rigorous diſdain,
I love my Ruin, and I hug my Chain.
Reaſon in vain endeavours to perſuade
That I ſhou'd quit this haughty, ſcornful Maid;
Small Paſſions often make our Reaſon yield,
When Love invades, it well may quit the Field.
Your hopeleſs Friend thus languiſhing remains,
Enſlav'd by one who will not eaſe his Pains;
Smiles when he weeps, and frowns when he complains,

AN ELEGY,

By the Wife of St. Alexias (*a Nobleman of* Rome) *complaining on his abſence, he having left her on his Wedding Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to go viſit the* Chriſtian Churches.

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond, *a Jeſuit.*

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the beſt Youth of *Rome*,
My fatal Charms ſent many to their Tomb,
Now wretched Maid, and miſerable Wife,
In Tears, and in Complaints, muſt waſte my Life;

Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleasures yet untasted cloy'd.
He leaves me to my anxious Cares a Prey;
Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you stray;
Whilst in my Maiden widow'd Bed I lye,
More-wretched than the Dead; and wish to dye?
In you were all my Hopes, dear Wanderer,
Your doubted Safety now creates my Fear;
He broke his Vows, he broke our Marriage-bond,
What dangers may a perjur'd Wretch surround,
At least his flight his tender Feet may wound?
Oh! that I knew which way his course he steers,
'Twou'd soften much my pains, and lessen much my fears:
A Letter shou'd inform him of my cares,
And he with pity sure wou'd read my Pray'rs;
I'd write him lines might move a senseless Stone,
Nay his hard Heart to feel compassion.
But; when we write, too slow are the returns,
Too slow, for one that with my passion burns;
Letters I wou'd not trust, my self wou'd go,
And from my Mouth my sorrows he shou'd know.
By stealth I'll leave my Father's House, 'twas you
Did first, alas! the sad Example shew.
My pressing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexias* I shou'd meet.
Through Desarts I durst go (a tender Maid)
In search of you I could not be afraid.
No dangers should my eager steps retard,
My Innocence and Love would be my guard.
If Dragons against me their Crests should rear,
Or should I meet a Lyon or a Bear,
I never can be capable of Fear.
David (too young for toils) a tender Boy,
Could the fierce Lyon and rough Bear destroy;
From his small Hand a Pebble could confound,
And strike the Mountain Gyant to the Ground.
Th' *Assyrian* General, *Bethulia*'s dread,
By a chaste Woman's hand did lose his Head,
And she was by her Guardian Angel led.

Why may not my attempts ſucceſsful prove,
Aſſiſted by Divinity, and Love?
With fearleſs courage I dare undertake
Amazing Actions, for my Husband's ſake:
Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow Thee,
Whether by Land thou wand'reſt or by Sea;
Whether on Shoar or on the ſwelling Main,
One Houſe, one Boat may both of us contain:
If your ſharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
On that *Ionian* Sea my Bark ſhall ride.
If (to contemplate on the ſufferings
And cruel Death of the bleſt King of Kings,)
A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you go,
I'll join in Adoration there with you.
If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
With you in *Paleſtine* I'll offer holy Vows;
Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
And leave this temp'rate for that frozen Air;
With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
On the cold Top of the *Caucaſian* Hill.
Or ſhould you wander o'er the *Libyan* Sand,
(That vaſt, and wild, unhoſpitable Land)
Through thoſe parcht Plains with thee (my Love)
I'll ſtray,
Nor fear the hungry, ſavage Beaſts of Prey.
I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you ſail;
My Love ſhall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
Nothing to follow you would ſeem a Toil.
Tho' to the utmoſt *Indies* you are driv'n,
Till I can reach your Arms, I'll know no Hav'n.
Ah! let chaſte Love propitious Planets keep,
Safe from the dangers of the greedy Deep;
Yet if my Ship by Tempeſts muſt be torn,
By artful ſtrokes above the Waters born
In ſpite of Nature I ſhall ſwim to ſhoar,
For Love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
The flaming Conſtellations are in Love,
And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;

But the unsettl'd Waves, nor the inconstant Wind
Shall ever move my Faith, or shake my stedfast Mind
But if inevitable Fates decree,
That I must suffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey;
(The only succour such a Fate can give)
In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
There let me rest, till thou shalt find that shoar
Where my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
There cast me up unhurt, and leave me there.
So in the scaly Monster *Jonas* lay,
Protected from the Fury of the Sea;
Both wondred at their Lot, and both rejoic'd,
One with his guest was pleas'd, the other with his host;
The third day came, and then (by Heaven's com-
The Fish restor'd the Prophet to the Land. [mand)
But if to me no Fish will favour shew,
And (dear *Alexias*) I must dye for you;
Oh Love Divine! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
For thee, chaste Author of my Funeral;
The Sea shall take my Name, and 'mongst the Stars
I'll be a Guide to wandring Mariners:
While they with wonder shall repeat my Name,
A Faith like mine deserves no less a Fame;
They'll doubtless pray that such a Wife, above,
May be rewarded for so chaste a Love;
And that her Husband there may constant prove,
And for the load of waters she has born,
Her Ashes may lye easie in their Urn.
Alas! I rave, with fancies I am fed,
Not knowing where my dearest Husband's fled,
I search him, dreaming in my widow'd Bed.
If to the Woods I go, or Rocks, or Shoars,
From thee they've learn'd to scorn Love's mighty
Unheard, alas! I lose my Am'rous Groans, [Powers.
The Winds and Waves refuse to hear my Moans,
Echo alone can suffer my complaint,
And she with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cauſe your ſtay?
If thou haſt Pity, come, oh! come away:
Ah! ſuffer not thy abſence I ſhould mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canſt not return.

AMARYLLIS,

Or the Third *Idyllium* of

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compels my way,
My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains ſtray:
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In Paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the Ridgling with his butting head.
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
The conſcious *Grottos*, and the ſhady Grove;
Where ſtretcht at eaſe your tender Limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs Beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With Kiſſes ſuch as ſet my Soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame,
My Heart maintains for both a double Flame.
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn,
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I die, and Death will finiſh all my pain,
Yet e'er I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
How ruddy like your Lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the Tree was high;)

Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd;
And for to morrow have Ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his Heav'nly Pow'r
Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded Fern that your fair Forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human kind!
The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
To make the ſuff'rings of your Slaves your ſport!
Unheeded Ruin! treacherous Delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
Like Midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of Morn.
Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
And let me die contented in your Arms.
I would not ask to live another Day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my Soul away!
Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd,
For Kiſſes are but empty, when compar'd!
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of Parſly with a wreath of Ivy bound;
And border'd with a Roſie edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my Fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my Body of my Shepherd's Frock,
Behold that dreadful downfal of a Rock,
Where yon old *Fiſher* views the Waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd, to ſee me plunge to ſhoar,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my Fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in Love to know,

I try'd th' infallible Prophetick way,
A Poppy leaf upon my Palm to lay;
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The with'ring leaf foreſhew'd your with'ring Love.
Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to Sieve and Sheers;
And told the Witch *Agreo* my diſeaſe,
(*Agreo* that in Harveſt us'd to leaſe;
But Harveſt done, to Chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, Drink, and two pence was her daily hire;)
To work ſhe went, her Charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty Sieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty Beldame ſwore,
And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate;
That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
A milk-white Goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white Kids run friſking by her ſide,
For which the Nut-brown Laſs, *Erithacis*,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury Kiſs;
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his Market twice!
My right Eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,
I'll ſet up ſuch a Note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move?
She muſt be Flint, if ſhe refuſe my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtriſe
To win his Lady, or to loſe his Life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a Wife?)
Threw down a golden Apple in her way,
For all her haſte ſhe could not chuſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid Run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd Hold;
The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed,)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble Feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe,

A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye,)
From ſteepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
His Herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:
If ſuch another Wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.
Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
His pow'r on high, and in Cœleſtial Minds?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the Crook.
Nay when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
How bleſt was fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon!
What *Jaſon* from *Medea*'s Love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aking Head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my Temples creep;
My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt Breath,
The Wolves will get a Breakfaſt by my Death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me Carrion e'er I die.

PHARMACEUTRIA;

OR, THE

INCHANTRESS.

Simætha *is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one* Delphis. *and not having seen him in Twelve days, and suspecting him to love some other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid* Thestylis, *endeavours by Charms to reduce him.*

Translated from *Theocritus* by Mr. *William Bowles*, of *King's College* in *Cambridge*.

THE Philters, *Thestylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, since neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the false Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerful, can be mov'd.
Twelve days, an Age to me, alas! are past
Since at these doors he knock'd, or me saw last;
Scorn'd and neglected, if I live, or no,
Inhuman as he is, he does not know.
To some new Mistress sure he is inclin'd,
For Love has wings, and he a changing mind.
To morrow I'll to the *Palæstra* go,
And tell him he's unkind to use me so.
Now to my Charm: but you, bright Queen of night,
Shine, and assist me with your borrow'd light,
You, mighty Goddess, I invoke; and you
Infernal *Hecate*----
(When you ascend from the pale shades below
Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
A sudden horrour seizes all around,
The Dogs at your approach affrighted fly,)
Assist, and with your pow'rful aid be nigh;

Inſpire this Charm, and may it prove as ſtrong
As *Circe*'s or the bold *Medea*'s Song.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames: d'you ſtand
Inſenſible, you Sot, when I command?
Or am I ſcorn'd, and grown a jeſt to you?
Strew Salt, and ſay, thus *Delphis* Bones I ſtrew.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
As *Delphis* me, ſo I this Laurel burn,
And as that burns, and does to Aſhes turn,
And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,
So may falſe *Delphis* burn in quicker Fires.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
As the Wax melts, which in the Fire I caſt,
So in Loves flower flames may *Delphis* waſte:
And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,
Tho' ſeeming to go on, and quit its ground,
Returns, and in its Magick Circle ſtill is found;
So, tho' averſe, and fled from my Embrace,
May he return, and ſtill maintain his place.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Hail, *Artemis*, and aid me from above;
You all the ſtubborn Pow'rs below can move,
Th' infernal Judges and th' infernal King:
Ring, *Theſtylis*, the ſounding Braſs, haſte, ring;
She comes, the Goddeſs comes, the dreadful cry
Of howling Dogs gives notice ſhe is nigh.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
See! ſilent are the Winds, a peaceful ſleep
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and ſmooth'd the Deep:
But the rough Tempeſt, that diſtracts my Breaſt,
No Calm can find, and will admit no reſt.
O Chaſtity, and violated Fame!
I burn for him whoſe Love's my only ſhame.

Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Thus thrice I ſacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddeſs, what I ſay.
Who e'er ſhe be that ſhares his envy'd Bed,
Proud by her Conqueſt, and my Ruin, made,
Her Honour loſt, and ſhe undone, as I,
Deſerted and abandon'd may ſhe lie,
As did on *Dia*'s ſhoar the Royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty betray'd.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Hippomanes but taſted rage inſpires,
And with new heat the winged Courſers fires,
O'er Fields and Woods and Mountains tops they go,
Their rage no bounds, and they no ſtop can know;
Such is the plant, and oh! that I might ſee
My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
This fringe, which my Lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
This once dear Relick thus enrag'd I tear:
How cruel is the Love that Leech-like dreins
From my pale limbs the blood, and empty veins?
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
To morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
Now, *Theſtylis*, this Philter ſpread around
His fatal door----.
(There all my thoughts, and my loſt ſenſes dwell,
There, tho' ill us'd, my Soul continues ſtill)
And ſpit, and the ingrateful Man devove,
That ſlights my paſſion, and neglects my Love.
Bring back, ye ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
She's gone; and ſince I now am left alone,
What ſhall I ſay? what firſt ſhall I bemoan?
What was the Cauſe? whence ſprung my ill plac'd
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove; [Love?

When fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
Her Nuptial Vow to the chaſte Goddeſs paid,
With ſavage Beaſts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce Lioneſs amidſt 'em plac'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Theucharila, my Nurſe, would ſee the ſhow,
She near us dwelt, and begg'd of me to go;
Her Pray'rs, and my ill Fate at laſt prevail'd,
There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
There all my ills began; for there, alas!
I *Delphis* ſaw, and *Eudamippus* paſs:
Their golden Hair in careleſs Curls hung down,
And brighter (*Cynthia*) far than you they ſhone.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
I ſaw, and was undone! a ſubtile fire
Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot deſire;
The ſhining Pomp could now no more ſurprize,
A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.
When that was ended, I forgot to go,
How I return'd, or when, I did not know;
Ten days, as many reſtleſs Nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce Diſeaſe a Prey.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
My Fleſh all waſted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the ſtrong Poiſon fell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what doſt thou inforce?
To what Enchantreſs had not I recourſe,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick Arts renown'd?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
With Sickneſs waſted, and with Grief oppreſt,
Thus to my Servant I at laſt confeſt:

Haſte, *Theſtylis*, thy dying Miſtreſs ſends,
My Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the Wound;
No remedy for Love but Love is found:
In active Sports and Wreſtling he delights,
And in the bright *Palæſtra* often ſits.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
There watch your time, and ſoftly let him know
Simætha ſent you, then my Lodgings ſhow.
She did, and ſtraight his ſounding feet I heard,
Gods! but when lovely *Delphis* firſt appear'd!
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
A death-like cold ſeiz'd on me, from my Brow,
Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
My dying words, when I would ſpeak 'em, hung:
As when imperfect ſounds from Children fall,
When in their Dreams they on their Mother call.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
The cruel Man ſat down upon my Bed,
And then with Eyes caſt downward thus he ſaid:
In Love you are as far before me gone,
As young *Philinus* lately I out-run.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Had not your kinder Meſſage call'd me home,
By Love's ſweet Joys at Night I would have come;
Arm'd with my Friends I had beſet you round,
And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Had you admitted me, it had been well,
For I in ſwiftneſs, and in form excel,
But that my vanquiſh'd Equals beſt may tell;
Some ſmaller favour then I had deſir'd;
And modeſtly but with a Kiſs retir'd:

Had you been cruel, and your Doors been barr'd,
With Bars and Torches for the ſtorm I was prepar'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
And next, my fair Preſerver, next to you;
She ſaw the burning Pain which I endure,
And recommends to you the mighty Cure;
For cool and gentle are all other fires
Compar'd with thoſe which cruel Love inſpires.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
Nor darkneſs them, nor danger can affright,
Love's mighty power can the young Wife compel
From her warm ſleeping Husband's Arms to ſteal.
He ſaid: and I, a fond, believing Maid,
Preſt and reclin'd him gently on my Bed;
Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my Blood, and Colour to my Face,
And, to be ſhort, with mutual Kiſſes fir'd,
To the laſt bliſs we eagerly aſpir'd,
And both attain'd, what both alike deſir'd.
Now ſwift the hours, and wing'd with pleaſure flew,
Calm were our Paſſions, and no Tempeſt knew;
No quarrel could diſturb our peaceful Bed,
But all thoſe Joys this fatal Morning fled.
Aurora ſcarce had chas'd away the Night,
And o'er the World diffus'd her roſie Light,
Philiſta's Mother came, (and as ſhe ſtill
The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell;)
She told me firſt that *Delphis* lov'd, but who
She could not tell, but that he lov'd ſhe knew;
All ſigns of ſome new Love ſhe ſaid ſhe found,
His Houſe adorn'd, and Doors with Garlands crown'd.
She tells me true; oh my ill-boding fears!
And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
His viſits were more frequent, now at laſt,
Since he was here twelve tedious days are paſt.

'Tis so: and can he then so cruel prove,
And I so soon forgotten, and my Love?
Now I'm content to see what Charms can do,
But if he dares go on to use me so,
Provok'd at last a Potion I'll prepare,
That by his Death shall ease me of my care.
So sure the Poison, and so strong the Draught,
The secret was by an *Assyrian* taught.
You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
And to the rising Sun your light resign;
My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
To fix your Chariot, or retard your course;
I, what I can't redress, must learn to bear,
And a sad Cure attend from my despair.
Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring Light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the Night.

The CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS *Idyll.* XI.

English'd by Mr. Duke *of* Cambridge.

Inscrib'd to Dr. Short.

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
To ease a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No Medicine this prevailing Ill subdues,
None, but the Charms of the condoling Muse:
Sweet to the Sense, and easie to the Mind
The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
This you well know, and surely none so well,
Who both in Physick's sacred Art excel,
And in Wit's Orb amongst the brightest shine,
The love of *Phœbus*, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus sweetly said of old, the *Cyclops* strove
To soften his uneasie hours of Love;

Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
And *Galatea*'s Eyes kindled the raging fire.
His was no common Flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;
Nor Flowers, nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,
Nor more to please, curl'd his neglected Hair.
His was all Rage, all Madness; to his Mind
No other Cares their wonted Entrance find.
Oft from the Field his Flock return'd alone
Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some stone,
Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
Accusing *Galatea*'s Cruelty;
Till Night from the first dawn of opening day,
Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a Cure, the only Cure he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;
From a steep Rock, from whence he might survey
The Flood, (the Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay,)
His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful Song.
Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus? soft Love with sharp Disdain?
Fairer than falling Snow or rising Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the sight;
Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose head
The tender Crescents but begin to spread;
Yet cruel you to harshness more encline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the savage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eye-lid's seal'd with sleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But when sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vanish swiftly from my opening Eye, } spy.
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they }
I well remember the first fatal day
That made my Heart your Beauty's easie Prey;
'Twas when the Flood you, with my Mother, left,
Of all its Brightness, all its Pride bereft,
To gather Flowers from the steep Mountain's Top,
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;

To Hyacinths, and Roſes did you bring,
And ſhew'd you all the Treaſures of the Spring.
But from that hour my Soul has known no reſt,
Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd Breaſt,
I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
No; by the Gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
No; you, the more I love, the more diſdain.
Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
Why you deſpiſe and fly the *Cyclops* ſo;
Becauſe a ſhaggy Brow from ſide to ſide,
Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
And under that one only Eye does ſhine,
And my flat Noſe to my big Lips does join.
Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thouſand Sheep,
The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
With ſweeteſt Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
And my vaſt ſtock of Cheeſes never fails;
In Summer's heat, or Winter's ſharpeſt cold,
My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
With ſuch ſoft Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpire,
That every liſtning *Cyclops* does admire;
While with it often I all Night proclaim,
Thy powerful Charms, and my ſucceſsleſs Flame.
For thee twelve Does all big with Fawn, I feed,
And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
Ah! come to me, fair Nymph, and you ſhall find
Theſe are the ſmalleſt Gifts for thee deſign'd.
Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhoar.
How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers be
In the retir'd and peaceful Cave with me?
There the ſtreight Cypreſs and green Laurel join,
And creeping Ivy claſps the cluſter'd Vine;
There freſh, cool Rills, from *Ætna*'s pureſt Snow,
Diſſolv'd into Ambroſial Liquor, flow.
Who the wild Waves, and brackiſh Sea could chuſe,
And theſe ſtill Shades, and theſe ſweet Streams refuſe?

But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with Hair,
Without a fire defie the Winter Air,
Know I have mighty ſtores of Wood, and know
Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
My Soul, my Life it ſelf ſhould burn for thee,
And this one-Eye, as dear as Life to me.
Why was not I with Fins, like Fiſhes, made,
That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?
Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
And kiſs your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
To thee I'd Lillies and red Poppies bear,
And flowers that Crown each Seaſon of the Year.
But I'm reſolv'd I'll learn to ſwim and dive,
Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,
That th' undiſcover'd Pleaſures I may know
Which you enjoy in the deep Flood below.
Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
Like me that on this Rock unmindful ſit,
(Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee)
Home to return forget, and live with me.
With me the ſweet and pleaſing Labour chuſe,
To feed the Flock, and milk the burthen'd Ewes,
To preſs the Cheeſe, and the ſharp *Runnet* to infuſe.
My Mother does unkindly uſe her Son,
By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
Nor whiſpers in your Ear my Am'rous Tale.
No; tho' ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
And ſees my Body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
And of my Head, and of my Feet complain;
That, in her Breaſt if any pity lye,
She may be ſad, and griev'd as well as I.
O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reaſon fled?
If your young *Lambs* with new pluckt boughs you fed,
And watch'd your Flock, would you not ſeem more wiſe?
Milk what is next, purſue not that which flies.

Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,
Another fairer *Galatea* find.
Me many Virgins, as I pass, invite
To waste with them in Love's soft Sports the Night,
And if I but incline my listning Ear,
New Joys, new Smiles in all their Looks appear.
Thus we, it seems, can be belov'd; and we,
It seems, are somebody as well as she.
Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,
And sooth'd with gentle Verse his fierce desire.
Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,
Than if the Riches of the World were his.

To *C Æ L I A.*

By Mr. DUKE.

FLY swift, ye hours, ye sluggish minutes fly,
Bring back my Love, or let her Lover dye.
Make haste, O Sun, and to my Eyes once more,
My *Celia* brighter than thy self restore.
In spight of thee, 'tis Night when she's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams display,
That makes my Sky look clear, and guides my day.
O when will she lift up her sacred Light!
And chase away the flying shades of Night!
With her how fast the flowing hours run on?
But oh! how long they stay when she is gone?
So slowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
So swift when born upon the Wings of Love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past,
Yet 'tis an Age since I beheld her last.
O my auspicious Star make haste to rise,
To charm our Hearts and bless our longing Eyes!
O how I long on thy dear Eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!

How

How my impatient, thirſty Soul does long,
To hear the charming Muſick of thy Tongue!
Where pointed Wit with ſolid Judgment grows,
And in one eaſie ſtream united flows.
When e'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every Soul to every Ear!
Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes Mankind with joy and pride obey.
But oh! when Wit and Senſe with Beauty's join'd,
The Woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind,
When Nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix
The moſt engaging Charms of either Sex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not Humane but Divine,
What's her command, but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate.
Where Nature bids, worſhip I'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the Liberty to diſobey.
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a Poet make,
She gives him Verſe but for thy Beauty's ſake.
Had I a Pen that could at once impart
Soft *Ovid*'s Nature and high *Virgil*'s Art,
Then the immortal *Sachariſſa*'s Name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of Fame;
Each *Grove*, each *Shade* ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd *Penſhurſt* to our *Windſor* yield.

Spoken to the QUEEN in *Trinity-College New-Court* in *Cambridge.*

Written by Mr. Duke.

THOU equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That mak'ſt a Crown ſit ſoft on *Charles*'s Head;
In whom with Greatneſs, Virtue takes her Seat:
Meekneſs with Power, and Piety with State;
Whoſe Goodneſs might even Factious Crouds re-
Win the Seditious, and the Savage tame; [claim,
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt Mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a King;
See, mighty Princeſs, ſee how every Breaſt
With Joy and Wonder is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the Joy, which the firſt Mortals knew,
When Gods deſcended to the Peoples view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe Pow'rs they had unſeen ador'd:
But they were Feign'd: nor if they had been true,
Could ſhed more Bleſſings on the Earth than you:
Our Courts enlarg'd, their former Bounds diſdain,
To make Reception for ſo great a Train;
Here may your ſacred Breaſt rejoice to ſee,
Your own Age ſtrive with Ancient Piety.
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious Eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our Fabrick riſe.
Leſs powerful Charms than yours of old could call
The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
And ours which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great Name ſhall grow.

FLORIANA,

A Paſtoral upon the Death of her Grace the Dutcheſs of SOUTHAMPTON.

By Mr. DUKE.

DAMON.

TELL me my *Thyrſis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this ſad poſture lye?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln Boſom riſe?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

Thyrſis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he
Have my Lambs ſtray'd? let 'em for ever ſtray: [may:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now ſhe ſmil'd:
Alas! ſhe ſmil'd; for to the lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and ſhe is kind,
A Grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon*'s friendſhip, or *Dorinda*'s Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrſ.* But, *Damon*, there may be:
What if the charming *Floriana* die?

Damon. Far be the Omen! *Thyrſ.* But ſuppoſe it true.

Damon. Then ſhould I grieve, my *Thyrſis*, more than you.
She is----*Thyrſ.* Alas! ſhe was, but is no more;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy ſwoln Eyes run o'er:
Here to this Turf by thy ſad *Thyrſis* grow,
And when my ſtreams of Grief too ſhallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raiſe the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon. Then that to this wisht height the Flood may swell,
Friend, I will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.
Oh! she was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Blessing their Babes when first they see the day.
Beauty and She were one; for in her Face
Sate Sweetness temper'd with Majestick Grace;
Such pow'rful Charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive Goodness as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal Law.
How was she wondred at by every Swain?
The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain:
On all she shin'd, and spreading Glories cast
Diffusive of her self, where-e'er she past,
There breath'd an Air sweet as the Winds that blow
From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:
Even me sometimes she with a smile would grace,
Like the Sun shining on the vilest place.
Nor did *Dorinda* bar me the delight
Of feasting on her Eyes my longing sight:
But to a Being so sublime, so pure,
Spar'd my Devotion, of my Love secure.
Damon. Her Beauty such: but Nature did design
That only as an answerable Shrine
To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,
As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing light.
In her smooth Forehead we might read expresst
The even calmness of her gentle Breast:
And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ
The active Vigour of her youthful wit.
Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.
Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
Like those, who being dull, would grave appear;

Who out of guilt do chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And being ſullen, hope Men think 'em wiſe.
How would the liſtning Shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!
She all with her own Spirit and Soul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whoſe powerful hand ſuſtains
The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains,
Of all his Cares made her the tender'ſt part;
And great *Loviſa* lodg'd yet in her Heart.

Thyrſis. Who would not now a ſolemn Mourning keep,
When *Pan* himſelf and fair *Loviſa* weep?
When thoſe bleſt Eyes by the kind Gods deſign'd
To cheriſh Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April*-drops upon the ſpringing Flowers;
Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* ſhed,
When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her *Ceſtos*, and unyok'd her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Loviſa* come,
And viſit gentle *Floriana*'s Tomb;
And as you walk the melancholy Round,
Where no unhallow'd Feet prophane the Ground,
With your chaſt hands freſh Flow'rs and Odours ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent Bed;
Still praying as you gently move your Feet,
Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumber ſweet.

Thyrſis. See where they come, a mournful lovely Train,
As ever wept on fair *Arcadia*'s Plain:
Loviſa mournful far above the reſt,
In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow dreſt:
Juſt are her Tears, when ſhe reflects how ſoon
A Beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

Damon. O ſhe is gone! gone like a new born Flower,
That deck'd ſome Virgin Queen's delicious Bower;

Torn from the Stalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
But Flow'rs return, and coming Springs diſcloſe
The Lilly whiter, and more freſh the Roſe;
But no kind Seaſon back her Charms can bring,
And *Floriana* has no ſecond Spring.

Thyrſis. O ſhe is ſet! ſet like the falling Sun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad Day is gone!
Alas! the Sun that's ſet, again will riſe,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:
But Beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
When its ſhort Glory to the Weſt declines,
O there's no hope of the returning Light;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of *AMYNTA*, for the Death of *DAMON*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

SONG.

ON a Bank, beſide a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of Morning
'Till the Dews of Night returning
Singing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover,
Oh ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,

Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting Kisses,
Murmuring Blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never shall we curse the Morning,
Never bless the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to restore:
Never shall we both lye dying
Nature failing, Love supplying
All the Joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and *Damon* are no more.

The PRAISES of *ITALY* out of *Virgil*'s second *Georgic*.

By Mr. Chetwood.

Sed neque Medorum Sylvæ, &c.

BUT neither *Median* Groves, whose happy soyl
With choicest Fruits prevents the Labourers toil,
Nor *Ganges* streams blessing his fertile Land,
Nor *Hermus* self rolling on golden Sand,
Can with fair *Italy* the Prize contest,
Less gay the glorious Kingdoms of the East, [blest.
Nor *Araby*, with all her Gums and Spice, is half so
No *Hydra*'s she, or monstrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Nostrils blast the Air;
Nor Dragons Teeth sown in the wond'ring Field
Do short-liv'd Harvests of arm'd Brethren yield:
But vital Fruits she brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And fairest Cattle do her Meads adorn.

Her warlike Horſe is of the nobleſt Race,
Who proudly prances o'er his native Place.
And where thy Magick ſtreams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
The flocks are white as the freſh falling Snow.
Heaven do's ſo much thoſe ſacred Victims prize
'Twill give a *Conqueſt* for a *Sacrifice*.
As in the North 'tis Winter makes the Year,
The Spring and Autumn are the Seaſons here,
Cattel breed twice, and twice the reſtleſs furrows bear.
But Heav'n has baniſh'd hence rough Beaſts of prey,
No hungry Lions on the Mountains ſtray,
Nor monſtrous Snakes make inſecure the fearful Travelers way.
Nature did this; but Induſtry and Art
To the rich maſs did nobler forms impart.
Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities riſe,
Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the Skies.
Here pleaſant Seats, by which clear ſtreams do paſs,
Gaze on their ſhadows in the liquid Glaſs:
There, big with ſtory, ancient Walls do ſhow
Their reverend heads; beneath fam'd Rivers flow.
The Sea, which would ſurround the happy place,
Do's it on both ſides with his Arms embrace:
And ſtately Gallies which the *Adria* ride,
Bring the World's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
The ſpacious Lakes with level proſpect pleaſe,
Or ſwell, an imitation of the Seas.
What ſhould I tell how Art cou'd undertake
To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake?
The rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
Whilſt angry Surges ſpend their rage in vain.
As *Ceſar*'s Arms all Nations can ſubdue,
So *Ceſar*'s Works can conquer Nature too.
Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold;
But her chief Treaſures, without which the reſt are vain,
Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign.

She bred the *Marsian* who ne'er knew to yield,
And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field:
Triumphant Cottagers, whose frugal hand
Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command:
Decii devoted for the Publick Good,
Compounding for whole Armies with their Blood:
Camillus Saviour of the sinking State,
Who rescu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midst of Fate.
Marii who *Roman* Eagles bore so far,
And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
You last, Great *Cæsar*, whose green years did more
Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.
You towards th' East your glorious Course do run,
India forgets now to adore the Sun.
Hail! happy Soil, Learning and Empire's Seat,
Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* soft Retreat.
To you I *Græcian* Arts in Triumph bring,
And your just praise in lasting Numbers sing.

The IX. ODE *of the* FOURTH BOOK of *HORACE.*

By Mr. Stepney.

VErses Immortal (as my Bays) I sing,
When suited to my trembling string:
When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleasant Harmony.
All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged head.)
Yet *Pindar's* rolling Dithyrambique Tide,
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.

Still do's *Steſichorus* his Tongue
Sing ſweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every Verſe do's flow:
Still *Sappho*'s ſtrings do ſeem to move,
Inſtructing all her Sex to Love.

II.

Golpen Rings of flowing Hair,
More than *Hellen* did inſnare;
Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,
And wondring, melted to deſire.
Not only skilful *Teucer* knew
To direct Arrows from the bending Yeugh.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.
Was *Sthenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for laſting Poetry?
Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to ſave others Lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he ſo brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
No, others buried in Oblivion lye,
As ſilent as their Grave,
Becauſe no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deſerved Immortality.

III.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
Are levell'd in the impartial Grave,
If they no Poet have.
But I will lay my Muſick by,
And bid the mournful ſtrings in ſilence lye;
Unleſs my Songs begin and end with you,
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No pride does with your riſing honours grow,
You meekly look on ſuppliant Crowds below.
Should Fortune change your happy State,
You could admire, yet envy not, the Great.
Your equal Hand holds an unbyaſs'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, guilded Baits, prevail.

You with a gen'rous honesty despise,
What all the meaner World so dearly prize.
Nor does your Virtue disappear,
With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year.
Others, like Comets, visit and away;
Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal Day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest Tenements possest,
Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owner's rest.
More truly happy those! who can
Govern the little Empire, Man:
Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill.
Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
Who in a fixt unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And scorn a-like her Friendship and her Hate.
Who Poison less than Falshood fear,
Loth to purchase Life so dear;
But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their Countries Love with their departing [breath.

HOR. ODE 15. *Lib.* 2. Imitated.

Jam pauca aratro jugera.

In sui seculi luxuriam.

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

THEN this unweildy Factious Town
To such prodigious Bulk is grown,
It on whole Counties stands, and now
Land will be wanting for the Plow,

Thoſe remnants too the *Boors* forſake,
Frith muſt the Nation undertake.
As in a *Plague* the Fields ſhall deſart lye,
Whilſt all men to the mighty *Peſthouſe* fly.

II.

If any Tree is to be ſeen,
'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and Ever-Green.
Lime-trees, and Plane, for pleaſure made,
Which for their Fruit bear only Shade.
Such as do Female Men content,
With uſeleſs ſhew and barren ſcent.
The *Britiſh Oak* will ſhortly be as rare,
As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

III.

Not by theſe Arts, my Maſters, ſure
Your Fathers did thoſe Lands procure.
They preferr'd Uſe to empty Shew,
No ſoftning *French* refinements knew.
Themſelves, their Houſe, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Phyſicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with eaſie ſleep.

IV.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greateſt ſtore.
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* ſell.
Stately Cathedrals they did found,
Whoſe Ruins now deform the Ground.
Churches and Colleges endow'd with Lands,
Whoſe poor Remains fear Sacrilegious Hands.

The XVI. ODE *of the* SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

By Mr. OTWAY.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for quiet here.
For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, ſleepleſs Nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.
Since Wealth and Power too weak we find
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:
Happy the man with little bleſt
Of what his Father left poſſeſt;
No baſe deſires corrupt his Head,
No fears diſturb him in his Bed.
What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhoar to ſhoar why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail;
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.
If then thy Soul rejoice to day,
Drive far to-morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found:
One Mortal feels Fate's ſudden blow,
Another's lingring Death comes ſlow;

And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to puniſh me.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

The Firſt EPODE of *HORACE*.

By Mr. Chetwood.

THEN you, *Mæcenas*, with your Train,
Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
Expoſe your ſelves to the rough Main,
And *Cæſar*'s threatning danger meet.
Whilſt in ignoble Eaſe I am left behind,
And ſhall I call you cruel, or too kind?

II.

Paſtimes and Wine, which Verſe inſpire,
Are taſteleſs all now you are gone;
Untun'd is both my Mind and Lyre,
And in full Courts I ſeem alone.
The reliſh you to my enjoyments give,
And *life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly *live*.

III.

Then ſhould I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my hand?
Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread ſcorch'd *Afric*'s treacherous ſand.
And I perhaps could fight, or ſuch as I,
At leaſt, inſtead of better men could die.

IV.

You'll say, what are my pains to you ?
I'm not for War, and Action made :
Bid me my humble Care pursue,
Seek Winter Sun, and Summer shade.
Whilst both your great Example, and Commands
Require more active, and experienc'd Hands.

V.

If you say this, you never knew
Friendship, the noblest part of love;
What for her Fawn can th' old One do ?
Or for her young the timorous Dove ?
They're more at ease, tho' helpless, being near,
And absence, even in safety, causes fear.

VI.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your favour I wou'd take:
But don't what's said on *vertues score*,
For *servile flattery* mistake.
No City Palace, or large Country Seat
I seek, nor aim so low as to be Great.

VII.

I never lik'd those restless minds,
Which by mean Arts, with mighty pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Winds*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind Heav'n assures me I shall ne'er be poor,
And *Os*-----*n* be damn'd to encrease his store.

EPILOGUE

Intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth, *when* Caliſto *was Acted at Court.*

By Mr. Dryden.

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
I'll now aſſume my Native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſie when it hinders love,
A glorious Burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the Eye.
Beauty and Youth more than a God command;
No *Jove* could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that Sovereign Power admits diſpute,
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen *Cato's*, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more eaſie make,
And gracefully what all muſt ſuffer, take.
Above thoſe forms the Grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful Triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting Nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in Peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains deſpiſe,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity,

Two glorious Nymphs of your own God-like line,
Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and shine,
Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.

SARPEDON'S *Speech to* GLAUCUS, *in the* 12*th* Iliad *of* Homer.

By Sir John Denham.

Thus to *Glaucus* spake

DIvine *Sarpedon*, since he did not find
Others as great in place, as great in Mind.
Above the rest, why is our Pomp, our Power?
Our Flocks, our Herds, and our Possessions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords,
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our sumptuous Boards?
Our chearful Guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich Grape, whilst Musick charms their ears,
Why as we pass do those on *Xanthus* shore,
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in danger, as degree
We stand the first; that when our *Lycians* see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! These are They
Deserve the Greatness; and un-envied stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they command,
Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death sought not them, who seek not Death,
Would I advance? Or should my vainer breath
With such a Glorious Folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since Age, Disease, or some less noble End,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;

Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

An ELEGY

Upon the Death of the Lord HASTINGS.

By Sir *John Denham.*

READER, preserve thy peace: those busie eyes
Will weep at their own sad Discoveries;
When every line they add, improves thy loss;
'Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a Cross,
Such as derides thy Passions best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easie Grief.
Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name
Of Man, and Pious; read, and mourn: the shame
Of an exemption from just sense, doth show
Irrational, beyond excessive Wo.
Since Reason then can privilege a Tear,
Manhood uncensur'd, pay that Tribute here
Upon this noble Urn. Here, here remains
Dust far more precious than in *India*'s veins:
Within these cold embraces ravish'd lies
That which compleats the Ages Tyrannies;
Who weak to such another Ill appear:
For, what destroys our Hope, secures our Fear.
What Sin unexpiated in this Land
Of Groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
The late great Victim that your Altars knew,
You angry Gods, might have excus'd this new
Oblation; and have spar'd one lofty Light
Of Virtue, to inform our steps aright:
By whose Example good, condemned we
Might have run on to kinder Destiny.

But as the Leader of the Herd fell first,
A Sacrifice to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd Vengeance for past Crimes: so none
But this white fatted Youngling could attone,
By this untimely Fate, that impious Smoke
That sullied Earth, and did Heavens pity choke.
Let it suffice for us, that we have lost,
In him, more than the widow'd World can boast
In any lump of her remaining Clay.
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn He was: the Day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
No haste like that of his increasing Parts:
Like the Meridian-beam, his Virtues light
Was seen; as full of comfort, and as bright.
Ah that that Noon had been as fixt as clear! but He,
That only wanted Immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night;
In the black bosom of whose sable Spight,
He leaves a cloud of Flesh behind, and flies,
Refin'd all Ray and Glory, to the Skies.
Great *Saint* shine there in an eternal Sphere, [near,
And tell those Powers to whom thou now draw'st
That, by our trembling Sense, in HASTINGS dead,
Their Anger, and our ugly Faults, are read:
The short lines of whose Life did to our eyes
Their Love and Majesty epitomize.
Tell them whose stern Decrees impose our Laws,
The feasted Grave may close her hollow Jaws.
Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second Entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herse,
'Till Time present her with the Universe.

Upon the death of the

LORD *HASTINGS.*

Written by Mr. Dryden *in the Year* 1649, *when at* Weſtminſter *School.*

MUST noble *Haſtings* Immaturely die,
(The Honour of his ancient Family?)
Beauty and Learning thus together meet,
To bring a *Winding* for a *Wedding-Sheet*?
Muſt *Virtue* prove *Death's* Harbinger? muſt She,
With him expiring, feel Mortality?
Is *Death* (Sin's wages) Grace's now? ſhall Art
Make us more Learned, only to depart?
If Merit be Diſeaſe, if Virtue Death;
To be Good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himſelf to Diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
Labour a Crime, Study ſelf-murther deem?
Our Noble Youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, Ign'rant healthfully.
Rare Linguiſt! whoſe worth ſpeaks it ſelf, whoſe
Tho' not his own, all *Tongues* beſides do raiſe: [praiſe,
Than whom, great *Alexander* may ſeem leſs;
Who Conquer'd Men, but not their Languages.
In his Mouth Nations ſpeak; his Tongue might be
Interpreter to *Greece*, *France*, *Italy*.
His Native Soil was the four parts o' th' Earth;
All *Europe* was too narrow for his Birth.
A young Apoſtle; and (with rev'rence may
I ſpeak it) inſpir'd with gift of Tongues, as they.
Nature gave him, a Child, what Men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by Art though further'd, to obtain.
His Body was an Orb, his ſublime Soul
Did move on Virtue's, and on Learning's Pole:

Whose reg'lar motions better to our view,
Than *Archimedes* Sphere, the Heavens did shew.
Graces and Virtues, Languages and Arts,
Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'ns Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their Sphere,
Were fix'd and conglobat in's Soul; and thence
Shone th'row his Body, with sweet influence;
Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall,
The whole Frame render'd was Celestial.
Come, learned *Ptolemy*, and trial make,
If thou this Hero's altitude canst take:
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus Astronomical.
Liv'd *Tycho* now, struck with this Ray, (which shone
More bright i' th' Morn, than others Beam at Noon)
He'd take his *Astrolabe*, and seek out here
What new Star 'twas did gild our Hemisphere.
Repleniſh'd then with such rare Gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul Disease?
The Nations sin hath drawn that Veil, which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds.
Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.
Was there no milder way but the Small-Pox,
The very filth'ness of *Pandora's* Box?
So many Spots, like *naves*, our *Venus* soil?
One Jewel set off with so many a foil?
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did
Like Rose-buds, stuck i' th' Lilly-skin about. [sprout
Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit:
Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at strife,
Thus made an Insurrection 'gainst his Life.
Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin,
The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?
No Comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose Corps might seem a *Constellation*.

O had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife [Life ?
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become what e'er
Seneca, *Cato*, *Numa*, *Cæſar*, were :
Learn'd, Virtuous, Pious, Great ; and have by this
An Univerſal *Metempſychoſis*.
Muſt all theſe ag'd Sires in one Funeral
Expire ? All die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall ?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame
Had ſwoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Roman* Name.
But haſty Winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the Oak i'th' ſprig, i'th' blade the Corn ;
Thus without Young, this *Phœnix* dies, new born.
Muſt then old three-legg'd gray-beards with their
Catarrhs, Rheums, Aches, live three ages out ? [Gout,
Times Offal, only fit for th' Hoſpital,
Or to hang Antiquaries Rooms withal ;
Muſt Drunkards, Leachers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as Broths, Poſſets, Phyſick give ?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die ? Shall we meet
With none but Ghoſtly Fathers in the Street ?
Grief makes me rail ; Sorrow will force its way ;
And Show'rs of Tears Tempeſtuous Sighs beſt lay.
The Tongue may fail ; but over-flowing Eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of *Elegies*.

But thou, O *Virgin-widow*, left alone,
Now thy beloved, Heaven-raviſht *Spouſe* is gone,
(Whoſe skilful Sire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no Remedy)
With greater than *Platonick* Love, O wed
His Soul, tho' not his Body, to thy Bed :
Let that make thee a Mother ; bring thou forth
Th' *Idea's* of his Virtue, Knowledge, Worth ;
Tranſcribe th' Original in new Copies ; give
Haſtings o' th' better part : ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half ; and the great Grandſire be
Of an Heroick Divine Progeny :

An Iſſue, which t' Eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' Irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no *Mauſoleums:* for his beſt
Monument is his Spouſe's Marble breaſt.

Upon *DESIRE.*

WHAT art thou, Oh thou new found pain?
From what Infection doſt thou ſpring?
Tell me, O tell me, thou Inchanting thing,
Thy Nature and thy Name.
Inform me by what ſubtile Art,
What pow'rful Influence,
You got ſuch vaſt Dominion in a part
Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
Oh miſchievous Uſurper of my Peace!
Oh ſoft Intruder of my ſolitude!
Charming diſturber of my Eaſe,
That haſt my nobler Fate purſu'd;
And all the Glories of my Life ſubdu'd.

Thou haunt'ſt my inconvenient hours,
The buſineſs of the Day, nor ſilence of the Night,
That ſhou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,
Can bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.
Where haſt thou been this live-long Age,
That from my birth till now
Thou never didſt one Thought ingage,
Or charm my Soul with the uneaſie rage,
That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
Where wert't thou, O malicious Sprite,
When ſhining Glory did invite?
When Int'reſt call'd then thou wer't ſhy,
Nor one kind Aid to my Aſſiſtance brought;
Nor would'ſt inſpire one tender Thought,
When Princes at my Feet did lye.

When thou could'ſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantome, thou wer't nice and coy.
Not Beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the Arts of laviſh Men;
Not all the pow'rful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
No ſacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;
Not the ſoft Play that Lovers make,
Nor Sighs could fan thee to a Fire;
No pleading Tears or Vows could thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd----*Something*----to *Deſire*.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs,
Have ſearch'd and ſought thee every where,
In ſilent Groves, in lonely Bowers,
On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wiſhing lye,
In ſheltring Woods, where ſighing Maids
To their aſſigning Shepherds hye,
And hide their Bluſhes in the gloom of Shades.
Yet there, ev'n there though Youth aſſail'd,
Where Beauty proſtrate lay, and fortune woo'd,
My Heart (inſenſible) to neither bow'd;
Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.
In Courts I ſought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
But thou in Crouds wer't ſtifled there;
Intereſt did all the loving bus'neſs do,
Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too;
Or if by chance ſome Heart thy Empire own,
Ah, Pow'r ingrate! the Slave muſt be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble Fire, that doſt dilate
Thy mighty force through every part,
What God or human Power did thee create
In my (till now) unfacil Heart?
Art thou ſome welcome Plague ſent from above,
In this dear Form, this kind Diſguiſe?

Or the false Off-spring of mistaken Love,
Begot by some soft Thought, that feeble strove
With the bright-piercing Beauties of *Lysander*'s Eyes.
Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou dost thy being owe;
'Tis thou the Blushes dost impart,
'Tis thou that trembleſt in my Heart.
When the dear Shepherd does appear,
I faint and die with pleasing pain;
My words intruding sighings break,
When e'er I touch the charming Swain;
When e'er I gaze, when e'er I speak,
Thy conscious Fire is mingled with my Love.
As in the sanctify'd Abodes
Misguided Worshippers approve
The mixing Idols with their Gods.
In vain (alas) in vain I strive
With Errours, which my Soul do please and vex;
For Superstition will survive,
Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philosophers in Love,
That can these burning Fev'rish Fits controul,
By what strange Arts you cure the Soul,
And the fiery Calenture remove?

Tell me, ye Fair ones, you that give Desire,
How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire.
O wou'd you but confess the Truth,
It is not real Virtue makes you nice:
But when you do resist the pressing Youth,
'Twas want of dear Desire to thaw the Virgin-Ice.
And while your young Adorers lye,
All languishing and hopeless at your Feet;
Raising new Trophies to your Chastity,
Oh, tell me how you do remain discreet?
And not the Passion to the throng make known,
Which *Cupid* in revenge has now confin'd to one.

How you suppress the rising Sighs,
And the soft-yielding Soul that wishes in your Eyes,
While to the admiring Crowd you nice are found,
Some dear, some secret Youth, who gives the wound,
Informs you all your Vertue's but a cheat,
And Honour but a false Disguise,
Your Modesty a necessary slight,
To gain the dull repute of being Wise.
Deceive the foolish World, deceive it on,
And veil your Passion in your Pride;
But now I've found your weakness by my own,
From me the needful fraud you cannot hide;
For, tho' with Vertue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the feeble of my Sex:
So *Helen*, tho' from *Theseus*'s Arms she fled,
To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

A PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable Men should write;
To them Alone we Dedicate this Night.
The Rest may satisfie their curious Itch
With City Gazets or some Factious Speech,
Or what-e'er Libel for the Publick Good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and Blood!
Remove your Benches you Apostate Pit,
And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit;
Go back to your dear Dancing on the Rope,
Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope!
The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,
Methinks resemble the distracted Age;
Noise, Madness, all unreasonable Things,
That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings!

The ſtile of Forty One our Poets write,
And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.
Such Cenſures our miſtaking Audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown Scandalous to Take!
They talk of Fevers that infect the Brains,
But Non-ſenſe is the new Diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak Stomachs with a long Diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the Cordials of ſtrong Wit digeſt.
Therefore thin Nouriſhment of Farce ye chuſe,
Decoctions of a Barley-water Muſe:
A Meal of Tragedy would make ye Sick,
Unleſs it were a very tender Chick.
Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time,
Thoſe would go down; ſome Love that's poach'd in
If theſe ſhould fail---- [Rhime;
We muſt lie down, and after all our coſt,
Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Froſt,
While you turn Players on the World's great Stage,
And Act your ſelves the Farce of your own Age.

An EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *Dryden.*

LAdies, the Beardleſs Author of this Day,
Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.
A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage,
But he's the firſt Boy-Poet of our Age.
Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,
Like young *Narciſſus* peeping through the Snow;
Thus *Cowley* Bloſſom'd ſoon, yet Flouriſh'd long,
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the Fair ſhould always Favour find,
Or we are damn'd Diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this Love they put into our Parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of Two Young Hearts.

Should Hag and Gray-Beard make such tender moan,
Faith you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone,
And cry let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since Love's our Business, as 'tis your Delight,
The Young, who best can practise, best can Write.
What though he be not come to his full Pow'r,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You fly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit,
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,
And always fails you at the Second Heat.

Spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's *coming to the* Theatre, *Friday*, April 21. 1682.

Written by Mr. *Otway*.

WHen too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease;
When noisome Blains did its best parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire Infection shed;
Our *Great Physician*, who the Nature knew
Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix't for Three Kingdoms quiet (Sir) on you:
He cast his searching Eyes o'er all the Frame,
And finding whence before one *sickness* came,
How once before our *Mischiefs* foster'd were,
Knew well *your Virtue*, and apply'd you there:
Where so your Goodness, so your Justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd.
When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
New form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all: who struck the Monster dead?

See, see, the injur'd PRINCE, and bless his Name,
Think on the *Martyr* from whose Loins he came:
Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
And Curse the *Parricides* that thirst for more.
His foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware:
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there;
Where let his wrongs your Zeal for him improve,
He wears a Sword will justifie your Love.
With Blood still ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that *ne'er forgot* his friend.

His *duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
Think what he'as born, your Quiet to restore;
Repent your madness, and *rebel* no more.

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriv'ners be Treas'rers; *Pedlars*, Politicians;
Nor ev'ry *fool*, whose Wife has *tript* at Court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn *Rebel* for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,
What Prince can be too Jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're male-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
And when the *horned Herd's* together got,
Nothing portends a Commonwealth like *that*.

Cast, cast your Idols off, your Gods of wood,
E'er yet *Philistins* fatten with your blood:
Renounce your Priests of *Baal* with *Amen faces*,
Your *Wapping* Feasts, and your *Mile-End* High-places.

Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Post,
In recompence th' *Original* was lost:
At these, illustrious Repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble Off'rings lay:
Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' *Attoning* Brother of your *Anger'd* Lord:
He only brings a *Medicine* fit to asswage
A peoples *folly*, and rowz'd Monarch's *rage*.
An *Infant Prince* yet lab'ring in the womb,
Fated with wond'rous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessing home:

Send all your *Wishes* with him, let the Air
With gentle breezes waft it safely here,
The Seas, like *what* they'll carry, *calm* and *fair*:
Let the *Illustrious Mother* touch our Land
Mildly, as hereafter may her Son Command;
While our glad Monarch welcomes her to shoar,
With kind assurance; she shall part *no more*.
Be the *Majestick Babe* then smiling born,
And all good signs of Fate his Birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of CÆSAR's *Love* to an *obedient* Land.

Spoken to Her

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

On Her Return from *Scotland*,

In the Year 1682.

Written by Mr. OTWAY.

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
And every Loyal Muses Loyal Friend;
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring Eyes, and feast 'em there.
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
May this poor Land ne'er lose that Presence more:
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see;
From the vain Fool that would be great too soon,
Lo the dull Knave that writ the last Lampoon!
Let such, as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
Hang their vile blasted Heads, and Dye with shame.
Our mighty Blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:

From whom our preſent Peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future Generations bleſt:
Time have a Care: bring ſafe the hour of Joy,
When ſome bleſt Tongue proclaims a Royal Boy
And when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be ſtrong;
Bleſs him with days of ſtrength and make 'em long;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him ſtand,
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
His Father's Conquering Sword within his Hand:
Then th' *Engliſh* Lions in the Air advance,
And with them roaring Muſick to the Dance,
Carry a *Quo Warranto* into *France*.

To the DUKE on his Return,

In the Year 1682.

Written by Mr. Nat. Lee.

COme then at laſt, while anxious Nations weep,
Three Kingdoms ſtak'd! too precious for the deep.
Too precious ſure, for when the Trump of fame
Did with a direful ſound your Wrack proclaim,
Your danger and your doubtful ſafety ſhown,
It dampt the Genius, and it ſhook the Throne.
Your Helm may now the Sea-born Goddeſs take,
And ſoft *Favonius* ſafe your paſſage make.
Strong, and auſpicious, be the Stars that reign,
The day you launch, and *Nereus* ſweep the Main.
Neptune aloft, ſcour all the Storms before,
And following *Tritons* wind you to the Shore;
While on the Beach, like Billows of the Land,
In bending Crowds the Loyal *Engliſh* ſtand:
Come then, tho' late, your right receive at laſt;
Which Heav'n preſerv'd, in ſpite of Fortune's blaſt.
Accept thoſe hearts, that Offer on the Strand;
The better half of this divided Land.

Venting their honeſt Souls in tears of Joy,
They rave, and beg you would their lives employ,
Shouting your ſacred name, they drive the air,
And fill your Canvas Wings with gales of prayer.
Come then, I hear three Nations ſhout agen,
And, next our *Charles*, in every boſom reign;
Heaven's darling Charge, the care of regal Stars,
Pledge of our Peace, and Triumph of our Wars.
Heaven eccho's Come, but come not Sir alone,
Bring the bright pregnant Bleſſing of the Throne.
And if in Poets Charms be force or skill,
We charge you, O ye Waves and Winds be ſtill,
Soft as a ſailing Goddeſs bring her home,
With the expected Prince that loads her Womb,
Joy of this Age, and Heir of that to come.
Next her the Virgin Princeſs ſhines from far,
Aurora that, and this the Morning Star.
Hail then, all hail, They land in *Charles*'s Arms,
While his large Breaſt the Nation's Angel warms.
Tears from his Cheeks with manly mildneſs roul,
Then dearly graſps the treaſure of his Soul:
Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his form,
Calls him his Calm, after a tedious Storm.
O Brother! He could ſay no more, and then
With heaving Paſſion claſp'd him cloſe again.
How oft, he cry'd, have I thy abſence mourn'd?
But 'tis enough Thou art at laſt return'd:
Said I return'd! O never more to part,
Nor draw the vital warmth from *Charles* his heart.
Once more, O Heav'n, I ſhall his Virtue prove,
His Counſel, Conduct, and unſhaken Love.
My People too at laſt their Error ſee,
And make their Sovereign bleſt in loving Thee.
Not but there is a ſtiff-neck'd harden'd Crew
That give not *Cæſar*, no nor God his due.
Reprobate Traytors, Tyrants of their Own,
Yet Grudge to ſee their Monarch in his Throne,
Their ſtubborn Souls with braſs Rebellion barr'd,
Deſert the Laws, and Crimes with Treaſon guard,

Whom I----but there he ſtop'd, and cry'd, 'tis paſt,
Pity's no more, this warning be their laſt;
Then ſighing ſaid, My Soul's dear purchas'd reſt,
Welcome, Oh welcome, to my longing Breaſt:
Why ſhould I waſte a tear while thou art by?
To all extreams of Friendſhip let us fly,
Diſdain the factious Crowd that would rebel,
And mourn the Men that durſt in death excel,
Their Fates were Glorious ſince for thee they fell.
And as a Prince has right his Arms to wield,
When ſtubborn Rebels force him to the Field;
So for the Loyal, who their Lives lay down,
He dares to Hazard both his Life and Crown.

A Prologue to the KING and QUEEN,

Upon the Union of the two Companies, in the Year 1689.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

SInce Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Faſhion,
Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Na-
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation. [tion,

How *Penſilvania*'s Air agrees with Quakers,
And *Carolina*'s with Aſſociators:
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is ſo run o'er,
And every Age produces ſuch a ſtore,
That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll ſay, to Us and our Vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our Station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free,
Thoſe Play-houſe Whiggs ſet up for Property.

Some ſay they no Obedience paid of late;
But would new Fears and Jealouſies create;
'Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain Senſe, without the Talent of Foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twould end in down-right knocks and quelling:
For ſeldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needleſly, their Freedom barter
For lawleſs Pow'r, ſometimes they catch a Tartar:
(There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this call'd Charter.)

But, ſince the Victory with Us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains:
(If you'll not think us ſawcy for our pains.)

Old Men ſhall have good old Plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair Ladies and Gallants that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new Plays; if our new Wits can write 'em.

We'll take no blundring Verſe, no fuſtian Tumour,
No dribling Love, from this or that Preſumer:
No dull fat Fool ſhamm'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd;
But 'twas, as Shop-men ſay, to force a Trade.

We've giv'n you Tragedies, all ſenſe defying;
And ſinging men, in woeful Metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old Lumber hither:
Whigg Poets and Whigg Sheriffs may hang together.

An EPILOGUE

On the same Occasion.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

NEW Ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to Please; and that's our Case:
Some Laws for publick Welfare we design,
If you, the Power supream, will please to join:
There are a sort of Pratlers in the Pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to Wit:
These noisie Sirs so loud their Parts rehearse,
That oft the Play is silenc'd by the Farce:
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my Lady's eldest Son.
But stay: methinks some Vizard Mask I see,
Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
About her all the flutt'ring Sparks are rang'd;
The noise continues though the Scene is chang'd:
Now growling, sputtring, wauling, such a clutter,
'Tis just like Puss defendant in a Gutter:
Fine Love no doubt, but e'er two days are o'er ye,
The Surgeon will be told a woful story.
Let Vizard Mask her naked Face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a Nose:
Then for your Laqueys, and your Train beside,
(By what e'er Name or Title dignify'd)
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the Stairs
Tom Dove, and all the Brotherhood of Bear:
They're grown a Nusance, beyond all Disasters,
We've none so great but their unpaying Masters.

We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men, that they
Wou'd pleaſe to give you leave to hear the Play.
Next, in the Play-houſe ſpare your precious Lives;
Think, like good *Chriſtians*, on your *Bearns* and *Wives*:
Think on your Souls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth:
If none of theſe will move the warlike Mind,
Think on the helpleſs Whore you leave behind!
We beg you laſt, our Scene-Room to forbear,
And leave our Goods and Chattels to our Care:
Alas, our Women are but waſhy Toys,
And wholly taken up in Stage Employs:
Poor willing Tits they are: but yet I doubt
This double Duty ſoon will wear 'em out.
Then you are watch'd beſides, with jealous Care;
What if my Lady's Page ſhou'd find you there?
My Lady knows t'a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt Shilling for a Guiney.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort,
Our Grievances, from Country, Town and Court:
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt Vote Money, then redreſs at leaſure.

An EPILOGUE

To CONSTANTINE *the Great.*

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

OUR Hero's happy in the Play's Concluſion,
The holy Rogue at laſt has met Confuſion:
Tho' *Arius* all along appear'd a Saint,
The laſt Act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (for you know I read *Greek* Authors,)
Reports, that after all theſe Plots and Slaughters,
The Court of *Conſtantine* was full of Glory,
And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addreſſing *Tory*;

They follow'd him in Herds as they were mad:
When *Clauſe* was King, then all the World was glad.
Whigs kept the Places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.
Indeed there were a ſort of peaking Tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them Fools,
Men much more Loyal, tho' not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor Devils were caſt behind the Croud.
For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of Senſe,
But good Men ſtarve for want of Impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of Wights,
(I think my Author calls them *Teckelites*;)
Such hearty Rogues againſt the King and Laws,
They favour'd even a Foreign Rebel's Cauſe.
When their own damn'd Deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
Breeds out his Baſtard, not to noiſe his Wife;
Thus o'er their Darling Plot theſe *Trimmers* cry;
And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye,
They bind it Prentice to Count *Teckely*.
They believe not the laſt Plot, may I be curſt
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt;
No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think;
The Man that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And, now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks* ſo well.
The Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no man,
Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman;
He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever,
Kind black-eyed Rogues, for every true Believer:
And, which was more than mortal Man e're taſted,
One Pleaſure that for threeſcore Twelve-months
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven: [laſted:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a Heaven!

A PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

HOW comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,
Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense?
All Prologues treat you at your own Expence.
Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you Fools, but never call you so.
They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip,
But treat a common Whore with Ladyship:
But here each saucy Wit at Random writes,
And uses Ladies as he uses Knights.
Our Author, Young, and Grateful in his Nature,
Vows, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr.
Nor will he ever Draw----I mean his Rhime,
Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker
To call MEN Fools, 'tis Railing at their MAKER.
Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf;
He's young enough to be a FOP himself.
And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed,
He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.
Your Nurses, we presume, in such a Case,
Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face;
And, often, they supply'd your Mother's Place.
The Dry Nurse was your Mother's ancient Maid,
Who knew some former Slip she ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar-Candy,
Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.
Your Father to initiate your Discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse;
But was prevented by each careful Nurse.

For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,
That taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.
I pass your Schools, for there when first you came,
You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin Name.
In Colleges you scorn'd the Art of thinking,
But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking:
Thence come to Town, you practise Play, to know
The vertues of the high Dice, and the low.
Each thinks himself a SHARPER most profound:
He cheats by Pence; is cheated by the Pound:
With these Perfections, and what else he Gleans,
The SPARK sets up for Love behind our Scenes;
Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Car-
Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage. [riage,
He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,
And Garret-high Rebels against his Father.
But he once dead-----
Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion down,
A Twillet, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.
Some Marry first, and then they fall to Scowring,
Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.
Our Women batten well on their good Nature,
All they can rap and rend for the dear Creature.
But while abroad so liberal the DOLT is,
Poor SPOUSE at Home as Ragged as a Colt is.
Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees
Of Lewdness, in our middle Galleries:
The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody Drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's PUNK:
They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Rout,
Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for *Paultry Punk* they roar and stickle,
They make it *Bawdier* than a CONVENTICLE.

An EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOU saw our Wife was Chaſt, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our Hero, whom we ſhew'd to day,
You think no Woman true, but in a Play;
Love once did make a pretty kind of Show,
Eſteem and Kindneſs in one Breaſt would grow,
But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall Chatt, and Guinea Expectation,
Gets all the pretty Creatures in the Nation:
In Comedy, your Little Selves you meet;
'Tis *Covent-Garden*, drawn in *Bridges-ſtreet*.
Smile on our Author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly Nut-brown Baſtard of your own.
Ah! Happy you, with Eaſe and with Delight,
Who act thoſe Follies, Poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the Chace,
She puffs, and hardly keeps your *Proteau* Vices pace.
Pinch you but in one Vice, away you fly
To ſome new Friſk of Contrariety.
You rowl like Snow-Balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven Dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your *Venus* once was a *Platonick* Queen,
Nothing of Love beſide the Face was ſeen;
But every Inch of her you now Uncaſe,
And clap a Vizard-Mask upon the Face.
For Sins like theſe, the Zealous of the Land,
With little Hair, and little or no Band,
Declare how circulating Peſtilences
Watch every Twenty Years, to ſnap Offences.
Saturn, even now, takes Doctoral Degrees,
He'll do your work this Summer, without Fees.
Let all the Boxes, *Phœbus*, find thy Grace,
And, ah, preſerve thy Eighteen-penny Place!

But for the Pit Confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little Mercy as they ſhow:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets Pray;
For every Critick ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a Play.

Upon the Nuptials of the Prince of *Denmark*, and the Lady *Anne*.

By Mr. DUKE.

AS through the flood to our expecting ſhore,
The Royal Fleet the Pride of *Denmark* bore;
Nereus commanded ſilence through the Deep,
And laid the Rage of warring Winds aſleep,
Whilſt thus he ſung and ſmooth'd the Ocean's brow,
Go on in Triumph, happy Hero, go,
Propitious Heaven that on thy Valour ſmiles,
Prepares a full Reward for all thy toils,
Thy Noble toils of War, that riſe above
All Recompence but thy bright *Anna*'s Love:
The faireſt Nymph of all the *Britiſh* Race,
Shall crown thy Courage, and thy Triumphs grace;
For her thy Heart, not cuſtom'd to obey,
Shall loſe its fierceneſs and juſt Homage pay;
Where e'er ſhe looks ſhe makes a Heart a Prize,
And ready Victory attends her Eyes.
To her bright Form do's ſilver *Thetis* yield,
And thou art Great as *Peleus* in the field:
Nor were their happy Nuptials grac'd more high,
When Gods deſcending left the empty'd Sky,
Than ſhall be thine, when mighty *Charles* and *James*
Shall bleſs your Love, and ſhall unite your Flames:
CHARLES that o'er all the watry Globe doth Reign,
And lays his Laws o'er the obedient Main:
And *James*, that in his Brother's Right hath dy'd
So oft with Hoſtile Blood the ſwelling Tide;

'Tis for their Sakes my Waves thus gently flow,
And I thus ſing and bleſs you, as you go:
'Tis the laſt time that I to you ſhall ſing,
Or my glad Waves to your attendance bring;
For when thoſe wondrous Beauties you ſhall ſee,
That *Charles*, and *James*, and Heaven deſign for thee,
Love ſhall confine thee to that happy Shore,
Nor ever let thee part from that bleſt *Iſland* more.

On the DEATH of
KING *CHARLES* II.

By Mr. William Bowles.

AH! where, protecting Providence! Ah! where
Thoſe guardian *Angels*, and that watchful care,
That thro' arm'd Troops the Royal Charge untouch'd did bear!
From Civil Fury and Inteſtine Rage,
Which exercis'd his Youth, and vex'd his Age,
So often guarded; by a fierce Diſeaſe
He falls ſurpriz'd in the fallacious Calm of Peace.
Ah! mighty Prince! thy Mercy, Virtue ſuch,
That Heav'n ſure thought our Happineſs too much;
Inherent Goodneſs in thy Soul did ſhine,
Thou bright Reſemblance of the Pow'r Divine;
For ſure the Great Original is beſt
By *Mercy*, join'd with mighty *Power*, expreſt.
In thy bleſt Reign how juſtly mixt appear
The Father's Kindneſs, and the Prince's Care!
Nor War, nor Exile, nor a Father's Blood,
Nor juſt Revenge for injur'd Virtue, cou'd
The native ſweetneſs of his mind controul,
Or change the Godlike Temper of his Soul.
Contending Rebels ſeem'd in vain to ſtrive,
They could not more offend, than he forgive;

A nobler Triumph, and more glorious far,
Than all the Trophies of deſtructive War:
For mercy does a bloodleſs conqueſt find,
And with ſweet force the rudeſt Paſſions bind.
The gaping wounds of civil rage he mourn'd,
And ſav'd his Country firſt, and then adorn'd.
Our dreadful Navy does in Triumph ride,
And the World's riches flow with ev'ry tide;
And, as thoſe flying Tow'rs the Sea command,
His Caſtles grace at once, and guard, the Land.
To his Protection improv'd Arts we owe,
And ſolid knowledge does from Trial grow;
(All ſubject Nature ours) new Worlds are found,
And Sciences diſdain their ancient bound.
Auguſtus ſo, the ſtorms of War o'er-blown,
Ægypt ſubdu'd, and all the World his own,
His ſofter hours in Arts of Peace employ'd,
And *Rome* adorn'd, by Civil Fire deſtroy'd.
Nor was he made only to bleſs our Iſle,
But born for Peace, did *Europe* reconcile;
Contending Princes heard from him their Fate:
And the World's motion on his Will did wait.
The threatning Cloud we ſaw at laſt withdrawn,
And a new Morn of Triumphs ſeem'd to dawn,
Th' Auſpicious Proſpect did bright years foreſhow,
And Golden Times in long ſucceſſion ſeem'd to flow:
Once more he did our Civil jars compoſe,
And gain'd new glories from his Pardon'd Foes;
No private paſſion to revenge could draw,
But Juſtice govern'd, and impartial Law.
So juſt, yet ſo indulgently ſevere,
Like Heav'n, he pity'd thoſe he cou'd not ſpare.
And, forc'd to draw the neceſſary ſword,
The ſad effects of their own crimes abhorr'd.
Now juſt Succeſs the Royal Conduct Crown'd,
And ſtubborn Factions their great Sovereign own'd,
But ah! black ſhades his ſacred Head ſurround.
Nor doſt thou fall unwept: Three Kingdoms groan,
And in their Ruler's Fate bewail their own.

Juſtice and equal Government are things
That Subjects make more happy than their Kings.
Thy Fame, beſt Prince, if Poets can divine,
Shall the *Great Troublers* of the World outſhine:
Succeſsful Robberies their Titles ſwell,
But thine from Juſtice riſe, and doing well.
Thy deathleſs Cares beyond ſhort life extend,
And nobly to ſucceeding Times deſcend,
And, that falſe Claims, and riſing Wars might ceaſe,
Secur'd *Succeſſion*, and ſecur'd our Peace,
Thy lateſt Toil! How Barb'rous was the Rage,
That of ſuch Heroes would deprive our Age!
What Wonders may we from that Prince expect,
Whoſe private Valour could our Iſle protect!
Whom ſuch amazing Virtues recommend,
The kindeſt *Brother*, and the braveſt *Friend*!

A PROLOGUE

By Sir Charles Sedley.

ENVY and Faction rule the grumbling Age,
The State they cannot, but they ſhake the Stage:
This barren Trade ſome would engroſs, ſtill hoping
From our poor Port to baniſh interloping;
And like the plodding Lawyers take great care
To elbow blooming Merit from the Bar.
In ev'ry Age there were a ſort of Men,
As you do know, damn'd all was written then;
Thouſands before 'em leſs provoke their pride,
Than one poor Rival ſtreining by their ſide.
Such Vermin Criticks we expect to find,
For Nature knows not how to loſe a kind,
The ſtinking Pole-Cat, or the Mole that's blind.
But againſt old, as well as new to rage,
Is the peculiar frenzy of this Age.

Shakespear must down, and you must praise no more
Soft *Desmodena*, nor the jealous *Moor*.
Shakespear, whose fruitful Genius, happy Wit,
Was fram'd and finish'd at a lucky hit;
The pride of Nature, and the shame of Schools,
Born to create, and not to learn from Rules,
Must please no more; his Bastards now deride
Their Father's nakedness they ought to hide.
But when on Spurs their *Pegasus* they force,
Their jaded Muse is distanc'd in the Course.
All that is now hath been before, 'tis true;
But yet the Art, the Fashion, may be new:
Tho' old Materials the large Palace raise,
The skilful Architect deserves his praise.
If nothing please, you are not nice but sick,
'Tis want of stomach ever to dislike:
On our past Poets petty Juries sit,
The living sink beneath your present spite,
As if this were the Dooms-day of all Wit.
But, Beaux, and Ladies, be you not too nice,
You'll break our Lott'ry if none draw a Prize,
Then down go half th' Artillery of your Eyes.
For this one Night do as kind Lovers use,
Tie up strict judgment, and let fancy loose.

A SONG

To a Lady, who discovered a new Star in *Cassiopeia*.

The Words and Tune by Mr. C. Dryden.

I.

AS *Ariana*, Young and Fair,
By Night the Starry Quire did tell,
She found in *Cassiopeia*'s Chair
One beauteous light the rest excel:

This happy Star unseen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,
And made for mortals to adore
A new-born Glory in the Skies.

II.

Or if within the Sphere it grew,
Before she gaz'd the Lamp was dim;
But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew
That gave new Lustre to the Gem.
Bright Omen! what dost thou portend,
Thou threatning Beauty of the Sky?
What great, what happy Monarch's end!
For sure by thee 'tis sweet to dye.

III.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire
We owe the Crescent in decay?
Or must the mighty *Gaul* Expire
A Victim to thy fatal Ray?
Such a presage will late be shown
Before the World in ashes lies;
But if less ruin will attone,
Let *Strephon*'s only fate suffice.

A SONG

By the E. *of* M.

I.

SINCE from my Dear *Astræa*'s sight,
I was so rudely torn,
My Soul has never known delight,
Unless it was to mourn.

II.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her whose absence 'tis,
That makes me wish to die.

SONG.

By Mr. Prior.

WHILST I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold Friendſhip you return:
Your drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame ſuppreſt
That kills the heart it heats too faſt;
Take half my Paſſion to your Breaſt,
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

ÆNIGMA.

By Mr. Prior.

BY Birth I'm a Slave, yet can give you a Crown,
I diſpoſe of all Honours, my ſelf having none.
I'm oblig'd by juſt Maxims to govern my Life,
Yet I hang my own Maſter, and lie with his Wife.
When men are a gaming, I cunningly ſneak,
And their Cudgels and Shovels away from them take.
Fair Maidens and Ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their Diamonds though ne'er ſo well ſet.
But when I have Comrades, we rob in whole bands,
Then we preſently take off your Lands from your hands.
But this fury once over, I've ſuch winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own Hearts.

VERSES on the Snuff of a Candle; made in Sickneſs.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

SEE there the Taper's dim and doleful Light,
In gloomy Waves ſilently rouls about,
And repreſents to my dim weary ſight,
My Light of Life almoſt as near burnt out.

Ah Health! Beſt part and ſubſtance of our joy,
(For without thee 'tis nothing but a ſhade)
Why doſt thou partially thy ſelf employ,
Whilſt thy proud Foes as partially invade?

What we, who ne'er enjoy, ſo fondly ſeek,
Thoſe who poſſeſs thee ſtill, almoſt deſpiſe;
To gain immortal glory, raiſe the weak,
Taught by their former want thy worth to prize.

Dear melancholy Muſe, my conſtant guide,
Charm this coy Health back to my fainting Heart,
Or I'll accuſe thee of vain-glorious pride,
And ſwear thou doſt but feign the moving Art.

But why do I upbraid thee, gentle Muſe;
Who for all ſorrows mak'ſt me ſome amends?
Alas! Our ſickly minds ſometimes abuſe
Our beſt Phyſicians, and our deareſt Friends.

L'AL-

L'ALLEGRO.

By Mr. MILTON.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn [holy,'
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhreiks, and ſights un-
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;
There under *Ebon* ſhades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as ſome Sages ſing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And freſh-blown Roſes waſht in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckſom, blith, and debonair,
Haſte thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.

Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty,
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free:
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe,
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and horn,
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbring morn,
From the ſide of ſome Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Sometime walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thouſand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the Lantskip round it meaſures,

Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt:
Meadows trim with Daiſies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of Herbs, and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bowre ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led:
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His ſhadowy Flail hath threſh'd the Corn

That ten day-labourers could not end.
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,
And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Windes ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſie humm of men.
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the priſe
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend,
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If *Johnſons* learned Sock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear* fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verſe
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of lincked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that ty
The hidden ſoul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed

Of heapt *Elyſian* flowers, and hear
Such ſtreins as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

By Mr. Milton.

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black ſtaid Wiſdoms hue,
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnons* ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore,
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;

His daughter she (in *Saturns* raign,
Such mixture was not held a staine)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody *Ida*'s inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of *Cypres* Lawn,
O'er thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
And adde to these retired leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less *Philomel* will daign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th' accustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee Chauntreſs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her higheſt noon,
Like one that had bin led aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drouſie charm,
To bleſs the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſphear
The ſpirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.

Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto*'s cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glaſs,
And of the wondrous Horſe of Braſs,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought els, great *Bards* beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as ſhe was wont
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

There in close covert by some Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale.
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures, *Melancholy*, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

A BALLAD *upon a Wedding.*

By Sir John Suckling.

I Tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt Things have ſeen:
Oh Things without compare!
Such Sights again cannot be found
In any Place on *Engliſh* Ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.
At *Charing-Croſs*, hard by the Way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a Houſe with Stairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such Folks as are not in our Town,
Forty at leaſt, in Pairs.
Amongſt the reſt, one Peſt'lent fine,
(His Beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.
At Courſe a-Park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.
But wot you what? The Youth was going
To make an end of all his Wooing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his Leave, for all his haſte,
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the Maid.
The Maid----and thereby hangs a Tale----
For ſuch a Maid no *Whitſon*-Ale
Could ever yet produce:

No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.
Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which they did bring.
It was too wide a Peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colt's Neck.
Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No Sun upon an *Easter*-Day,
Is half so fine a Sight.
He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in Sight;
And then she look'd as who should say
I will do what I list to Day;
And you shall do't at Night.
Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes Comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For Streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine* Pear,
The Side that's next the Sun.
Her Lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
Some Bee had stung it newly.
But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.
Her Mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
That they might Passage get,
But she so handled still the Matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any Sin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been,
She look'd that Day ſo purely:
And did the Youth ſo oft the Feat
At Night, as ſome did in Conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.
Paſſion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; beſides the Bride.
The Bus'neſs of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that Men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.
Juſt in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey.
Each ſerving-Man with Diſh in Hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd Band,
Preſented and away.
When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife, or Teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very Reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.
Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the Houſe,
The Bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth,
And who could help it, *Dick?*
O'th' ſudden up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs.
Thus ſev'ral Ways the time did paſs,
Whilſt ev'ry Woman wiſh'd her Place,
And ev'ry Man wiſh'd his.
By this time all were ſtoln aſide
To counſel and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know;

But yet 'twas thought he gueſt her Mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an Hour or ſo.
When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay,
Like new-faln Snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good bw'y, with all my Heart.
But juſt as Heav'n would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the Women to't,
It wou'd have coſt two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.
At length the Candles out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Fawn.

By Andrew Marvell, *Eſq*;

THE wanton Troopers riding by
Have ſhot my Fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
That kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didſt alive
Them any harm: Alas nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm ſure I never wiſht them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:

But, if my ſimple Pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my Tears
Rather than fail. But, O my Fears!
It cannot die ſo. Heaven's King
Keeps regiſter of every thing:
And nothing may we uſe in vain,
Ev'n Beaſts muſt be with juſtice ſlain.
Unconſtant *Sylvio*, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One Morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this ſilver Chain and Bell,
Gave it to me: nay and I know
What he ſaid then; I'm ſure I do.
Said he, look how your Huntſman here
Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his *Dear*.
But *Sylvio* ſoon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardleſs of my Smart,
Left me his Fawn, but took his Heart.
Thenceforth I ſet my ſelf to play
My ſolitary time away,
With this: and very well content,
Could ſo mine idle Life have ſpent.
For it was full of ſport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite
Me to its game: it ſeem'd to bleſs
Its ſelf in me. How could I leſs
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind t' a Beaſt that loveth me.
Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done ſo
As *Sylvio* did, his Gifts might be
Perhaps as falſe, or more than he.
But I am ſure, for ought that I
Could in ſo ſhort a time eſpy,
Thy Love was far more better than
The love of falſe and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurst.
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a Breath! And oft
I blusht to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
NAY any Ladies of the Land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the Race:
And when 'thad left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than Hinds;
And trod, as if on the four Winds.

I have a Garden of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it guess
To be a little Wilderness.
And all the Spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of Lillies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye:
Yet could not, 'till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine Eyes.
For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
It like a bank of Lillies laid.
Upon the Roses it would feed,
Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On Roses thus its self to fill:
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint:
And die as calmly as a Saint.
See how it weeps. The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balsome: so
The holy Frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless *Heliades*
Melt in such Amber Tears as these.
I in a golden Vial will
Keep these two crystal Tears; and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine;
Then place it in *Diana*'s Shrine.
Now my sweet Fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the Swans and Turtles go:
In fair *Elyzium* to endure,
With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy Grave, and die.
First my unhappy Statue shall
Be cut in Marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too: but there
Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare;
For I so truely thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be Stone:
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest Alabaster made:
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

YOUNG LOVE.

By Andrew Marvell, *Esq*;

I.

COme little Infant, Love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged Father's brow
From cold Jealousie and Fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd:
While our Sportings are as free
As the Nurses with the Child.

III.

Common Beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move;
Whose fair Blossoms are too green
Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy Lamb,
Or the wanton Kid, does prize,
As the lusty Bull or Ram,
For his morning Sacrifice.

V.

Now then love me: time may take
Thee before thy time away,
Of this Need we'll Virtue make,
And learn Love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate;
And, if good she to us meant,
We that Good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as Kingdoms, frustrating
Other Titles to their Crown,
In the cradle crown their King,
So all Foreign Claims to drown:

VIII.

So, to make all Rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my Love:
Crown me with thy Love again,
And we both shall Monarchs prove.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his Passage from Chester *on the* Irish *Seas*, 1637. *And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.*

By Mr. *Milton.*

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Damœtas* lov'd to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self, for her inchanting son

Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lethian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun Life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oate proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune*'s plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
They knew not of his story;
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,

The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two maſſy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his Miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt. [hold
Blind mouthes! that ſcarce themſelves know how to
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the leaſt
That to the faithfull Herdſmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.

Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet,
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;

Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptiall Song,
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet Societies
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more:
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

A PANEGYRICK *to my* Lord Protector, *of the preſent Greatneſs and joint Intereſt of his Highneſs and this Nation.*

In the YEAR 1654.

By EDMOND WALLER, *Eſq;*

WHile with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle Hand
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts command,
Protect us from our ſelves, and from the Foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot Reign,
And own no Liberty, but where they may
Without Controul upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* shew'd his Face
To chide the Winds, and save the *Trojan* Race;
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of Ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State;
The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scotch*, to fetch their Doom.

The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet.
Your Pow'r extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heav'n, that hath plac'd this Island to give Law,
To ballance *Europe*, and her States to awe,
In this Conjuction doth on *Britain* smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.

Hither th' Oppressed shall henceforth resort
Justice to crave, and Succour, at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for our's alone,
But for the World's Protector shall be known.

Fame swifter than your winged Navy flies
Thro' ev'ry Land that near the Ocean lies,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
Might hope to lift her Head above the rest:

What

What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us, embraced by the Seas, and you?

Lords of the World's great Waſte, the Ocean, we
Whole Foreſts ſend to reign upon the Sea,
And ev'ry Coaſt may trouble or relieve;
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seats arrive;
While we deſcend at Pleaſure to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,
Of her own Growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.

As *Ægypt* does not on the Clouds relie,
But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky;
So what our Earth and what our Heav'n denies,
Our ever-conſtant Friend, the Sea, ſupplies.

The Taſte of hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
Free from the ſcorching Sun that makes it grow;
Without the Worm in *Perſian* Silks we ſhine,
And without Planting drink of ev'ry Vine.

To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs,
Gold (tho' the heavieſt Metal) hither ſwims:
Ours is the Harveſt where the *Indians* mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men and warlike are our Steeds;
Rome (tho' her Eagle thro' the World had flown)
Cou'd never make this Iſland all her own.

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-conqu'ring *Henry* flouriſh'd, and now you;
For whom we ſtaid, as did the *Grecian* State
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.

When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetys* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old Troops to Battel lead
Againſt th' unwarlike *Perſian*, and the *Mede*;
Whoſe haſty Flight did from a bloodleſs Field,
More Spoils than Honour to the Victor yield.

A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* Arm'd with Want and Cold,
Have, by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old *Roman* Wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garriſons you bind:
Here foreign Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home.

They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by Conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.

Like Favour find the *Iriſh*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State:

While by your Valour, and your bounteous Mind,
Nations, divided by the Sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your Friendſhip, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent:
She from her Fellow-Provinces wou'd go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuſe
(Preventing Poſts) the Terror and the News;
Our neighbour Princes trembled at their Roar:
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing Sword made War to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the Acts of Peace:
Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
Invite Affection, and reſtrain our Rage.

Leſs Pleaſure take brave Minds in Battels won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he Conquers, ſpare.

To pardon, willing; and to puniſh, loth;
You ſtrike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our Age miſ-led,
And o'er this Nation ſuch Confuſion ſpread;
The only Cure which cou'd from Heav'n come down,
Was ſo much Pow'r and Piety in one.

One whoſe Extraction's from an ancient Line,
Gives Hope again that well-born Men may ſhine:
The meaneſt in your Nature mild and good,
The Noble reſt ſecured in your Blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a Ruling Sp'rit you cou'd restrain,
And practise first over your self to reign.

Your private Life did a just Pattern give
How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Sons shou'd live;
Born to Command, your Princely Virtues slept
Like humble *David's* while the Flock he kept:

But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a prosp'rous End.

Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no Distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without Noise
The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys.

Had you, some Ages past, this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we shou'd read your Story;
But living Virtue, all Atchievements past,
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.

This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
With losing him, went back to Blood and Rage.
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that Stroke.

That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars,
To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the Fall.

If *Rome*'s great Senate cou'd not wield that Sword
Which of the Conquer'd World had made them Lord,

What Hope had ours, while yet their Pow'r was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Cou'd Order teach, and their high Sp'rits compose:
To ev'ry Duty cou'd their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.

So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Mane,
And angry grows; if he that first took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vext World, to find Repose, at last
It self into *Augustus'* Arms did cast:
So *England* now doth, with like Toil oppress,
Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace;
Your Battels they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;

Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies overcome,
Of mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won,
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoke.

Illustrious Acts high Raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse;
Here in low Strains your milder Deeds we sing,
But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olive bring,

To crown your Head; while you in Triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like *Joseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence, and bow.

Three Poems on the Death of the late Lord Protector.

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxford*, and Mr. *Edm. Waller*.

Heroick Stanza's on the late Lord Protector: Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our beſt Notes are Treaſon to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applauſe of publick Voice;
Since Heaven, what praiſe we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown;
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an act of Friendſhip to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Intereſt too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raiſe,
Leſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a Title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame ſo truly Circular?
For in a round, what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the Parts ſo equal perfect are?

VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e'er Fortune made him so;
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Virtue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easy Mistress to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him at that Age her Favourites rank among,
When she her best lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Design,
We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
First fought t' inflame the Parties, then to poise;
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but made a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain;
He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd
To stanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *East* subdue,

And made to Battles such Heroick haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,
Of Conquests which he strew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His Palms, tho' under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in its Protraict shew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it Perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
And treach'rous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,
Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend;
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to *Feretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Successful Councils did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field,

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival of the *British* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that side must Conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *Frenchman*'s Cause embrac'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave Don outweigh'd;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
Tho' *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For tho' that some mean Artists Skill were shown
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
How she Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single Virtues did survey,
By intuition in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Virtue Heaven set out,
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;

Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To Nobler Preys the *Engliſh* Lyon ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more *Alps* to ſtand,
Altho' an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly croſs'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars ariſe;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The higheſt Acts it could produce to ſhow:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilſt the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went leſs,
But when freſh Laurels courted him to live;
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new Succeſs,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt Victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increaſe;
'Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did, like the Veſtal, under Spoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the Ocean as a Tribute ſent
That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd;
And th' Iſle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obſequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now by habit does obey;
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands, to show
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of *Wadham* College in *Oxford*.

SIR,

Seeing you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friends hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the Security which your Name and Protection will give them with the most knowing Part of the World. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius *of that excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and divine Fancies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the gener-al*

favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government, not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, whith deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your most Devoted, and Obliged Servant,

THO. SPRAT.

To the happy Memory of the late Lord Protector.

By Mr. SPRAT *of* Oxon. *Pindarick Ode.*

I.

'TIS true, great Name, thou art secure
From the Forgetfulness and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure:
Thy Fame, like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
Will of its self turn whiter too,
Without what needless Art can do;
Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearse,
Tho' it were never heard or sung in Verse.
Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an Inscription,
Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble-stone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roses and Perfumes,
Will but officious Folly show,
And pious Nothings to such mighty Tombs.

All our Incenſe, Gums, and Balm,
Are but unneceſſary Duties here:
The Poets may their Spices ſpare,
Their coſtly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet:
That need not be inbalm'd, which of it ſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
The one's extinguiſh'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble Names with thine,
Their weaker Sparks with thy illuſtrious Light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bleſs'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
Wants no addition of another's Beam;
It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them.
Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred Urn ſurvive,
Without the food of Oyl, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs;
Duty commands our Tongues:
Tho' thou want not our Praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo Men from Religion are not freed,
But from the Altars Clouds muſt riſe,
Tho' Heaven it ſelf doth nothing need,
And tho' the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whoſe each Year
Full of new Miracles did appear!
Whoſe every Month might be
Alone a Chronicle, or Hiſtory!
Others great Actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle Star;

But thine the Milky-way,
All one continued Light, of undistinguish'd Day;
They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
Scarce any common Sky did come between:
What shall I say, or where begin?
Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
Like *Jove* sometimes with warlike Thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand;
Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,
All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty Gold,
That the least Grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,
Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
Thou only to thy self wer't great,
Whilst yet thy happy Bud
Was not quite seen or understood,
It then sure signs of future Greatness shew'd;
Then thy Domestick worth
Did tell the World what it would be,
When it should fit occasion see,
When a full Spring should call it forth:
As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the same Colours, the same red and white,
As in the open Day and Light;
The Sun doth only shew
That they are bright, not make them so.
So whilst but private Walls did know
What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,
Then the same Virtues did appear,
Tho' in a less and more contracted Sphere,
As full, tho' not as large as since they were:
And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho'
At first so deep thou didst not go:

Tho' then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou wast not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
Thy Purple was not made at once in haste,
But after many other Colours past,
It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years;
Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World, and alter States,
Practis'd at first that vast Design
On meaner things with equal Mein.
That Soul which should so many Scepters sway,
To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
Learn'd first to rule in a domestick way:
So Government it self began
From Family, and single Man,
Was by the small relation first
Of Husband and of Father nurs'd,
And from those less beginnings past,
To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
Thy Virtue, and thy Courage call'd;
When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
And 't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
When every Stream, and every Flood,
Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
When the great Storms and dismal Night
Did all the Land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light;
Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
Thy private Life, and better Ease;
Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook:

When Death had got a large Commiſſion out,
Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about;
Then thou (as once the healing Serpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thy ſelf, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and ſick before
Thy Wars and Arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the Diſeaſe did lie,
And like the Cure of Sympathy,
Thy ſtrong and certain Remedy
Unto the Weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the Sword, and ſo
Away the Scabbard throw,
As if thy Country ſhou'd
Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood:
But that when the great Work was ſpun,
War in it ſelf ſhould be undone;
That Peace might land again upon the Shore,
Richer and better than before:
The Husbandmen no Steel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful Iron of the Plow;
That Bays might creep on every Spear:
And tho' our Sky was overſpread
With a deſtructive Red;
'Twas but till thou our Sun didſt in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
So from that Crimſon Flood,
Which thou by Fate of times wert led,
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters, and Learning roſe, and renewed:
Thou fought'ſt not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
But to refine the Church and State;
And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
In the Field of *Mars* didſt mow,
Was, that a Holy Iſland hence might grow,

Thy Wars, as Rivers raiſed by a Shower,
Which welcome Clouds do pour:
Tho' they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the Filth and Mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another Slime,
To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in Battels and in Arms excel;
That ſteelly Arms themſelves might be
Worn out in War as ſoon as thee;
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy Troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been firſt overcome by thee;
As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve.
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'ſt thy ſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too;
Tho' they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
Thou, the great Sun, gav'ſt Light to every Star;
Thy ſelf an Army wert alone,
And mighty Troops contain'd in one.
Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
From Men God's Garden did defend:
But yet thy Sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradiſe.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be High or Great,
Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne;
But as the Veſtal Heat,

Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;
Religion putting on thy Shield,
Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
Thy Arms, like those which Ancient Heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didst adore;
And all the words thy Armies had,
Were on an Heavenly Anvil made;
Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inspire;
Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too:
Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was reserv'd by Heaven and those blest Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XI.

Tho' Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word;
Tho' Fortune, for thy side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy;
Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too;
Wounded'st thy self, when thou didst kill thy Foe,
Like Steel, when it much work has past,
That which was rough does shine at last,
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smoother grow.
Nor did thy Battels make thee Proud or High,
Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not Thee:
Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory.
As when the Sun in a directer Line,
Upon a polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Success, and Victory to thy Tent;
To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England, 'till thou did'st come,
Confin'd her Valour home;

Then our own Rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
And were to us as well
As to our Enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our Fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the Dead.
The *Britiſh* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
To Slavery and Burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
Lay in his Den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt Voice before,
A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,
And ſhook the World at every Roar:
Thou his ſubdu'd Courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his Claws and from his Eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful Lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
His mighty Thunder ſounds through all the Woods:
Thou haſt our Military Fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, Heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

'Till thou command'ſt, that Azure Chain of Waves,
Which Nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
Was rather Burden than an Ornament;
Thoſe Fields of Sea that waſh'd our Shores,
Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours;
To us, the liquid Maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the Sun,
Only a Bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerful Throne,
To ſhake and ſway the World thereon.
Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,

Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
Thou all the Wilderneſs of Water ſway'd;
Thou did'ſt not only wed the Sea,
Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy Yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke:
He that ruled all the Main,
Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign:
And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

'Till now our Valour did our ſelves more hurt;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a ſport;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which ſhould to tear our ſelves be us'd:
Our ſtrength within it ſelf did break,
Like thundering Canons crack,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While the Enemies ſecur'd and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou haſt made to Sound
Againſt our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning ſound.
England is now the happy peaceful Iſle,
And all the World the while
Is exerciſing Arms and Wars
With Foreign or Inteſtine Jars.
The Torch extinguiſh'd here, we lend to others Oyl,
We give to all, yet know our ſelves no fear;
We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
Where-e'er we pleaſe our Swords to unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate Regions breath:
Like to the Sun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every Corner of the World;
Whoſe Flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himſelf the while no Fire does know.

XV.

Beſides, the Glories of thy Peace
Are not in number, nor in value leſs,

Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy and as sound:
When now the Ship was well nigh lost,
After the Storm upon the Coast,
By its Mariners endanger'd most,
When they their Ropes and Helms had left;
When the Planks asunder cleft,
And Floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
Thou a safe Land and Harbour for us found,
And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd:
A work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no:
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
As if those Virtues only in thy Mind had seat:
Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were,
Open in time of War,
When thou hadst greater cause of fear:
Religion and the awe of Heaven possest
All places and all times alike thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the Years to come beside;
Our after-times, and late Posterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy mortal Work was done,
When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Virtue kin,

Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind:
'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
And with a fine Thread weave out thy Loom:
So one did bring the chosen People from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them through their pathless Road,
Guided himself by God.
H'as brought them to the Borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Lord Protector, *ensuing the same.*

By Mr. WALLER.

WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile:
About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
Into the Air; So *Romulus* was lost.
New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd their King;
And from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On *Oeta*'s Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
The Poplar too, whose Bough he wont to wear
On his victorious Head, lay prostrate there:
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent:
Our dying Hero, from the Continent
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* reft,
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Ocean, which so long our Hopes confin'd,
Cou'd give no Limits to his vaster Mind:
Our Bound's Enlargement was his lateſt Toil;
Nor hath he left us Pris'ners to our Isle.
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From Civil Broils he did us disingage;
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage:
And, with wise Conduct, to his Country shew'd
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too!
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her self took Notice of his Death,
And, sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath;
That to remotest Shores her Billows roll'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

The foregoing COPY answer'd.

By Mr. Godolphin.

'TIS well he's gone, (O! had he never been)
Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin.
The Pine, the Oak fell prostrate for his Urn,
That with his Soul, his Body too might burn.
Winds pluckt up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heav'ns above.
From Guilt, like his, great *Romulus* did grow,
And in like Tempests to the Shades did go.
Strange! that the lofty Trees themselves should fell,
Without the Axe; so *Orpheus* went to Hell.
At his Descent the stoutest Oaks were cleft,
And this whole Wood its wonted Station left.
On *Charles*'s Throne the proud Usurper's dead,
With ruin'd *England*'s Tears about him spread;
Those from our Eyes his Wrath and Madness rent,
And those, alone, upon his Hearse are spent;
Which mixt with Sighs, do weeping Clouds outvie,
And lesser Storms of Wind and Rain supply.
In Battle *Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin,
But our fierce Tyrant wore the Beast within:
Whose Heart was brutish more than Face, or Eyes,
And in the shape of Man was in disguise.

In Civil Broils he did us first engage,
And made three Kingdoms perish by his Rage;
Houses from Widows, Bread from Orphans reft,
And his last Legacy to *Richard* left.
One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
Of Truth, Religion, and the Sacred Laws:
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,
Tho' he still Fought with Heav'n it self in's Hand.
Nor cou'd Domestick Spoils confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury, but Mankind.
The *British* Youth to Foreign Coasts are sent
Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment;
Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
Are confin'd Prisoners to the World beside.
The Rocks which from the World do *Britain* part,
Were but weak Bars against his harder Heart;
Whose Thoughts, nor Laws, nor cou'd the Ocean
Mad as the Sea; and Lawless as the Wind. [bind,
Where-ever Men, where-ever Pillage lies,
Like rav'nous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies.
Under the Tropick we are understood,
And bring Home Rapine thro' a purple Flood.
New Circulations form'd, our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser, so the greater World.
Thus has the Rebel to his Country show'd,
How to be Slaves at Home, and Thieves abroad.
Such Circuits makes the Sun, but not such Harms;
This burns the Places, that the other warms.
Bad *Phaeton* a liker Course did run,
Spoil'd equally, but less usurp'd the Throne.
No wonder then, if we do Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars, and Ruin too.
Tyrants, that lov'd him, Grieve, concern'd to see
There must be Punishment for Cruelty.
Nature her self rejoyced at his Death,
And on the Waters sung with such a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While her glad News came leaping to the Shore.

A PASTORAL upon the Death of her Grace the Dutchess of ORMOND.

Qua nihil majus, meliusve Terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt: quamvis redeant in Aurum
Tempora priscum. Horat.

MYRTILLO. ALEXIS.

MYRTILLO.

IF loaded Eye-lids, and a clouded Brow,
Cross'd Arms and rising Sighs, great Sorrow show;
And if one Friend may know another's care,
Why these sad Marks does my *Alexis* wear?

ALEXIS.

Alas, *Myrtillo!* cast thy eyes around,
And tell me, what like comfort's to be found?
The Sun has not sent forth one chearful Ray,
But worn a Cloud of Mourning all the day.
See how our drooping Flocks no Pastures heed,
But bleat about us, and neglect to feed!
Let Nature look in all her Orders sad;
Nor Envy dare to shew it, if she's glad;
Since nothing, nothing now can Joy restore,
For Fate has struck, and *Pyrrha* is no more.

MYRTILLO.

Pyrrha! for whom our daily vows we paid,
And best-lov'd Younglings on the Altar laid;
For whose long Well-fare, Life, and happy State,
All grateful Pray'rs on the good Gods did wait;
Whose Virtue Nymphs were taught to copy young,
For 'twas the Theme of ev'ry Shepherd's Song:
Has Fate at last prevail'd! And is SHE gone!
O whither now shall many wretched run!

The Injur'd, for Redreſs; the Poor, for Aid;
Worth, for Reward; or Grief, to be allay'd:
Since Juſtice, Pity, Bounty quits our Plains;
But Sorrow grows Eternal, and remains.

ALEXIS.

As full blown Flow'rs, that long have deck'd the ground,
And with their Odours fill'd the Air around,
Bend down their Heads at laſt to Mother Earth,
And fade away, though to a ſecond Birth;
Or as tall Cedars, who (admir'd) have ſtood
For many years the Glory of the Wood,
Finding in time their ſacred Roots decay,
Are by the next rude tempeſt torn away,
So flouriſh'd *Pyrrha*, and as high did riſe,
Adorn'd the Earth, and ſeem'd to reach the Skies.
Fair, without blemiſh; Lofty, without Pride:
But, Oh! the Tempeſt roſe, and *Pyrrha* dy'd!
Gone then's all Spring, now Winter's only ours;
Sighs riſe like Storms, and Tears muſt fall like [Showers.

MYRTILLO.

If full of Years and Honours *Pyrrha* fell,
Grief may with Swains of humbler Talents dwell,
While to a nobler work our minds we raiſe,
Suſpend our Sorrows, and proclaim her Praiſe.

ALEXIS.

As round Heaven's Throne whole Choirs of Angels throng,
Yet all their Triumph's one Eternal Song:
So here on Earth ſhall *Pyrrha*'s Praiſes laſt,
Till Time's no more, and Nature's works lie waſte.

MYRTILLO.

Then let us tune our Reeds; thou firſt the Lay
Begin; our Flocks ſhall liſten, and I'll play:
So up to *Pyrrha*'s Fame our Notes we'll raiſe,
Suſpend our Sorrows, and proclaim her Praiſe.

ALEXIS.

Mean time, ye boundleſs Winds, your Guſts forbear,
And all ye Hills and Valleys round give ear:
Keep back ye Rivers, and forbear to run;
Till the great Tale of *Pyrrha*'s Fame be done:
Then let each wind bear it where-e'er it blows,
Catch it, ye Hills and Valleys, as it goes,
With your aſſenting Ecchoes in the cloſe.
Murmur it, Floods, as to your Seas ye creep,
And with it add new Wonders to the Deep;
For the Renown of *Pyrrha*'s Name ſhall laſt
Till Time's no more, and Nature's works lie waſte.

MYRTILLO. On then.

ALEXIS.

----As Stars before the riſing day
Seem in their Orbs to ſink, and dive away;
So all the Nymphs upon our fertile Plains,
Though proud and cruel to their ſighing Swains,
When *Pyrrha*'s pow'rful Charms approach'd, they
And any Satyr might have then prevail'd: [fail'd,
So much in blooming Youth cou'd ſhe ſurprize,
Sh'ad all the panting Hearts and wiſhing Eyes.
Come then, ye Nymphs of *Arcadie*, draw near,
Weep round her Earth, and all your Garlands tear;
For *Pyrrha*'s Beauty once no equal knew;
But Fate has ſeiz'd *Her* now, and muſt have *You*.

MYRTILLO.

Pyrrha's bright Eyes enlightned every Grove,
And fir'd at laſt *Alcander*'s Heart with Love;
The Nymph found him a Triumph worth her Charms,
And ſhe alone was fit to fill his Arms.
Many did either Conqueſt wiſh t' have made,
But only they each other could invade;
For in her Form did Nature ſeem improv'd,
And he was fram'd to Love, and be belov'd:
Therefore Heav'n ſmil'd, and all the Stars look'd kind,
When *Pyrrha* and *Alcander*'s Hearts were join'd.

ALEXIS.

Who has not heard of great *Alcander*'s Name,
So long the Muſes Task, and Pride of Fame?
Pan early choſe, and made him great in Pow'r,
When the *Wolves* rag'd, and did our Flocks devour,
He took the guard of the moleſted Plains;
Saw our Lambs fed, and chear'd us frighted Swains;
Wak'd with us 'midſt dark Nights and pinching Colds,
To drive the howling Monſters from our Folds:
In all which time, *Pyrrha*, his charming Bride,
Oft came, and watch'd as he did, by his ſide;
Of his worſt dangers ſtill her part would bear,
And for all Joys ſhe gave him, ask'd but care.
Now, ye poor Flocks, go bleat about, and ſtray;
Ye Shepherds, caſt your Scrips and Hooks away;
Stretch'd on the ground, your fatal Loſs bemoan,
And call on *Pyrrha*'s Name at ev'ry groan.

MYRTILLO.

Full fifty happy Years this matchleſs Pair
Liv'd in unſhaken Love; no jealous Care,
Or mean Diſtruſt, did once their Joys moleſt,
So in a noble Off-ſpring were they bleſt
Of warlike Youths, worthy their Father's Name,
And Daughters, ſpotleſs as their Mother's Fame:
Bold *Celadon*, the Darling of loud War,
And *Strephon* now, whoſe pious Shoulders bear
The burden of his aged Father's Care;
Young *Damon*, lovely as the Beams that play
About our Eaſt, and lead the coming Day;
Fair *Phyllida*, who was with *Ægon* wed,
And bleſt him with a faithful Fruitful Bed;
Generous *Lyſca* too, by Nature taught
To recommend the poor Man's Cauſe unſought.

ALEXIS.

All theſe the Off-ſpring were of *Pyrrha*'s Womb:
Come then, ye Mothers, mourn around her Tomb:
In *Pyrrha*'s Name your Myſtick Rites perform,
When to your Aid ye would *Lucina* charm,

Either the lab'ring Matron's pangs to eaſe,
Or bleſs the Barren Mourner with increaſe.

MYRTILLO.

Oh! kind *Alexis*, ſtill purſue thy Song,
How theſe fair Branches grew, or wither'd young.

ALEXIS.

Brave *Celadon* through Fate untimely fail'd,
And was by *Pan* and all his Train bewail'd;
Some mourning Muſes ſung him to his Tomb,
Yet others felt more grief, and thence were dumb.
Young *Damon* faded in his Beauty's Pride,
And *Phyllida* no leſs lamented dy'd.
But long may *Strephon*'s Life rejoice the Years
Of good *Alcander*, and aſſiſt his Cares.
Fulneſs of time, kind Heav'n, to *Lyſca* give,
'Tis for your Honour, Gods, that ſhe ſhould live;
For ſhe, the more of days you her afford,
By *her* good Deeds will make *you* more ador'd;
Since *Lyſca* was of pious *Pyrrha* born,
And *Pyrrha*'s Virtues *Lyſca*'s Heart adorn.

MYRTILLO.

But what ſhall now give good *Alcander* joy?

ALEXIS.

The Gods, when Fate took *Celadon* away,
Call'd *Daphnis* forth, th' Heroick Race to run,
Which his great Parent had ſo well begun:
From *Celadon*'s brave Loins young *Daphnis* came,
Full of his Heat, and conſcious of his Fame;
Whoſe Mind his Father's Deeds did ſo imploy,
He grew *Alcander*'s Hopes, and *Pyrrha*'s Joy.
Pyrrha lov'd *Daphnis*, and with pleaſure found
The *Hero*'s Virtues in the *Youth* abound.
When *Daphnis* languiſh'd, *Pyrrha* did provide
The charming ſoft *Amynta* for his *Bride*:
Amynta! tender as the Lambs that play
In Sunny morns, and Innocent as *they*;
Sweet as thoſe Ev'ning Airs that gently blow
Where the rich fragrant Eaſtern Spices grow;

Calm as our Groves in a fair Summer's Night,
And lovely as the first-created Light.
Daphnis was born, *Amynta*'s with him join'd,
To chase all sorrows from *Alcander*'s mind;
To add new Honours to his store of Fame,
And a long Race of *Heroes* to his Name:
His Name, which shall, with *Pyrrha*'s Praises, last
Till Time's no more, and Nature's works lie waste.

Funeral Tears to the Sacred Memory of our late Soveraign King CHARLES *the Second.*

THE Noon-day *Star*, that once out-fac'd the *Sun*,
Charles his bright *Phosphor*, has its period run:
And resting *Charles*, with more fix'd Glories crown'd,
Has past his mighty finish'd *Circle* round.
All th' untired race of *Prodigies*, the late
Continued shame of this Stupendious fate,
Which once his *Restoration* Lawrels bore;
Those never-sleeping Pores, now move no more.
Myriads of *Guardian Angels* all disband;
And *Wonders* wait no more on his Right Hand.
Whilst *Truth* invincible, unbyast *Right*,
Goodness unbounded, *Mercy* infinite;
Honour unsullyed; all the brightest Train
Of Ministring *Graces* t' his illustrious Reign,
Their *Royal Robes* to *Funeral Sables* turn
All Mourners o'er their *Sacred Master*'s Urn:
But 'midst the *Tears* our streaming Sorrows pour
Three *wailing Kingdoms* in one *Loyal Showre*,
How feebly does our *Voice* of *Mourning* sound,
Whilst *Royal Eyes* in deeper Griefs lie drown'd?
No Heart like *James* with killing Loads o'er prest,
Kindest of *Brothers*, and of *Friends* the best.

So sad the pangs of parting Friendship prove,
Immoderate *Grief*, and ever burning *Love*
Rend his Great Soul, and their keen Passage force.
Methinks I see him at the *Dire* Divorce;
Whilst the Great *James* like Great *Telesia* stands,
With Ecchoing Cries, and with up-lifted Hands,
With rended Garments, and a flowing Showre
Of bitt'rest Tears deplores the dismal Hour.
Till from above behold the shining Sky;
The fiery Steeds, and *flaming Chariot* fly.
Th' ascending *Saint*, 'midst shouting *Angels* round,
With purer Joys and brighter Diadems crown'd.
Here with sad Ties he took his last Farewel,
And grasp'd the *wondrous Mantle* as it fell.
With Heav'nly transmigrating Glories fir'd, [inspir'd.
Fill'd with the mounting *God*, with the whole *Charles*

O mighty *Charles*, what have not only we
Three Kingdoms, but even *Empire* lost in thee?
Founder of *Monarchy*, for thou alone
Stood'st the unshaken Bulwark of the Throne.
When the old Storm yawn'd for th' Imperial wrack,
Thy Hand alone beat the fierce Torrent back:
Faction and *Schism* by thy strong Arm o'erthrown,
Whilst a calm'd World was thy great work alone.
Glory and *Peace* but in thy *Sun-beams* play,
Whilst thou'rt the *God* of our long *Halcyon* day.
The old *Fanatick* Fiend, so late before
Drunk with a Martyr'd Monarch's *Purple Gore*,
Whilst with th' old Poison, and th' old Rage he stood,
All thirsting for new Draughts of *Royal Blood*,
The *Crown*'s long Foe, and blackest Imp of *Hell*,
His Sting just fastning, thou alone couldst quell.
Thy Book of Fame with this last Glory fill'd:
What shall Great *James* on thy Foundations build?
Strike, Royal Heir, th' half conquer'd *Serpent* dead:
Charles bruis'd his Teeth, and thou shalt crush his Head.
Peace, *Union*, *Concord*, all so well begun;
Tho' thou, Great *Charles*, thy Race like *Moses* run;

Thy People led by thy Miraculous Hand
To th' *Milk* and *Honey* of a Bleſſed Land;
Call'd hence too ſoon by the Almighty Voice:
Saw'ſt but the *Borders* of the promis'd Joys:
That God-like *Joſhua* fills thy Royal Seat,
Who thy unfiniſh'd Wonders ſhall compleat.
Tranſlated Saint, now thy *full* Honours ſeize,
Bleſt with thy own eternal Handmaid, *Peace*,
Around thy Head immortal Honours play,
Brighter than thy own Reſtoration-Day.
Like thy own Mercy ſoft be thy Repoſe;
Whilſt on thy Brow that Perfum'd Fragrance flows,
Sweeter than th' Odours even of that Rich fame
That ſhall Embalm thy Everlaſting Name.

An ODE.

By Mr. PRIOR.

I.

WHile Blooming Youth, and gay Delight,
Sit on thy roſey Cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd Breaſt.
My Reaſon bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.

II.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely
On Power, you know I muſt Obey;
Exert a Legal Tyranny;
And do an ill, becauſe you may?
Still muſt I Thee, as Atheiſts Heav'n adore;
Not ſee thy Mercy, and but dread thy Power?

III.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
As well as *Cupid*, Time is blind:

Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:
The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish Humours on
Seems but the sad Effect of Years:
Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,
To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love.

V.

Forc'd Compliments, and Formal Bows
Will show Thee just above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will settle into cold Respect:
A talking dull *Platonick* I shall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindness and Constancy will prove
The only Pillars, fit to bear
So vast a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, *Celia*, haste, while Youth invites,
Obey kind *Cupid*'s present Voice;
Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Loose to joys:
Let Millions of repeated Blisses prove,
That thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care,
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
To me alone; nor come so far,
As liking any Youth beside:

What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted *Eve*.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age:
So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.

A SONG.

I.

AT dead of Night, when rapt in sleep,
The peaceful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip;
Love led the Nymph astray.

II.

Loose and undrest she takes her Flight
To a near Myrtle Shade;
The conscious Moon gave all her Light,
To bless her ravish'd Lover's sight,
And guide the loving Maid.

III.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to asswage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys:
At such an hour, in such a Place,
What Lover could contain?

IV.

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no succour gave;
The cruel Stars unmov'd look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour save.

V.

Vanquish'd at last, by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay,
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd and dy'd away.

VI.

Yet blest the Grove, her conscious Flight,
And Youth that did betray;
And panting, dying with delight,
She blest the kind transporting Night,
And curst approaching Day.

The Poet's Complaint of his Muse.

O D E.

By Mr. THO. OTWAY.

TO a high Hill, where never yet stood Tree,
Where only Heath, coarse Fern, and Furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing Air)
The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze;
Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
Which did too much his pensive mind amaze
A wandring Bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing Town,
Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth'
Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
When by the Word it first was made,
E'er God had said,
Let Grass and Herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful Trees after their kind; and it was so.
The whistling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;

Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he caſt,
Where we are told Peace only's found at laſt:
And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his Moan:
The diſtance of his future Joy
Had been enough to give him Pain alone;
But who can undergo [Woe?
Deſpair of eaſe to come, with weight of preſent
Down his afflicted Face
The trickling Tears had ſtream'd ſo faſt a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his Breaſt with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as uſeleſs fell,
While the poor Trunk (unable to ſuſtain
It ſelf) lay rackt, and ſhaking with its Pain.
I heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aſide, to ſee
What the ſad cauſe could be
Had preſs'd his State ſo low, and rais'd his Plaints ſo
On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd, [high.
Why ſo forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did commend.
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,
My much-lov'd Friend: ſo down I ſate,
And begg'd that I might ſhare his Fate:
I laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
Of Sighs he eas'd his Breaſt, and thus began his Tale.

III.

I am a Wretch of honeſt Race:
My Parents not obſcure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Diſgrace.
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave; my Mother chaſt and fair.
Their pledge of Marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy:

They gave me generous Education, high
They strove to raise my Mind, and with it grew
their Joy.
The Sages that instructed me in Arts
And Knowledge, oft would praise my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a Dispute,
My Fellow-Pupils oft stood mute:
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did tast:
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last.
As I lay loosely on my bed, [Head,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my
And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed,
A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busie I
Was with my self, I saw not who was nigh) [dead.
Pierc'd through my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander*'s
It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted
Senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad Discontent, uneasie Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding Years.
The World was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain*'s great Metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's general Game is play'd;
Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
A Converse equal to my Mind:
But by raw Judgment easily mis-led,
(As giddy callow Boys
Are very fond of Toys)
I miss'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of Vanity I fed.

Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,
Bullies of o'er-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (such as think
Mischievous midnight frollicks bred by Drink
Are Gallantry and Wit,
Because to their lewd understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigibly bent:
'Till at the last, my self more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd such Charms,
T'ensnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
Or when she had him in her Arms,
Secur'd his love with greater Art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
No Beauty with my Muse's might compare.
Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestick
Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair. [Air,
Upon her Head a Crown she bore
Of Laurel, which she told me should be mine:
And round her Ivory Neck she wore
A Rope of largest Pearl. Each part of her did shine
With Jewels and with Gold,
Numberless to be told;
Which in Imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, These Riches all, my Darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
By Royal Favour, and by endless Fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the Arts of this most sly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching Bondage brought.
Eternal Constancy we swore,
A thousand times our Vows were doubled o'er.

And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No Pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young Lover half so fond
When first his Pusillage he lost,
Or could of half my Pleasure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, Closets, Fields and Groves,
Bore witness of our daily Loves;
And on the bark of every Tree
You might the marks of our Endearments see.
Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits
Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets
His Muse in Caterwauling fits)
You might on every Rind behold, and swear
I and my *Clio* had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
With Off-springs of the choicest kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
And been approv'd by Judgments of the best.
But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown
I round me look'd, and found my self alone:
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone.
I try'd if I a Verse could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s name.
The more I strove, the more I fail'd.
I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curst my dull Scull, and rail'd,
Resolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at
the last prevail'd.
A Line came forth, but such a one,
No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful Hopes to bear a Son,
Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
Of some deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
Then I was at the hideous Issue of my Brains.

I tore my Paper, ſtabb'd my Pen,
And ſwore I'd never write again,
Reſolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m'ungrateful Muſe, for whoſe falſe ſake
I did my ſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt Store,
My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reaſon, which in baſe Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtrait to Council call'd;
Like ſome old faithful Friend, whom long ago
I had caſheer'd, to pleaſe my flatt'ring Fair.
To me with readineſs he did repair;
Expreſt much tender Chearfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my Mind;
And loyally did to me ſhow,
How much himſelf he did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treache-
I ask'd the Cauſes why. He ſaid, [rous Muſe.
'Twas never known a Muſe e'er ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
To all the Nine that on *Parnaſſus* dwell,
Where thoſe ſo fam'd, delightful Fountains ſwell
Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where Wit's luſty, ſhining God
Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
So whilſt our Fortune ſmiles, our Thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and Fame's our buſ'neſs, and deſire.
Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the Mind,
The Muſe is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleaſure and rich Fancy dies,
And then th' young, ſlippery Jilt, the Muſe too from
us flies.

VIII.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due;
And as right ſearch into my ſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.
Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend!
And much my Muſe I could not diſcommend;
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's Grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her Face.
Then to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of Dotage from my Eyes:
See here, my Son, (ſaid he) the valu'd Prize;
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be wiſe.
I look'd, and ſaw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
With a more horrid Train
Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank Verſe
In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce;
A Wretch whom old Diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ Bawdry ſure in ſpight,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their Art, and ſhew'd it in their Naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering Sot
Who a late *Seſſion of the Poets* wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool;
By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays; [his days,
Still Wretch enough to live, with worſe Fools ſpends
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.
Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon, and *Monſieur Song*,
Who ſought her love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the Court.

The *City Poet* too was there,
In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
And begg'd that he might have the Honour
To beget a *Pageant* on her
For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.
Her Favours she to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aside.
Till at the last up in the rear there came
The Poets Scandal, and the Muses Shame,
A Beast of Monstrous guise, and *LIBELL* was his Name.
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
Down in an obscure Vale,
'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen by Eyes,
Under a desart Wood
Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
And kept their horrid Dens, by prey far forrag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,
Built of Mens Bones slaughter'd in Civil War,
By Magick Art brought thither from afar.
There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curses eve and morn,
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes,
Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in semblance sanctify'd.
Still when she spoke she meant another way;
And when she curst, she seem'd to pray.
Her hellish Charms had all a holy dress,
And bore the Name of *Godliness*.
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace.
Honest Habits they all wore,
In outward show most lamb-like and divine:

But inward of all Vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as Wolves, and ſenſual too as Swine.
Like her, the Sacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,
Moſt eaſily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Becauſe beſides her ſelf no Idol ſhe'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſh'ad arts to change the Face,
And alter it in Heav'nly faſhion.
Lewd *Whining* ſhe defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *ugly faces* was *Mortification*.
Her late dead Pander was of well-known fame,
Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his Name:
She a ſworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE*.

X.

A Time there was, (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the face of Woe,
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
And a *deſtroying Angel* was ſent down,
To ſcourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.
He came, and o'er all *Britain* ſtretch'd his conqu'ring
Till in th' untrodden Streets unwholſome Graſs hand:
Grew of great ſtalk, its Colour groſs,
And melancholick pois'nous green;
Like thoſe coarſe ſickly Weeds on an old Dunghill
Where ſome Murrain-murther'd Hog, [ſeen,
Poiſon'd Cat, or ſtrangled Dog,
In rottenneſs had long unburied laid,
And the cold Soil productive made.
Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
And by their Cries bad us for Graves prepare;
And, as our Deſtiny they ſeem'd t' unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire Commiſſion ended, down there came
Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame*:

Desolation soon he made,
And our new *Sodom* low in Ashes laid.
Distractions and Distrusts then did amongst us rise,
When, in her pious old Disguise,
This *Witch* with all her Mischief-making Train
Began to shew her self again.
The Sons of old *Rebellion* strait she summon'd all;
Strait they were ready at her call:
Once more th' old Bait before their Eyes she cast.
That and her Love they long'd to taste;
And to her Lust she drew them all at last.
So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore) [Whore.
Was led astray, and had pollution with his Father's

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In safety from observing Eyes,
Th' old Strumpet did her self disguise
In comely Weeds, and to the City went,
Affected Truth, much Modesty, and Grace,
And (like a worn-out-Suburb-Trull) past there for a
Thither all her Lovers flock'd, [new Face.
And there for her support she found
A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does
With all ingredients for his bus'ness stockt, [sound,
Not unlike him whose Story has a Place
In th' Annals of Sir *Hudribras*.
Of all her bus'ness He took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his Contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disgusted at the Court.
Those whose Ambition had been crost,
Or by ill Manners had Preferments lost,
Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
Lay nearest to her Heart, and oft'nest in her Arms.
Int'rest in every Faction, every Sect she sought;
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their Hopes, she brought
All those who use Religion for a Fashion.

All such as practise Forms, and take great Pains
To make their *Godlines's* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
She by her Art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*,
The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King*'s or *Bishop*'s Hands.
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*:
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day*-Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning
Fast-board Popes.

XII.

With her in common Lust did mingle all the Crew,
Till at the last she pregnant grew,
And from her Womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested *Birth*.
Of Children born with Teeth w'ave heard,
And some like Comets with a Beard;
Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change:
But never hitherto was seen,
Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
A form like this so hideous and so strange.
To help whose Mother in her Pains, there came
Many a well-known Dame.
The Bawd *Hypocrisie* was there,
And Madam *Impudence* the Fair:
Dame *Scandal* with her squinting Eyes,
That loves to set good Neighbours at debate,
And raise Commotions in a jealous State,
Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-spread L'es,
With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.
But Midwife *Mutiny*, that busie Drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was she that first took up the Babe,
And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To ſpight the Pillory it had no Ears.
When ſtrait the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely kin
To the bleſt Family of *Pryn*.
But *Scandal* offer'd to depoſe her word,
Or oath, the Father was a Lord.
The Noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and ſnowty like a Pig;
Which ſhew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig;
Love to caſt ſtinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rhymes,
And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful Youth to make him.
To nurſe he ſtrait was ſent
To a *Siſter-witch*, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant:
All day ſhe practis'd Charms, by night ſhe hardly ſlept.
Yet in the outcaſts of a Northern factious Town,
A little ſmoaky Manſion of her own,
Where her Familiars to her did reſort,
A Cell ſhe kept.
Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathſome Toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her Roof all diſmal, black, and ſmoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholſome Bats,
Sprawling neſts of little Cats;
All which were imps ſhe cheriſh'd with her blood,
To make her Spells ſucceed and good,
Still at her rivell'd Breaſts they hung, when e'er mankind ſhe curſt, [nurſt.
And with theſe Foſter-brethren was our *Monſter*
In little time the Hell-bred Brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-ſtrings could walk,
And (as the Sorcereſs taught him) talk,
At ſeven years old he went to School,
Where firſt he grew a foe to Rule.

Never would he learn as taught,
But ſtill new Ways affected, and new Methods ſought.
Not that he wanted parts
T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts;
But as negligent as ſly,
Of all perverſeneſs brutiſhly was full,
(By Nature idle) lov'd to ſhift and lie,
And was obſtinately dull.
'Till ſpight of Nature, through great pains, the Sot,
(And th' Influence of th' ill Genius of our Land)
At laſt in part began to underſtand.
Some inſight in the *Latin* Tongue he got;
Could ſmatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand,
For which his Guardians all thought fit,
In Compliment to his moſt hopeful Wit,
He ſhould be ſent to learn the Laws,
And out of the *good old* to raiſe a damn'd *new Cauſe*.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
As by nature he was bent
To ſearch in hidden paths, and things long buried find,
A Wretch's Converſe much he did frequent:
One who this World, as that did Him, diſown'd,
And in an unfrequented Corner, where
Nothing was pleaſant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life,
Needy, and even of Neceſſaries bare.
No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife:
But of a little remnant, got by Fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good deteſted, and believ'd no God,)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got,
Not to be clean, but ſlake his Thirſt.
He never bleſt himſelf, and all things elſe he curſt.
The Cell in which he (though but ſeldom) ſlept,
Lay like a Den, uncleans'd, unſwept:
And there thoſe Jewels which he lov'd, he kept;

Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
Of *Commons Privileges*, and the *Rights of Lords*.
But bound up by themſelves with care were laid
All the *Acts*, *Reſolves*, and *Orders* made,
By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*,
Through all the Changes of its Government:
From which with readineſs he could debate
Concerning Matters of the State, [*eight*.
All down from *Goodly Forty one* to *Horrid Forty*

XV.

His Friendſhip much our *Monſter* ſought
By Inſtinct, and by Inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought. [taught.
To him Obedience *Libell* ſwore, and by him was he
He learnt of him all Goodneſs to deteſt;
To be aſham'd of no Diſgrace;
In all things, but Obedience, to be Beaſt;
To hide a Coward's Heart, and ſhow a hardy Face.
He taught him to call Government a Clog,
But to bear bearings like a Dog:
T'ave no Religion, Honeſty, or Senſe,
But to *profeſs* them all for a Pretence.
Fraught with theſe Morals, he began
To compleat him more for Man:
Diſtinguiſht to him in an hour
'Twixt *Legiſlative*, and *Judicial* power:
How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
And *Democracy*, by ſtealth;
To palliate it at firſt, and Cry
'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*.
And *Treaſon Salus Populi*;
Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
By fair *Committees of Aſſociation*;
How by a lawful means to bring,
In Arms againſt himſelf the *KING*,
With a diſtinguiſhing old Trick,
'Twixt perſons *Natural*, and *Politick*;

How

How to make faithful *Servants Traytors*,
Thorough-pac'd *Rebels Legiſlators*,
And at laſt, *Troopers Adjutators*.
Thus well inform'd, and furniſht with enough
Of ſuch like wordy, canting Stuff,
Our Blade ſet forth, and quickly grew
A Leader in a factious Crew.
Where e'er he came, 'twas he firſt ſilence broke,
And ſwell'd with every word he ſpoke.
By which becoming ſawcy Grace,
He gain'd Authority and Place:
By many for Preferments was thought fit,
For talking Treaſon without Fear or Wit;
For opening Failings in the State;
For loving noiſie and unſound Debate, [Hat.
And wearing of a Myſtical green Ribband in his

XVI.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
And th' Hero to his Diſtaff drew,
His foes that found him, ſaw he was but Man:
So when my faithleſs *Clio* by her Snare
Had brought him to her Arms, and I ſurpriz'd him
At once to hate and ſcorn him I began; [there,
To ſee how fooliſhly ſh'ad dreſt,
And for diverſion trickt the Beaſt.
He was Poetry all o're,
On ev'ry ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I ſee,
But particolour'd Poetry,
Painter's Advices, *Letanies*,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious exceſs
Of ills that Malice could deviſe,
Or ever ſwarm'd from a licentious Preſs,
Hung round about him like a Spell:
And in his own hand too was writ,

That worthy piece of modern Wit,
The Country's late *Appeal*.
But from such ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who shall crush this Serpent's head?
'Tis said, we may in Ancient Legends read
Of a huge Dragon, sent by Fate
To lay a sinful Kingdom waste;
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each day with a Virgin broke his fast,
'Till wretched Matrons curst their Wombs,
So hardly was their loss endur'd:
The Lovers all despair'd, and sought their Tombs
In the same Monster's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd.
'Till, like our *Monster* too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the Metropolis he came.
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a Maid was slain.
The curse through ev'ry Family had past,
When to the Sacrifice at last
Th' unhappy Monarch's only Child must bow:
A *Royal Daughter* needs must suffer then, a ROYAL BROTHER now.

XVII.

On him this Dragon *Libel* needs will prey;
On Him has cast
His sordid Venom, and prophan'd
With spurious Verse his spotless Fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemisht, and to Ages last,
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.
Else tell me why (some Prophet that is wise)
Heaven took such care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, desirous to the Eyes.
Why do all Good men bless Him as he goes?
Why at his presence shrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all strive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he distinguisht most

By Titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt *Juſt Maſter*, and a *Faithful Friend*?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of Him what Orphan can complain?
Of Him what Widow make her Moan?
But ſuch as wiſh Him here again,
And miſs his Goodneſs now He's gone.
If this be (as I am ſure 'tis) true,
Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the World's Eſteem,
Not one Man's Foe? and why then are not all men
Friends with Him?

XVIII.

When e'er his Life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungrateful Country's ſake,
What Dangers or what Labours did He ever ſhun?
Or what Wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and buſie all the day,
(Spreading his Fleet in ſight of *Holland*'s ſhore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his Flags and Streamers play.
Then did the *Engliſh* Lion roar,
Whilſt the *Belgian* couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of Conqueſt and Renown,
Of *Britain*'s Honour, and his own,
To them he like a threat'ning Comet ſhin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
But conſtant as the Stars that never move;
Or as Women would have Love.
The trembling Genius of their State
Lookt out, and ſtrait ſhrunk back his head,
To ſee our daring Banners ſpread.
Whilſt in their Harbours they
Like Batten'd Monſters weltring lay:
The Winds, when Ours th'ad kiſs'd, ſcorn'd with their Flags to play.
But drooping like their Captains hearts,
Each Pendant, every Streamer hung.

The Seamen seem'd t' have lost their Arts.
Their Ships at Anchor now, of which w'had heard
them boast, [Billow tost,
With ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings loose, by every
Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unstrung;
'Till at the last, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came:
Foxes in Council, and in Fight too Grave:
Seldom true, and now not brave.
They blusterd out the day with shew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

XIX.

A bloody Battel next was fought,
And then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
To Him then every Heart was open, down
From the Great Man to the Clown;
In Him Rejoyc'd, to Him enclin'd:
And as his Health round the glad Board did pass,
Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass;
And shew'd the fullness of his Mind.
No discontented Vermin of ill Times
Durst then affront him but in show;
Nor *Libel* dash him with his dirty Rhymes:
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whose Heart would not wish so too
That had but seen
When his tumultuous mis-led Foes
Against Him rose,
With what Heroick grace
He chose the weight of wrong to undergo?
No tempest on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witness of the Innocence within.
But when the Messengers did Mandates bring
For his retreat to Foreign Land,
Since sent from the relenting hand
Of the most *Loving* BROTHER, *Kindest* KING;

If in his heart Regret did rise,
It never scapt his Tongue or Eyes:
With steady Virtue 'twas allay'd,
And *like a mighty Conqu'ror He obey'd.*

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
Sad as the Bus'ness, sullen too,
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Or Soldiers cheated of their pay.
The Court, where Pleasures us'd to flow,
Became the scene of Mourning, and of Woe.
Desolate was every Room,
Where men for News and Bus'ness use to come.
With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes men walk'd,
In corners and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
When he must part: his last short time was spent
In leaving Blessings on his Children dear.
To them with eager Haste and Love he went:
The Eldest first embrac'd,
As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
But sad in Mind as deepest Night.
What tendrest Hearts could say, betwixt them past;
'Till Grief too close upon them crept:
So sighing he withdrew, She turn'd away and wept.
Much of the Father in his Breast did rise,
When on the next he fixt his Eyes,
A tender Infant in the Nurse's Arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty Charms.
And as to give the Farewel Kiss He near it drew,
About his manly neck two little Arms it threw;
Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th' appointed time was almost past,
Th' impatient Tides knock'd at the Shore, and bid him haste
To seek a Foreign Home.

The Summons he resolv'd t' obey;
Disdaining of his Suffering to complain,
Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a sad lamenting Throng,
That blest him and about him hung.
A weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
But for the Comfort that was near.
His Beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
That fed his Soul with Love;
The cordial that can mortal Pains remove,
To which all worldly Blessings else are Toys.
I saw them ready for departure stand,
Just when approach'd the *Monarch* of our Land,
And took the charming *Mourner* by the hand.
T'express all noblest Offices he strove
Of *Royal Goodness*, and a *Brother's Love*.
Then down to the Shore side,
Where, to convey Them, did two Royal Barges ride,
With solemn pace they past:
And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-stander's heart,
Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidst Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though oppress, still *Great*.
Into th' expecting Boat with haste they went;
Where, as the troubled *Fair one* to the Shore some wishes sent,
For that dear Pledge sh'ad left behind,
And as her Passion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of some Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kist away.
And, as she wept, blusht with Disdain, and smil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-swoln *Thames*:
The well-struck Oars lave up the yielding Streams,

All fixt their longing Eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider Flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more:
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

On Mr. WALLER.

By Mr. T. RYMER.

WAller is dead; and lofty Number's loft.
Now *English* Verse (with nothing left to boast)
May hobble on, and vex good *Pindar*'s Ghost.
What was it *Three* and *Eighty* Years to live?
Short is this Boon to what the Muses give:
They so Insur'd his Immortality,
That scarce he knew, in any kind, to die.
Two Ages he the Sacred Garland bore;
Peerless in this, and Prince of that before.
Rare *Genius*, his; alike their Glory made,
In glittering Courts, and in the Country Shade.
There, by *four* Kings belov'd, how high he shone!
Inseparable Jewel of the Crown;
Yet thence no borrow'd Heat, or Lustre got,
Warm of himself; and *Sun* he wanted not.
And if the Diamond stood hard Fortune's shock,
Thanks to his *old* Hereditary *Rock*.
For all the Court, for all the Muses Snares;
Our Journals also tell his publick Cares.
From *James* to *James*, they count him o'er and o'er,
In *four* Successive Reigns, a Senator.
On him, amidst the legislative Throng,
Their Eyes, and Ears, and every Heart they hung.
Within *those Walls* if we *Apollo* knew,
Less could he warm, nor throw a Shaft so true.

What Life, what Lightning blanch'd around the *Chair?*
(It was no *Houſe*, if *Waller* was not there:)
And that Reſpect ſtill to his Speech, or Nods,
As he had come from Councils of the Gods.
How would he tune their contradicting Notes?
With ready *Wit* facilitate the Votes?
And in his Verſe, ſo ev'ry where diſplay
An *Air* of ſomething Great, and ſomething Gay?
And, like *Amphion*, when he form'd a Town,
Put Life in ev'ry Stock, and ev'ry Stone?
Oh! had he liv'd one Meeting more to ſit,
How would the *Times* his generous Mind have hit?
What he ſo long conteſted for, in vain,
Set looſe from all Eccleſiaſtick Chain,
With Tranſport he would find Religion free,
And now no longer a *Monopoly*.

Watch home, and Harbour; nay, ſhut up the Sea:
But who ſhall e'er with Heav'n our Traffick ſtay?
Or there erect a Block-houſe in the way?
Our ſtubborn Body is not us'd ſo ill;
It muſt no Rack (that foreign Engine) feel;
And yet they bring poor Conſcience to the Wheel.
Error they ſcourge; ſo Children whip their Top;
The certain, only means to keep it up.

Thus would he play, and many a pointed Jeſt
Still fling againſt the perſecuting Beaſt.
Eaſie to run in endleſs Hiſtories;
Tracing a Life of one who never dies.
How he the Orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd:
But, Muſes, how he *Sung*, and how he *Lov'd*!
What Spirit fills his Verſe, your Care defines;
Amongſt the Stars how *Sacharissa* ſhines:
How ſtill her Altars fume with Sacrifice,
When gone are all the Goddeſſes of *Greece*.
Language and Wit he rais'd to ſuch an height,
We ſhould ſuſpect, with him, the Empire's Fate,
Did not Auſpicious *James* ſupport the *Weight*.
This Northern Speech refin'd to that degree,
Soft *France* we ſcorn, nor envy *Italy*:

But for a fit Compariſon muſt ſeek
In *Virgil*'s Latin, or in *Homer*'s Greek.
Anger is mad; and Choler mere Diſeaſe:
His *Muſe* ſought what was ſweet, and what would pleaſe:
Still led where Nature's beauteous Rays entice;
Not touching vile Deformities, or Vice.
Here no *Chimæra* skips, no *Goblin* frights;
No *Satyr*'s here, nor Monſter elſe, that bites.
Sweetneſs his very Vinegar allay'd;
And all his *Snakes* in Ladies Boſom play'd.
Nature rejoic'd beneath his charming Power;
His lucky hand made every thing a Flower.
So every *Shrub* to *Jeſſamin* improves;
And rudeſt *Holts*, to goodly *Myrtle* Groves.
Some, from a *Sprig* he careleſly had thrown,
Have furniſh'd a whole *Garden* of their own.
Some, by a *Spark* that from his *Chariot* came,
Take *Fire*, and *blaze*, and raiſe a *deathleſs Name*.
Others a luckleſs Imitation try;
And, whilſt they *ſoar*, and whilſt they venture high,
Flutter and *flounce*, but have not *Wing* to *fly*.
Some, in looſe *Words* their empty Fancies bind,
Which whirl about, with *Chaff*, before the *Wind*.
Here, brave Conceits in the Expreſſion fail:
There, *big* the *Words*, but with no *Senſe* at all.
Still *Waller*'s Senſe might *Waller*'s Language truſt;
Both pois'd, and always bold, and always juſt.
None e'er may reach that ſtrange Felicity,
Where Thoughts are eaſie, Verſe ſo ſweet, and free,
Yet not deſcend one Step from Majeſty.

On the Infanta *of* Portugal.

HOW Cruel was *Alonzo*'s Fate,
To fix his Love ſo high;
That he muſt periſh for her Hate,
Or for her Kindneſs dye?

II.

Tortur'd and Mangl'd, Cut and Maim'd,
I'th' midſt of all his Pain,
He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
'Twas better than Diſdain.

III.

The Gentle Nymph long ſince deſign'd,
For the proud Mounſieur's Bed;
Now to a Holy Goal confin'd,
Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me ye Gods, if when a King
Suffers for Impotence:
If Love be ſuch a -- -- thing,
What can be Innocence?

An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax.

By the D. of Buckingham.

I.

UNder this Stone does lie
One born for Victory.
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror would be.
Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd:
He had the Fierceneſs of the manlieſt Mind,
And eke the Meekneſs too of Womankind.
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honeſty,
And with another thing quite out of date,
Call'd Modeſty.

II.

He ne'er ſeem'd impudent, but in the Field; a Place
Where Impudence it ſelf dares ſeldom ſhew her Face;
Had any Stranger ſpy'd him in the Room
With ſome of thoſe whom he had overcome,

And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
Their Gesture and their Mien,
They would have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been;
For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
His Modesty still made him blush to hear
How often he had them defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life the part he bore
Was Wonderful and Great;
And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private last Retreat:
For it's a stranger thing to find
One Man of such a glorious Mind,
As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
Than Millions of the *Polls* and Braves,
Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
Who such a Pother make,
Through Dulness and Mistake,
In seeking after Power, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with Expence of Blood had bought
Store great enough he thought,
Of Fame and of Renown;
He then his Arms laid down,
With full as little Pride
As if he had been of his Enemy's side,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
He neither Wealth nor Places sought;
For others, not himself he fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it so,
That when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble:
He might have been a King,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good,

V.

This from the World did Admiration draw,
And from his Friends both Love and Awe,
Remembring what in Fight he did before:
And his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Becauſe he was reſolv'd to fight no more.
So bleſt of all, he dy'd; but far more bleſt were we,
If we were ſure to live, 'till we could ſee
A Man as great in War, in Peace as juſt as he.

To the Memory of my Noble Friend, Mr. WALLER.

By Sir JOHN COTTON, *Bar.*

NOT Sleep, beneath the Shade in Flow'ry Fields,
To th' weary Traveller more Pleaſure yeilds;
Nor, to aſſwage his Thirſt, the living Spring,
I'th' heat of Summer, more delight does bring;
Than unto me thy well tun'd *Numbers* do,
In which thou doſt both *pleaſe* and *profit* too.
Born in a Clime where Storms and Tempeſts grow;
Far from the Place where *Helicon* does flow:
The *Muſes* travel'd far to bleſs thy Sight,
And taught thee how to *Think*, and how to *Write*.
Th' * *Aſcræan* Shepherd tells us *he* indeed * *Heſiod.*
Had ſeen them dancing, while his *Flocks* did feed.
Not *Petrarch*'s *Laura*, nor bright *Stella*'s Fame,
Shall longer live than *Sacharilſa*'s Name.
Thou do'ſt not write like thoſe, who brand the Times,
And themſelves moſt, with ſharp *Satyrick Rhimes:*
Nor does thy *Muſe*, with *ſmutty Verſes*, tear
The modeſt Virgin's chaſt and tender Ear.
Free from their Faults, what e'er thy *Muſe* indites,
Not *Ovid*, nor *Tibullus* ſofter writes.

The choice of tuneful Words t'express our Thought,
By thy Example we have first been taught.
Our English † *Virgil*, and our *Pindar* too, † *Cowley*,
In this ('tis said) some Negligence did shew.
I'll add but this, lest while I think to raise
Thy Worth, I kindly injure thee with Praise;
Thy Verses have a *Genius*, and must
Live until all things crumble into *Dust*.

Upon my Noble Friend, Mr. WALLER.

By Sir Thomas Higgons.

THough I can add but little to his Name,
Whose Muse hath giv'n him such immortal Fame;
Yet, in the Crowd of those who dress his Hearse,
I come to pay the Tribute of a Verse.
Athens and *Rome*, when Learning flourish'd most,
Could never such a finish'd Poet boast:
Whose matchless softness in the *English* Tongue
Out-does what *Horace*, or *Anacreon* Sung.
Judgment does some to Reputation raise;
And for Invention others wear the *Bayes*:
He possest both, with such a Talent still,
As shew'd not only force of *Wit*, but *Skill*.
So faultless was his Muse, 'tis hard to know
If he did more to *Art*, or *Nature* owe.
Read where you will, he's Musick all along,
And his Sense easie, as his Thought is strong.
Some striving to be *Clear*, fall *Flat* and *Low*;
And when they think to mount, *obscure* they grow.
He is not darker for his lofty Flight;
Nor does his Easiness depress his Height;
But still perspicuous, whereso'er he fly,
And, like the Sun, is brightest, when he's high.
Ladies admire, and taste his gentle Vein,
Which does the greatest Statesmen entertain,

His Verſes do all ſorts of Readers warm,
Philoſophers inſtruct, and Women charm.
Nor did he all Men in his Verſe out-do,
But gave the Law in Converſation too:
He tun'd the Company where-e'er he came,
Still leaving with them ſomething of his Flame.
He ſeem'd by Nature made for every thing,
And could harangue, and talk, as well as ſing;
Perſuade in Council, and Aſſemblies lead;
Now make them bold, and then as much afraid:
Give them his Paſſions, make them of his Mind;
And their Opinion change, as he inclin'd.
The *Engliſh* he hath to Perfection brought;
And we to ſpeak are by his Meaſures taught.
Thoſe very *Words*, which are in Faſhion now,
He brought in Credit half an Age ago.
Thus *Petrarch* mended the *Italian* Tongue;
And now they ſpeak the Language which he ſung.
They both like Honour to their Countries do;
Their Saints they both inimitably woo.
They both alike Eternity do give:
And *Sachariſſa* ſhall with *Laura* live.

UPON THE

Duke of *BUCKINGHAM*'s

Being in Diſgrace at Court, in the Year 1674.

WHEN *great Men* fall, great Griefs ariſe,
In one, two, three, four Families.
When *this Man* fell, there roſe great Sorrow
In *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*.

DAPHNIS and *CHLOE*.

By Andrew Marvell, *Esq*;

I.

Daphnis must from *Chloe* part:
Now is come the dismal Hour
That must all his Hopes devour,
All his Labour, all his Art.

II.

Nature, her own Sexes foe,
Long had taught her to be coy:
But she neither knew t' enjoy,
Nor yet let her Lover go.

III.

But with this sad News surpriz'd,
Soon she let that Niceness fall;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compriz'd.

IV.

He, well read in all the ways
By which Men their Siege maintain,
Knew not that, the Fort to gain,
Better 'twas the Siege to raise.

V.

But he came so full possest
With the Grief of Parting thence,
That he had not so much Sense
As to see he might be blest.

VI.

Till Love in her Language breath'd
Words she never spake before;
But then Legacies no more
To a dying Man bequeath'd.

VII.

For, Alas, the time was spent,
Now the latest minute's run

When poor *Daphnis* is undone,
Between Joy and Sorrow rent.

VIII.

At that *Why*, that *Stay my Dear*,
His disorder'd Locks he tare;
And with rouling Eyes did glare,
And his cruel Fate forswear.

IX.

As the Soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of Friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then streight again is fled.

X.

So did wretched *Daphnis* look,
Frighting her he loved most.
At the last, this Lover's Ghost
Thus his Leave resolved took.

XI.

Are my Hell and Heaven join'd
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind?

XII.

Ah my *Chloe* how have I
Such a wretched Minute found,
When thy Favours should me wound
More than all thy Cruelty?

XIII.

So to the condemned Wight
The delicious Cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short Delight.

XIV.

But I will not now begin
Such a Debt unto my Foe;
Nor to my Departure owe
What my Presence could not win,

XV.

Abſence is too much alone:
Better 'tis to go in Peace,
Than my Loſſes to increaſe
By a late Fruition.

XVI.

Rather I away will pine
In a manly Stubbornneſs,
Than be fatted up expreſs
For the *Canibal* to dine.

XVII.

Whilſt this Grief does thee diſarm,
All th' Enjoyment of our Love
But the raviſhment would prove
Of a Body dead while warm.

XVIII.

Gentler times for Love are meant:
Who for parting Pleaſure ſtrain,
Gather Roſes in the Rain,
Wet themſelves and ſpoil their Scent.

XIX.

Farewel therefore all the Fruit
Which I could from Love receive:
Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
Nor will I this Grief pollute.

XX.

Fate I come, as dark, as ſad,
As thy Malice could deſire;
Yet bring with me all the Fire
That Love in his Torches had.

XXI.

At theſe words away he broke;
As who long has praying ly'n,
To his Head's-man makes the Sign,
And receives the parting Stroke.

XXII.

But hence Virgins all beware.
Laſt Night he with *Phlogis* ſlept;

This Night for *Dorinda* kept;
And but rid to take the Air.

XXIII.

Yet he does himſelf excuſe;
Nor indeed without a Cauſe.
For, according to the Laws,
Why did *Chloe* once refuſe?

Monſieur St. Euremont. 1684.

WAller, qui ne ſent rien des Maux de la vieilleſſe,
Dont la vivacité fait honte aux jeunes Gens;
S'attache à la Beauté pour vivre plus long temps,
Et ce qu'on nomeroit dans un autre foibleſſe,
Eſt en ce rare Eſprit une ſage tendreſſe,
Qui le fait reſiſter à l'injure des Ans.

In Engliſh, by T. R.

VAin Gallants, look on *Waller*, and deſpair:
He, only he, may boaſt the Grand Receit;
Of *Fourſcore* Years he never feels the weight:
Still in his Element, when with the Fair;
There *gay*, and *freſh*, drinks in the *roſie Air:*
There *happy*, he enjoys his leiſure hours;
Nor thinks of *Winter*, whilſt amidſt the *Flowers.*

Upon the Inimitable Mr. WALLER.

By Mr. George Granville.

THE *Witty*, and the *Brave*, ſurvive the Tomb;
Poets, and *Heroes*, Death it ſelf o'ercome:
By what they *write*, or *act*, Immortal made,
They only change their World, but are not *Dead.*

Waller can never die, of Life secure
As long as *Fame*, or aged *Time*, endure.
A *Tree* of *Life* is Sacred Poetry;
Whoe'er has leave to taste, can never die.
Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,
Who, against Nature's Will do pluck the Tree;
They nibble, and are *Damn'd*: But only those
Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose.
Waller was Nature's Darling, free to taste
Of all her Store; the Master of the *Feast*:
Not like old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice,
But Lord of all the spacious *Paradise*.
Mysteriously the Bounteous Gods were kind,
And in his Favour Contradictions join'd.
Honest and Just, yet courted by the Great;
A Poet, yet a plentiful Estate:
Witty, yet wise; unenvy'd, and yet prais'd;
And shew'd the Age could be with *Merit* pleas'd.
Malice and Spite, to Virtue certain Foes,
Were dumb to him, nor durst his Fame oppose;
Those cruel Wolves he tam'd, their Rage disarm'd,
And, with his tuneful Song, like *Orpheus* charm'd.
To *Love*, or *Business*, both he was enclin'd,
Could counsel Senates, or make Virgins kind:
The Factious, with persuasive Rhetorick, move,
Or teach disdainful *Fair Ones* how to love;
The stubborn of each Sex, to Reason bring:
Like *Cato* he could Speak, like *Ovid* Sing.
Our *British* Kings are rais'd above the Hearse,
Immortal made, in his immortal Verse.
No more are *Mars* and *Jove* Poetick Theams,
But the two peaceful *Charleses*, and Great *James*,
Julia, and *Delia*, do no more delight,
But *Sacharissa* now is only bright.
Nor can the *Paphian* Goddess longer move;
But *Gloriana* is the Queen of Love.
The Father of so many Gods is he,
He must himself be sure some Deity.

Minerva and *Apollo* shall submit,
And *Waller* be the only God of Wit.
This equal Rise be to his Merit given,
On Earth the King, the God of Verse in Heaven.

Ariadne *deserted by* Theseus, *as she sits upon a Rock in the Island* Naxos, *thus complains.*

By Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

THeseus! O *Theseus* heark! but yet in vain
Alas deserted I complain!
It was some neighbouring Rock, more soft than he,
Whose hollow Bowels pitied me,
And beating back that false, and cruel Name,
Did comfort and revenge my Flame.

Tell me you Gods, who e'er you are,
Why, O why made you him so fair?
And tell me, Wretch, why thou
Mad'st not thy self more true?
Beauty from him may Copies take,
And more Majestick Heroes make,
And falshood learn a while,
From him too, to beguile.
Restore my Clew,
'Tis here most due,
For 'tis a Labyrinth of more subtile Art,
To have so fair a Face, so foul a Heart.

The ravenous Vulture tear his Breast,
The rowling Stone disturb his Rest:
Let him next feel
Ixion's Wheel,

And add one Fable more
To curſing Poets ſtore;
And then----yet rather let him live, and twine
His Woof of days, with ſome thred ſtoln from mine;
But if you'll torture him, how e'er,
Torture my Heart, you'll find him there.

Till my Eyes drank up his,
And his drank mine,
I ne'er thought Souls might kiſs,
And Spirits join:
Pictures till then
Took me as much as Men,
Nature and Art
Moving alike my Heart.
But his fair Viſage made me find
Pleaſures and Fears,
Hopes, Sighs, and Tears,
As ſeveral Seaſons of the Mind.
Should thine Eye, *Venus*, on his dwell,
Thou wouldſt invite him to thy Shell,
And Caught by that live Jet
Venture the ſecond Net,
And after all thy Dangers, faithleſs he,
Shouldſt thou but ſlumber, would forſake ev'n thee.

The Streams ſo court the yielding Banks,
And gliding thence ne'er pay their Thanks.
The Winds ſo woo the Flow'rs,
Whiſp'ring among freſh Bow'rs,
And having robb'd them of their Smells,
Fly thence perfum'd to other Cells.
This is familiar Hate to Smile and Kill,
Though nothing pleaſe thee, yet my Ruin will.
Death hover, hover o'er me then,
Waves let your Cryſtal Womb
Be both my Fate, and Tomb,
I'll ſooner truſt the Sea, than Men.

And yet O Nymphs below who ſit,
In whoſe ſwift Floods his Vows he writ;
Snatch a ſharp Diamond from the richer Mines,
And in ſome Mirrour grave theſe ſadder Lines,
Which let ſome God convey
To him, that ſo he may
In that both read at once, and ſee
Thoſe looks that caus'd my Deſtiny.
In *Thetis* Arms I *Ariadne* ſleep,
Drown'd firſt by my own Tears, then in the deep;
Twice baniſhed, firſt by Love, and then by Hate,
The Life that I preſerv'd became my Fate;
Who leaving all, was by him left alone,
That from a Monſter freed, himſelf prov'd one,

That then I----But look! O mine Eyes
Be now true Spies,
Yonder, yonder
Comes my Dear,
Now my Wonder,
Once my Fear.
See Satyrs dance along
In a confuſed Throng,
While Horns and Pipes rude noiſe
Do mad their luſty Joys,
Roſes his forehead Crown,
And that recrowns the Flow'rs,
Where he walks up and down
He makes the deſarts Bow'rs,
The Ivy, and the Grape
Hide, not adorn his Shape.
And Green Leaves Cloath his waving Rod,
'Tis either *Theſeus*, or ſome God.

The Deserted SWAIN.

THE Muses Darling, Pride of all the Plains,
Daphnis, the soft, the sweetest of the Swains
Long reign'd in Love, for every Nymph he view'd,
He caught, he only lookt and he subdu'd:
But now the melancholly Youth retires
Thro' shady Groves, and wanders thro' the Briars
Sad and alone: At last beneath a shade
Of spreading Elm and Beech supinely laid
He sigh'd, he shook his Head, and thus he said:
When I so long, so faithfully did wooe,
And did what Constancy and Truth could do,
Why is my Suit refus'd, my Prayers in vain,
And warm Endeavours damp'd by cold disdain?
Must Slights the lean rewards of Virtue prove!
Unhappy *Daphnis*, fatal in thy Love! [Bee,
Long drought the Flow'rs, and storms the lab'ring
And unsuccessful Love hath ruin'd thee.
This Heaven, (had I observ'd the Omen well)
As conscious of my Fate, did oft foretell;
It show'd my flattering Hope should disappear,
And waste like Vapours tost in flitting Air.
Last Night when careful of my Flocks I went
To see my Lambs were fed, and Folds were pent,
A Flame shone round my Head, but soon the Light
Decay'd, and all around stood deepest Night.
But is *Urania* so averse to Love!
Could none of all the Rival Shepherds move?
Ah, *Ægon*, how I envy thy Success!
Thy Fortune greater, tho' thy Charms were less:
Without a long fatigue, and tedious Suit
The Door was open'd, and you reach'd the Fruit;
Oh how I pine at thy surprizing Joys!
Die *Daphnis*, she is partial in her Choice.
Yet once I hop'd (what cannot Love perswade?)
More kind returns from the obliging Maid:

Her Looks were ſoft, ſmiles on her Cheeks did lye,
No cloudy frowns obſcur'd the pleaſing Sky:
Nor could I think that e'er the time would come
When conſtant Love ſhould prove the Lover's doom:
The Flowers I pluckt, the Garlands which I wove
She took, and wore as Badges of my Love:
She heard my Songs, nor did my Art contemn,
And ſometimes ſhe would ſtoop to be my Theme:
Damætas envy'd, *Colin* tun'd my Lays,
Whilſt ſhe ſate by, and gladly heard her praiſe:
Sooner ſhall Dolphins o'er the Mountains ſwim,
Does graze on Floods, and Bees forget their Thime,
Than I that day, when with a ſmile ſhe led
The joyful *Ægon* to her promis'd Bed.
With what a high diſdain he marcht along,
And proudly lookt on the deſpairing Throng!
Yet he ne'er fed the Flocks, ne'er pent the Fold,
Nor bore the Summer's Heat, nor Winter's cold;
But he had Wealth, and that alone betray'd
The heedleſs Mind of the unthinking Maid.
Curſt be the wretch that firſt did Gold diſpenſe,
And robb'd the happy Plains of Innocence!
Am I refus'd becauſe my Suit was plain,
The artleſs Courtſhip of an humble Swain?
You know me not, nor yet the Pains I took,
Whilſt *Ægon* ſlept, to feed the weary Flock;
How often have the Nymphs beheld me ſweat
Beneath the Fury of the Summer's Heat,
How often ſeen the Froſt bind up my Hair,
And cry'd, Ah *Daphnis*, worn with too much Care!
But what avails my Care, what boots my Pain,
But only yields a larger ſubject to complain.

THE

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty CHARLES *the Second*, 1660.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.

NOW with a general Peace the World was blest,
While Ours, a World divided from the rest,
A dreadful Quiet felt, and worser far
Than Arms, a sullen Interval of War:
Thus when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring Skies,
E'er yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,
An horrid Stillness first invades the Ear,
And in that silence we the Tempest fear.
Th' Ambitious *Swede* like restless Billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he Blood and Ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless Kingdom Peace bequeath'd.
And Heaven that seem'd regardless of our Fate,
For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create,
Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace
As Nature bred and Int'rest did encrease.
We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
Must grow a Lilie to the Lilies side,
While our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed,
Whom our first Flames and Virgin Love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan;
Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the Throne;
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost
To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal croft:
Youth that with Joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd Gray hairs that once good Days had seen:

We thought our Sires, not with their own content,
Had e'er we came to age our Portion ſpent.
Nor could our Nobles hope, their bold Attempt
Who ruin'd Crowns, would Coronets exempt:
For when by their deſigning Leaders taught
To ſtrike at Pow'r which for themſelves they ſought,
The Vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by the Prize was warm'd.
The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown,
Like ſanguine Dye, to Elephants was ſhown.
Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* ſcal'd the Sky,
And forc'd Great *Jove* from his own Heaven to fly,
(What King, what Crown from Treaſon's reach is free,
If *Jove* and *Heaven* can violated be?)
The leſſer Gods that ſhar'd his proſp'rous State,
All ſuffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'rer's Fate.
The Rabble now ſuch Freedom did enjoy,
As Winds at Sea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage Liberty,
Like that our painted Anceſtors ſo priz'd
E'er Empires Arts their Breaſts had civiliz'd.
How Great were then our *Charles* his Woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for Himſelf and us!
He toſs'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,
Heir to his Father's Sorrows, with his Crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of Youth's deſired Age,
But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Eſtate
His Manly Courage overcame his Fate.
His Wounds he took like *Romans* on his Breaſt,
Which by his Virtue were with Laurels dreſt:
As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,
So did he live above his Baniſhment.
That Sun, which we beheld with couz'ned eyes,
Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies.
How eaſie 'tis when Deſtiny proves kind,
With full ſpread Sails, to run before the Wind!

But those that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
He would not like soft *Otho* Hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger sought;
And *Piso* to Adopted Empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful Thoughts express,
That must his Suff'rings both regret and bless!
For when his early Valour Heav'n had crost,
And all at *Worc'ster* but the Honour lost,
Forc'd into Exile from his rightful Throne,
He made all Countries where he came his own.
And viewing Monarchs secret Arts of sway
A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,
When to be God's Anointed was his Crime,
And when restor'd made his proud Neighbours rue
Those choice Remarks he from his Travels drew:
Nor is he only by Afflictions shown
To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:
Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,
His Right indears it much, his Purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer e'er he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his Actions stain.
To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into Method brought:
As they who first Proportion understand,
With easie Practice reach a Master's hand.
Well might the Ancient Poets then confer
On Night, the honour'd name of *Counsellor*,
Since struck with rayes of prosp'rous Fortune blind,
We Light alone in dark Afflictions find.
In such adversities to Scepters train'd,
The name of *Great* his famous Grandsire gain'd:
Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,
With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight;
Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast Pow'rs,
As holy and as Catholick as ours:

'Till Fortune's fruitleſs ſpight had made it known,
Her blows not ſhook but riveted his Throne.
Some lazy Ages, loſt in Sleep and Eaſe,
No action leave to buſie Chronicles;
Such whoſe ſupine felicity but makes
In ſtory *Chaſmes*, in *Epocha*'s miſtakes;
O'er whom *Time* gently ſhakes his wings of Down,
'Till with his ſilent Sickle they are mown:
Such is not *Charles* his too too active age,
Which govern'd by the wild diſtemper'd rage
Of ſome black Star infecting all the Skies,
Made him at his own coſt like *Adam* wiſe.
Tremble, ye Nations, who ſecure before,
Laught at thoſe Arms that 'gainſt our ſelves we bore;
Rouz'd by the laſh of his own ſtubborn Tail,
Our Lion now will foreign Foes aſſail.
With *Alga* who the ſacred Altar ſtrows?
To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offering owes:
A Bull to thee, *Fortunus*, ſhall be ſlain,
A Lamb to you the Tempeſts of the Main:
For thoſe loud Storms that did againſt him rore,
Have caſt his ſhipwrack'd Veſſel on the Shore.
Yet as wiſe Artiſts mix their Colours ſo,
That by degrees they from each other go,
Black ſteals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
Without offending the well couz'ned ſight,
So on us ſtole our bleſſed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but ſcarce the manner ſee.
Froſts that conſtrain the ground, and birth deny
To Flow'rs, that in its womb expecting lie,
Do ſeldom their uſurping Pow'r withdraw,
But raging Floods purſue their haſty Thaw:
Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,
But loſt in kindly heat of lengthned day.
Heav'n would no bargain for its Bleſſings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himſelf, confer
A Gift unhop'd without the price of war.

Yet as he knew his Bleſſing's worth, took care
That we ſhould know it by repeated Pray'r;
Which ſtorm'd the Skies and raviſh'd *Charles* from thence,
As Heav'n it ſelf is took by violence.
Booth's forward Valour only ſerv'd to ſhew,
He durſt that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'ns prefixed hour
Not come; ſo like the watchful Travellor,
That by the Moon's miſtaken light did riſe,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary Eyes.
'Twas *MONK* whom Providence deſign'd to looſe
Thoſe real bonds falſe Freedom did impoſe.
The bleſſed Saints that watch'd this turning Scene,
Did from their Stars with joyful wonder lean,
To ſee ſmall Clues draw vaſteſt weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order ſtrong.
Thus Pencils can by one ſlight touch reſtore,
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With eaſe ſuch fond *Chimæra*'s we purſue,
As Fancy frames for Fancy to ſubdue;
But when our ſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the Mint like Gold that Chymiſts make:
How hard was then his Task, at once to be,
What in the Body natural we ſee?
Man's Architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of Muſcles, Nerves, and of the Brain,
Through viewleſs Conduits Spirits to diſpenſe
The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Senſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well-ripened Fruit of wiſe delay.
He like a patient Angler, e er he ſtrook,
Would let them play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtrait doth cruſh.
Wiſe Leaches will not vain Receipts obtrude,
While growing Pains pronounce the Humours crude;
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,
'Till ſome ſafe *Criſis* authorize their Skill.

Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear,
To scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest.
Once Sacred house, which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctifie a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
While to excess on Martyrs Tombs they drink.
And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls
To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls,
So these when their black Crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless Conscience out.
Religion's Name against it self was made;
The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade:
Like Zealous Missions, they did Care pretend
Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.
Th' incensed Pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,
Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the Ground
And Martial Brass, bely the Thunder's Sound.
'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
To speed their Ruin by their impious wit.
Thus *Sforza*, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his Wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.
Henceforth their Fogue must spend at lesser rate,
Than in its Flames to wrap a Nation's Fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set,
A virtuous Shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mixt with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our suff'rings learn to prize our bliss.
Like early Lovers whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their Jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their Fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurried o'er
Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring shore,

To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade.
Oh had you seen from *Schevelines* barren Shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring
True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King!
While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
And willing Winds to their lowr'd Sails denied.
The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standart out,
The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout;
And last the Cannons voice that shook the Skies,
And, as it fares in sudden Extasies,
At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.
The *Naseby*, now no longer *England*'s shame,
But better to be lost in *Charles* his name,
(Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her Lord: The joyful *London* meets
The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight;
The *Swift-sure* groans beneath Great *Glouc'ster*'s weight.
Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,
He that was born to drown might cross the Seas.
Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
The Wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had Miracles confess'd.
The Winds that never Moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their straightned Lungs, or conscious of their Charge.
The British *Amphitryte* smooth and clear,
In richer Azure never did appear:
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

AND welcom now (*Great Monarch,*) to your own;
Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion:*
It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.

The Land returns, and in the white it wears,
The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.
But you, whoſe Goodneſs your Deſcent doth ſhew,
Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too;
By that ſame Mildneſs, which your Father's Crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus when th' Almighty would to *Moſes* give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A Voice before his Entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, *Goodneſs*, *Mercy* in his Name.
Your Pow'r to Juſtice doth ſubmit your Cauſe,
Your Goodneſs only is above the Laws;
Whoſe rigid Letter while pronounc'd by you
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempeſts brew
When through *Arabian* Groves, they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich Odours, loſe their ſpight.
And as thoſe Lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,
So tears of Joy for your returning ſpilt,
Work out and expiate our former Guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe Crowds on *Dover*'s Strand,
Who in their haſte to welcom you to Land
Choak'd up the Beach with their ſtill growing ſtore,
And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore.
While ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt Delight,
Thoſe who had ſeen you, court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your Steps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant Day
When you renew'd th' expiring Pomp of *May*!
(A Month that owns an Intereſt in your Name:
You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim.)
That Star that at your Birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller Sun's Meridian light,
Did once again its potent Fires renew,
Guiding our Eyes to find and worſhip you.

And now Time's whiter Series is begun,
Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run;
Those Clouds that overcast your Morn shall fly,
Dispell'd to fartheſt Corners of the Sky.
Our Nation, with united Int'reſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, shall sway the reſt.
Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,
But like the Sea in boundleſs Circles flow.
Your much lov'd Fleet shall with a wide Command
Beſiege the petty Monarchs of the Land:
And as old Time his Off-spring swallow'd down,
Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown.
Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine free,
Our Merchants shall no more Advent'rers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe Dangers fear
Which humble *Holland* must diſſemble here.
Spain to your Gift alone her *Indies* owes,
For what the Pow'rful takes nor, he beſtows.
And *France* that did an Exile's Preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful Names of Parties ceaſe,
And factious Souls are weary'd into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they
Whoſe Crimes before did your juſt Cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your Edicts ſome reclaim from Sins,
But moſt your Life and bleſt Example wins.
Oh happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way
By paying Vows, to have more Vows to pay!
Oh happy Age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By Fate reſerv'd for great *Auguſtus* Throne!
When the joint growth of Arms and Arts foreſhew
The World a Monarch, and that Monarch *You*.

To His Sacred MAJESTY, *a Panegyrick on His Coronation*, 1660.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IN that wild Deluge where the World was drown'd,
When Life and Sin one common Tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall Proſpect of a riſing Hill
With various Notes of Joy the Ark did fill:
Yet when that Flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it falſe and ſlipp'ry Ground;
And the more ſolemn Pomp was ſtill deferr'd
Till new-born Nature in freſh Looks appear'd:
Thus (Royal Sir,) to ſee you landed here
Was cauſe enough of Triumph for a Year:
Nor would your Care thoſe glorious Joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:
Till your kind Beams by their continu'd ſtay
Had warm'd the Ground, and call'd the Damps away.
Such Vapours, while your pow'rful Influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt Riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred Rights prepar'd,
Some guilty Months had in your Triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted Year is all your own,
Your Glory's may without our Crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our Store,
When you refreſh'd our Joys by adding more:
As Heav'n, of old, diſpens'd Celeſtial Dew,
You give us Manna, and ſtill give us new.

Now our ſad Ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The Seaſon too comes fraught with new Delight;
Time ſeems not now beneath his Years to ſtoop,
Nor do his Wings with ſickly Feathers droop:
Soft weſtern Winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
And open'd Scenes of Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring
To grace this happy Day, while you appear
Not King of us alone but of the Year.

All Eyes you draw, and with the Eyes the Heart,
Of your own Pomp, your self the greatest Part:
Loud Shouts the Nation's Happiness proclaim,
And Heav'n this Day is feasted with your Name.
Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view,
From their high Standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave Train each singles out a Prey,
And longs to date a Conquest from your Day.
Now charg'd with Blessings while you seek repose,
Officious Slumbers haste your Eyes to close:
And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing Shapes of all you saw before.
Next, to the sacred Temple you are led,
Where waits a Crown for your more sacred Head:
How justly from the Church that Crown is due,
Preserv'd from Ruin and restor'd by you!
The grateful Quire their Harmony employ
Not to make greater but more solemn Joy.
Wrapt soft and warm your Name is sent on high,
As Flames do on the Wings of Incense fly:
Musick her self is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest Notes to praise the best of Kings:
Her melting Strains in you a Tomb have found,
And lye like Bees in their own Sweetness drown'd.
He that brought Peace and Discord could atone,
His Name is Musick of it self alone.
Now while the sacred Oil anoints your Head,
And fragrant Scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large Dome, the Peoples joyful Sound
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd Ground:
Which in one Blessing mixt descends on you,
As heightned Spirits fall in richer Dew.
Not that our Wishes do increase your Store,
Full of your self you can admit no more:
We add not to your Glory, but employ
Our time like Angels in expressing Joy.
Nor is it Duty or our Hopes alone
Create that Joy, but full Fruition;

We know those Blessings which we must possess,
And judge of future by past Happiness:
No Promise can oblige a Prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble Emulation heats your Breast,
And your own Fame now robs you of your Rest:
Good Actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As Bodies nourish'd with resembling Food.
You have already quench'd seditious Brand;
And Zeal (which burnt it) only warms the Land.
The jealous Sects that dare not trust their Cause
So far from their own will as to the Laws,
You for their Umpire and their Synod take,
And their Appeal alone to *Cæsar* make.
Kind Heav'n so rare a Temper did provide,
That Guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our Crimes oblivion may be set,
But 'tis our King's Perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough Northern Climes
From milder Heav'ns you bring, without their Crimes:
Your Calmness does no after-Storms provide,
Nor seeming Patience mortal Anger hide.
When Empire first from Families did spring,
Then every Father govern'd as a King;
But you that are a Sovereign Prince, allay
Imperial Pow'r with your paternal Sway.
From those great Cares when ease your Soul unbends,
Your Pleasures are design'd to noble Ends:
Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,
Your Thoughts themselves in that blue Empire please.
Hither in Summer Ev'nings you repair
To take the fraischeur of the purer Air:
Undaunted here you ride when Winter raves,
With *Cæsar*'s Heart that rose above the Waves.
More I could sing, but Fear my Numbers stays;
No Loyal Subject dares that Courage praise.
In stately Frigats most delight you find,
Where well-drawn Battels fire your martial Mind.

What to your Cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your Pleasures serve for our Defence.
Beyond your Court flows in th' admitted Tide,
Where in new Depths the wond'ring Fishes glide:
Here in a Royal Bed the Waters sleep,
When tir'd at Sea within this Bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful Foul no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our King protects.
From your lov'd *Thames* a Blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A Queen, from whose chast Womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The Souls of Kings unborn for Bodies wait.
It was your Love before made Discord cease:
Your Love is destin'd to your Country's Peace.
Both *Indies* (Rivals in your Bed) provide
With Gold or Jewels to adorn your Bride.
This to a mighty King presents rich Ore,
While that with Incense does a God implore.
Two Kingdoms wait your Doom, and as you chuse,
This must receive a Crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your Royal Oak, like *Jove*'s of old,
Are answers sought, and destinies fore-told:
Propitious Oracles are begg'd with Vows,
And Crowns that grow upon the sacred Boughs.
Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nation's Fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful Love or Hate:
Chuse only, (Sir,) that so they may possess
With their own Peace their Childrens Happiness.

To my Lord CHANCELLOR, *presented on* New-Years-Day, 1662.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

My LORD,

WHile flattering Crouds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy Year;

And by the greatneſs of their Preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muſes (who your early Courtſhip boaſt,
Though now your Flames are with their Beauty loſt,)
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot,
They were your Miſtreſſes, the World may not:
Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove
Their former Beauty by your former Love;
And now preſent, as ancient Ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to wooe.
For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind Eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the Churches Sov'reign riſe;
From their own Order choſe, in whoſe high State,
They think themſelves the ſecond Choice of Fate.
When our great Monarch into Exile went,
Wit and Religion ſuffer'd Baniſhment:
Thus once when *Troy* was wrapt in Fire and Smoak,
The helpleſs Gods their burning Shrines forſook;
They with the vanquiſht Prince and Party go,
And leave their Temples empty to the Foe:
At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great Charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd *Druids* ſeem reviv'd by Fate,
While you diſpenſe the Laws and guide the State.
The Nations Soul (our Monarch) does diſpenſe,
Through you, to us his vital Influence;
You are the Chanel where thoſe Spirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our Eye,
Until the Earth ſeems join'd unto the Sky:
So in this Hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our King and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.
So well your Virtues do with his agree,
That though your Orbes of different Greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each others uſe diſpos'd,
His to incloſe, and yours to be inclos'd.

Nor could another in your Room have been,
Except an Emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his Cares impart,
And ſhare his Burden where he ſhares his Heart.
In you his Sleep ſtill wakes; his Pleaſures find
Their ſhare of Buſ'neſs in your lab'ring Mind:
So when the weary Sun his Place reſigns,
He leaves his Light, and by Reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where publick Laws
Exclude ſoft Mercy from a private Cauſe,
In your Tribunal moſt her ſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young *David*, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſincumber'd from thoſe Arms ſhe wore:
Heaven would your Royal Maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that Virtue, which we moſt did need,
And his mild Father (who too late did find
All Mercy vain, but what with Pow'r was join'd,)
His fatal Goodneſs left to fitter Times,
Not to increaſe but to abſolve our Crimes:
But when the Heir of this vaſt Treaſure knew
How large a Legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any Subject to retain,)
He wiſely ty'd it to the Crown again:
Yet paſſing through your Hands it gathers more,
As Streams, through Mines, bear Tincture of their Ore.
While Emp'rique Politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a Cheat;
You boldly ſhew that Skill which they pretend,
And work by Means as noble as your End:
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the Clue,
As Men do Nature, till we came to you.
And as the *Indies* were not found, before
Thoſe rich Perfumes, which from the happy ſhore,
The Winds upon their Balmy Wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty Sweetneſs firſt their World betray'd;
So by your Counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd World in you.

By you our Monarch does that fame assure,
Which Kings must have, or cannot live secure:
For prosp'rous Princes gain their Subjects Heart,
Who love that Praise in which themselves have part:
By you he fits those Subjects to obey,
As Heaven's Eternal Monarch does convey
His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs,
By his bright Ministers the Stars inclines.

Our setting Sun from his declining Seat,
Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of heat:
And when his Love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true;
Made you the Fav'rite of his last sad Times,
That is a Suff'rer in his Subjects Crimes:
Thus those first Favours you receiv'd were sent,
Like Heav'ns rewards, in earthly Punishment.
Yet Fortune, conscious of your Destiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by:
And wrapt your Fate among her precious Things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.
Shewn all at once you dazled so our Eyes,
As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprise;
When springing forth from *Jove*'s new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike Spear into the Ground;
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,
Whose restless Motions less than Wars do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noise;
And War more force but not more Pains employs:
Such is the mighty Swiftness of your Mind,
That (like the Earth's,) it leaves our Sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and roul our Sphear,
That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.
For as in Nature's Swiftness, with the throng
Of flying Orbs while ours is born along,
All seems at rest to the deluded Eye:
(Mov'd by the Soul of the same harmony,)

So carry'd on by your unwearied Care,
We reſt in Peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let Envy then thoſe Crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
(Envy that does with Miſery reſide,
The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride;)
Think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a Rate
You can ſecure the Conſtancy of Fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent, what does their Malice ſeem,
By leſſer Ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhow'r a Tempeſt call,
But drops of heat that in the Sun-ſhine fall.
You have already weary'd Fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe;
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her Wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble Fate,
Your equal Mind yet ſwells not into State,
But like ſome Mountain in thoſe happy Iſles,
Where in perpetual Spring young Nature ſmiles,
Your Greatneſs ſhews: no horror to affright,
But Trees for ſhade, and Flow'rs to court the Sight;
Sometimes the Hill ſubmits it ſelf awhile
In ſmall Deſcents, which do its height beguile;
And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders but makes ſhort our way.
Your Brow which does no fear of Thunder know,
Sees rouling Tempeſts vainly beat below;
And (like *Olympus* top,) th' Impreſſion wears
Of Love and Friendſhip writ in former Years.
Yet unimpair'd with labours or with time
Your age but ſeems to a new Youth to climb.
Thus Heav'nly bodies do our time beget;
And meaſure Change, but ſhare no part of it.
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this New-Year, whoſe motions never ceaſe;
For ſince the glorious Courſe you have begun
Is led by CHARLES, as that is by the Sun,

It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the Center of it is above.

On the Death of Mr. WALLER.

By Mr. BEVILL HIGGONS.

AH! had thy Body laſted, as thy Name;
Secure of Life, as now thou art of Fame;
Thou had'ſt more Ages than old *Neſtor* ſeen:
Nor had thy *Phœbus* more Immortal been.
To thee alone we are beholden more
Than all the Poets of the Times before.
Thy Muſe, inſpir'd with a genteeler Rage,
Did firſt refine the Genius of our Age.
In thee a clear and female Softneſs ſhin'd,
With Maſculine Vigour, Force, and Judgment join'd.
You, in ſoft Strains, for Courts and Ladies, ſung,
So natural your Thought, ſo ſweet your Song,
The gentle Sex did ſtill partake your Flame,
And all the Coyneſs of your Miſtreſs blame;
Still mov'd with you, did the ſame Paſſions find,
And vow'd that *Sachariſſa* was unkind.
Oh! may the World ne'er loſe ſo brave a Flame;
May one ſucceed in Genius, and in Fame.
May, from thy Urn, ſome *Phœnix*, *Waller*, riſe,
Whom the admiring World, like thee, may prize;
May he, in thy immortal Numbers, ſing,
And paint the Glories of our matchleſs King:
Oh! may his Verſe of mighty *Waller* taſte,
And mend the coming Age, as you the laſt.
Within that ſacred Pile where Kings do come,
Both to receive their Crowns, and find a Tomb,
There is a lonely Iſle; which holy Place
The laſting Monuments of Poets grace.
Thither, amongſt th' inſpired Train, convey,
And, in their Company, his Aſhes lay:

Let him with *Spencer* and great *Cowley* be,
He, who is much the greateſt of the Three.
Tho' there ſo many Crowns and Mitres lye,
(For Kings, and Saints, as well as we, muſt die)
Thoſe venerable Walls were never bleſt,
Since their Foundation, with a nobler Gueſt.
With them, great Soul, thou ſhalt Immortal live,
And, in thy deathleſs Numbers, Fate ſurvive:
Freſh, as thy *Sachariſſa*'s Beauty, ſtill
Thy Bays ſhall grow, which Time can never kill.
Far as our conqu'ring *Britiſh* Lyon roars,
Far as the Poles, or the remoteſt Shores,
Where-e'er is known or heard the *Engliſh* Name,
The diſtant World ſhall hear of *Waller*'s Fame.
Thou only ſhalt with Nature's ſelf expire,
And all the World, in the ſupreameſt Fire;
When *Horace* and fam'd *Virgil* die, when all
That's Great, or Noble, ſhall together fall.

On the Death of E. WALLER, *Eſq;*

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

HOW, to thy Sacred Memory, ſhall I bring
(Worthy thy Fame) a grateful Offering?
I, who by Toils of Sickneſs, am become
Almoſt as near as thou art to a Tomb?
While every ſoft, and every tender Strain
Is ruffl'd, and ill-natur'd grown with Pain.
But, at thy Name, my languiſht Muſe revives,
And a new Spark in the dull Aſhes ſtrives.
I hear thy tuneful Verſe, thy Song Divine;
And am inſpir'd by every charming Line.
But, Oh!-------
What Inſpiration, at the ſecond Hand,
Can an Immortal Elegy Command?

Unleſs, like Pious Offerings, mine ſhould be
Made Sacred, being Conſecrate to thee.
Eternal, as thy own Almighty Verſe,
Should be thoſe Trophies that adorn thy Hearſe.
The Thought Illuſtrious, and the Fancy young;
The Wit Sublime, the Judgment Fine and Strong;
Soft, as thy Notes to *Sachariſſa* ſung.
Whilſt mine, like Tranſitory Flowers, decay,
That come to deck thy Tomb a ſhort-liv'd Day.
Such Tributes are, like Tenures, only fit
To ſhew from whom we hold our Right to Wit.

Hail, wondrous Bard, whoſe Heav'n-born Genius firſt
My Infant Muſe, and Blooming Fancy Nurſt.
With thy ſoft Food of Love I firſt began,
Then fed on nobler Panegyrick Strain,
Numbers Seraphic! and, at every View,
My Soul extended, and much larger grew:
Where-e'er I read, new Raptures ſeiz'd my Blood;
Methought I heard the Language of a God.

Long did the untun'd World in Ign'rance ſtray,
Producing nothing that was Great and Gay,
Till taught by thee, the true Poetick way.
Rough were the Tracts before, Dull and Obſcure;
Nor Pleaſure, nor Inſtruction could procure.
Their thoughtleſs Labour could no Paſſion move;
Sure, in that Age, the Poets knew not Love:
That Charming God, like Apparitions, then
Was only talk'd on, but ne'er ſeen by Men:
Darkneſs was o'er the Muſes Land diſplaid,
And even the choſen Tribe unguided ſtraid.
Till, by thee reſcu'd from th' *Egyptian* Night,
They now look up, and view the God of Light,
That taught them how to Love, and how to Write;
And to Enhance the Bleſſing which Heav'n lent,
When for our great Inſtructor thou wert ſent,
Large was thy Life, but yet thy Glories more;
And, like the Sun, did ſtill diſpenſe thy Power,
Producing ſomething wondrous ev'ry hour:

And, in thy Circulary Course, didst see
The very Life and Death of Poetry.
Thou saw'st the Generous Nine neglected lie,
None listning to their Heav'nly Harmony;
The World being grown to that low Ebb of Sense,
To disesteem the noblest Excellence;
And no Encouragement to Prophets shewn,
Who in past Ages got so great Renown.
Though Fortune Elevated thee above
Its scanty Gratitude, or fickle Love;
Yet, sullen with the World, untir'd by Age,
Scorning th' unthinking Crowd, thou quit'st the Stage.

On SOLITUDE.

O! *Solitude* my sweetest Choice,
Places devoted to the Night,
Remote from Tumult, and from Noise
How you my restless Thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine,
To see those Trees which have appear'd
From the Nativity of Time,
And which all Ages have rever'd,
To look to day as fresh and green
As when their Beauties first were seen?

II.

A chearful Wind does court them so,
And with such amorous Breath enfold,
That we by nothing else can know,
But by their Height that they are Old.
Hither the Demi-Gods did fly
To seek a Sanctuary; when
Displeased *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
To pour a Deluge upon Men,
And on these Boughs themselves did save,
Whence they could hardly see a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
So curiously by *Flora* dreſt,
In melting Notes, her Caſe forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confeſs'd.
O! how agreeable a Sight
Theſe hanging Mountains do appear,
Which the Unhappy would invite
To finiſh all their Sorrows here.
When their hard Fate makes them endure
Such Woes, as only Death can cure.

IV.

What pretty Deſolations make
Theſe Torrents Vagabond and Fierce,
Who in vaſt heaps their Spring forſake
This ſolitary Vale to pierce?
Then ſliding juſt as Serpents do
Under the Foot of every Tree,
Themſelves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein ſome ſtately *Nayade*,
As in her native Bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Chryſtal Throne.

V.

This Den beſet with River-Plants,
O! How it does my Senſes charm:
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows wants,
Which the ſharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
May, with ſuch Diſtaffs furniſh'd be,
As Flags and Ruſhes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Frogs may ſee,
Who frighted to retreat do fly,
If an approaching Man they ſpy.

VI.

Here Water-Fowl repoſe enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Leſt Fortune ſhould their Bliſs deſtroy
By the malicious Fowlers Snare.

Some ravish'd with so bright a Day,
Their Feathers finely Prune and Deck,
Others their amorous Heats allay,
Which yet the Waters could not check:
All take their innocent Content
In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain;
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
Whilst either Season did remain.
No thirsty Traveller came near,
And rudely made his Hand his Cup,
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeless Life resigned up,
Nor ever did the treacherous Hook,
Intrude to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd Castle Walls,
In which the utmost Rage and Spight
Of Time's worst Insurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious Sport appear,
Our Senses both t' afflict and cheat.
And here within a thousand Holes
And nests of Adders and of Owls.

IX.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal Augury of Fate,
Those ghastly Goblins gratifies,
Which in these gloomy Places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
A Carcass, which did once belong
To one that Hang'd himself for Love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong:
Who though she saw his Love and Truth,
With one Look would not save the Youth.

X.

But Heav'n which judgeth equally,
And its own Laws will ſtill maintain,
Rewarded ſoon her Cruelty
With a deſerv'd and mighty Pain:
About this ſqualid heap of Bones,
Her wandring and condemning Shade,
Laments in long and piercing Groans
The Deſtiny her Rigour made;
And farther to augment her Fright,
Her Crime is ever in her Sight.

XI.

There upon Antick Marble trac'd,
Devices of Paſtimes we ſee,
Here Age has almoſt quite Defac'd,
What Lovers carv'd on every Tree.
The Cellar, here, the higheſt Room,
Receives when e'er its Rafters fail,
Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam,
Of the ſly Spider and the Snail:
And th' Ivy in the Chimney we,
Find ſhaded by a Walnut Tree.

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is ſo dark a Grot,
That ſhould the Sun himſelf deſcend,
I think he could not ſee a Jot.
Here Sleep within a heavy lid
In quiet ſadneſs locks up Senſe,
And every Care he does forbid,
Whilſt in the Arms of Negligence:
Lazily on his Back he's ſpread,
And ſheaves of Poppey are his Bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love it ſelf might turn to Ice,
Poor Eccho ceaſes not to Rave
On her *Narciſſus*, wild and nice:

Hither I softly steal a Thought,
And by the softer Musick made;
With a sweet Lute in Charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade;
Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
To serve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

When from these Ruins I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,
Whose lofty Brow seems to enquire
Of what materials Mists are made:
From thence descending leisurely,
Under the Brow of this steep Hill,
It with great Pleasure I descry,
By waters undermin'd, until
They to *Palæmon*'s Seat did Climb,
Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd,
To be upon the Ocean's Shore,
When she begins to be appeas'd,
And her fierce Billows cease to roar!
And when the hairy Tritons are
Riding upon the shaken Wave,
With what strange sound they strike the Air,
Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
Whose shrill Report, does every wind
Unto his due submission bind!

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand,
Trembling and Murmuring in the Bay,
And rowls its self upon the shells,
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes expose on the Strand,
Th' effects of *Neptune*'s Rage and Scorn,
Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,
And Ships that were in Tempests torn,

With Diamonds and Amber-greece,
And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating Mirror she might be,
And you would fancy all that while,
New Heavens in her face to see:
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he would his Picture view,
That our Eyes can hardly tell,
Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our Sense the Lye,
We think he's fallen from the Sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake,
My thoughts are at a noble Strife;
This my fantastick Landskip take,
Which I have Copied to the Life.
I only seek the Deserts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with Discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk;
But the Converse most truly mine,
Is the dear Memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou may'st in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illustrious Rays have shin'd,
To enlighten my Conceit:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that Fury does controul,
And as the Object I survey,
The Notions grow up in my Soul,
And are as unconfin'd and free,
As the Flame which transported me.

XX.

Oh! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of noblest Wit,

Where I have learn'd *Apollo*'s Lore,
Without the pains to ſtudy it:
For thy ſake I in Love am grown,
With what thy fancy does purſue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reaſon too,
Becauſe it needs muſt hinder me
From ſeeing, and from ſerving thee.

To Mr. RILEY,

Drawing Mr. WALLER's *Picture.*

By Mr. T. Rymer.

NOT Fleſh and Blood can *Riley*'s Pride confine,
He muſt be adding ſtill ſome Ray Divine:
Nor is content when he true Likeneſs ſhows,
Unleſs that Glory alſo crown the Brows.
This Subject, *Riley*, this (for long has he
Scow'rd the bright Roads of Immortality)
New Rapture wants: no human Touch can reach
His Lawrels, and Poetick Triumph's pitch.
On Face and Out-ſide ſtay thy bold Deſign;
'Tis Sacred, 'tis *Apollo*'s all within.
Thou may'ſt ſlight Sketches of the Surface ſhew,
Not vex the Mine, whence God-like Treaſures flow.
Came twenty Nymphs, his Muſe contented all,
None went away without her Golden Ball;
The Gods of old were not ſo liberal.
How many, free from Fate, enjoy his Song,
Drink Nectar, ever Gay, and ever Young?
Tho' to thy Genius no Attempt is vain,
Think not to draw the Poet, but the Man.
Yet, *Riley*, thus thou endleſs Fame muſt ſhare!
His Generous Pen thy Pencil ſhall prefer,
It draw him Man, and he make it a Star.

A Character of the ENGLISH.

In Allusion to Tacit. de Vit. Agric.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

THE Freeborn *English*, Generous and Wise,
Hate Chains, but do not Government despise:
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes, they,
When lawfully exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and Wrong they scorn to bear;
More guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
Justice with them is never held severe.
Here Power by Tyranny was never got;
Laws may perhaps ensnare them, Force cannot:
Rash Counsels here have still the same Effect;
The surest way to reign, is to protect.
Kings are least safe in their unbounded Will,
Join'd with the wretched Power of doing ill;
Forsaken most when they're most Absolute,
Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute.
To force that Guard, and with the worst to join,
Can never be a prudent King's Design;
What King would chuse to be a *Catiline*?
Break his own Laws, stake an unquestion'd Throne,
Conspire with Vassals to usurp his own?
'Tis rather some base Favourite's vile Pretence,
To tyrannize at the wrong'd King's Expence.
Let *France* grow proud, beneath the Tyrant's Lust,
While the rackt People crawl and lick the Dust.
The mighty Genius of this Isle disdains
Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains.
England to servile Yoke did never bow:
What Conquerors ne'er presum'd, who dares do now?
Roman nor *Norman* ever could pretend
To have enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.

THE
MEDALL.
A
SATYR
AGAINST
SEDITION.

By the Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

Per Graiûm *populos, mediæque per* Elidis *Urbem*
Ibat ovans; Divum*que sibi poscebat Honores.*

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

EPISTLE
TO THE
WHIGS.

FOR *to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'Tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the* Anno Domini *of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole Party: Especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the* Graver *has made a good Market of it: All his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanc'd, that many a poor* Polander *who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: And though he sate not five times to me, as he did to* B. *yet I have consulted History; as the* Italian *Painters do, when they would draw a* Nero *or a* Caligula; *though they have not seen the Man, they*

can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius *and* Tacitus. *Truth is, you might have ſpar'd one ſide of your Medall: The Head wou'd be ſeen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun; which would then break out to better purpoſe. You tell us in your Preface to the* No proteſtant Plot, *that you ſhall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you: For it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd ſuch a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Eſtabliſh'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the* Turks *did* Scanderbeg; *as if there were Virtue in his Bones to preſerve you againſt Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Publick good; but a due veneration for the Perſon of the King. But all men who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a Faction. But I would ask you one civil queſtion, What right has any man among you, or any Aſſociation of men, (to come nearer to you) who, out of Parliament, cannot be conſider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factious Clubs, to vilify the Government in your Diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in* Iſrael? *Or how is it conſiſtent with your Zeal for the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the King according to the Laws, allow you the Licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is inveſted? You*

complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour, what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: If you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: And if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easie to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot *is much of it stolen from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd, the* Growth of Popery; *as manifestly as* Milton's *defence of the* English *People, is from* Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: *Or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the* French Guisards. *Any one who reads* Davilla, *may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the*

ſame Aſperſions of the King, *and the ſame grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that* Poltrot *a* Hugonot, *murther'd* Francis *Duke of* Guiſe *by the inſtigations of* Theodore Beza: Or *that it was a* Hugonot *Miniſter, otherwiſe call'd a* Presbyterian, *(for our Church abhors ſo deviliſh a Tenet) who firſt writ a Treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murthering Kings, of a different Perſwaſion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of* Calvin, *and Principles of* Buchanan, *that they ſet the People above the Magiſtrate; which, if I miſtake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a Vote of the Houſe of Commons goes on your ſide, you are as ready to obſerve it, as if it were paſs'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed* Act of Parliament, *you declare that in ſome caſes you will not be oblig'd by it. The Paſſage is in the ſame third part of the* No-proteſtant Plot; *and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtifie nor condemn; But, as the Papiſts, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantrys of Worſhip; but in times of War, when they are hard preſs'd by Arguments, lie cloſe intrench'd behind the* Council of Trent, *So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination: but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and juſtify'd to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'Tis the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.*

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. *But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: One with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd, which yet you see the Nation is not so easie to believe, as your own Jury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in* Newgate, *who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.*

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, *you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against* Absalom *and* Achitophel: *For then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least Reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custom, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if Scandal be not allow'd, you are no free-born Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verses run upon my feet: And for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of Sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyr, make*

me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all the reſt commend me to the Non-conformiſt Parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. *I am afraid it is not read ſo much as the Piece deſerves, becauſe the Bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his* Gazette, *to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to do him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſh'd as well as printed; and that ſo much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waſte-paper in the Shop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of ſome* Engliſh *Bibles. If* Achitophel *ſignifie the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will paſs with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the Verſes are; buy 'em up I beſeech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is ſhut up, and the Brother of* Achitophel *out of ſervice.*

Now Footmen, you know, have the generoſity to make a Purſe, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: And even Proteſtant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Diſſenter in Poetry from Senſe and Engliſh, will make as good a Proteſtant Rhimer, as a Diſſenter from the Church of England *a Proteſtant Parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtile a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and ſawy Jack, and Atheiſtick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him? by which well-manner'd and charitable Expreſſions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew*

his Name. What wou'd you have more of a man? He has damn'd me in your Cauſe from Geneſis *to the* Revelations*: And has half the Texts of both the* Teſtaments *againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to your ſelves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for* Iriſh *Witneſſes. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cauſe, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his Predeceſſors, you may either conclude, that I truſt to the goodneſs of my Cauſe, or fear my Adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe, for the ſhort on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble Servant, whatever your Party ſays or thinks of him.*

Upon the AUTHOR *of the following* POEM.

ONCE more our awful Poet Arms, t' engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the Fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyr 'till the needful Hour:
His Sov'raign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging Genius to its Aid.
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe Wit with ſuch a Cauſe was Crown'd,
And bleſt the Cauſe that ſuch a Champion found.
With choſen Verſe upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of Conqueſt he rebates his Rage;
His Fury not without Diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
To leſs infected Members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours Balm into the Wound.
Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the Mercy of his Muſe;
Their wretched dogrel Rhymers forth they bring
To Snarl and Bark againſt the Poet's King;
A Crew, that ſcandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treaſon-canting Prieſts before!
On theſe he ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornful ſmile,
But on their pow'rful Patrons turns his Stile.
A Stile ſo keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The vital Poiſon, ſtabs to th' Heart their Cauſe.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our Thanks, for you tranſcend our Praiſe.

N. TATE.

To the Unknown Author of the following Poem, and that of Absalom *and* Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cause Divine did shew;
Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,
Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare
Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneful Song
Glides in a peaceful Majesty along;
No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The easie passage of his silent wave;
So sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers wooe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
How sweet do's Virtue in your dress appear?
How much more charming, when much less severe?
Whilst you our senses harmlesly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Stile;
Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into sense th' unthinking many cheat:
So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;
So he the savage herd to reason drew,
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you;
O that you would with some such powerful Charm,
Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm!
Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theam afford,
Or the great Deeds of God-like *James*'s Sword;
Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
Another Fleet might pass the subject main,
Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
Or such an *Ossory* as you did moan;

While in such Numbers you, in such a strain
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;
Tho' each in vain such various ills employs,
Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion*'s beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before.
Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conspire,
Tho' the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* Race,
Thou only fit to fill Great *Charles*'s Place.
Ah wretched *Britains!* ah too stubborn Isle!
Ah stiff-neck'd *Israel* on blest *Canaan*'s Soil!
Are those dear Proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,
While all thy Streams with Milk, thy Lands with Honey flow?
No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage,
In civil Fury, and intestine Rage:
No rebel Zeal thy dutcous Land molest,
But a smooth Calm sooth every peaceful Breast,
While in such charming Notes divinely sings,
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

J. ADAMS.

THE MEDALL.

A SATYR *against* SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
Which *Engliſh* Ideots run in crowds to ſee,
The *Poliſh Medal* bears the prize alone:
A Monſter, more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fairs or Theatres have ſhown.
Never did Art ſo well with Nature ſtrive;
Nor ever Idol ſeem'd ſo much alive:
So like the Man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, leſt the King ſhou'd want a regal Place,
On the Reverſe, a Tow'r the Town ſurveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his Beams diſplays.
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval Voice,
Lætamur, which, in *Poliſh*, is *rejoice*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd:
And a new Canting Holiday deſign'd.
Five days he ſate, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Eſſence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
O, cou'd the Stile that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch Furrows for an Eunuch Face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe firſt, with early Care,
Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to War.

A beardleſs Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)
Next this, (How wildly will Ambition ſteer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Uſurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal Wit for ſums of Gold,
He caſt himſelf into the Saint-like Mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd and pray'd, while Godlineſs was gain
The lowdeſt Bagpipe of the ſqueaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdneſs he cou'd ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the Saint: For Hypocritick Zeal
Allows no Sins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave and ſlack:
His nimble Wit outran the heavy Pack.
Yet ſtill he found his Fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way:
They took, but not rewarded, his Advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.
Pow'r was his Aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd Loyal in his own Defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his Soul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His Counſel's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.
Ev'n in the moſt ſincere Advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years,
Made him uneaſie in his lawful Gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, miſchievouſly Good.
To his firſt Biaſs, longingly he leans;
And rather wou'd be great by wicked Means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.)

From hence those Tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the Banks that made the Bar?
Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest;
And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast.
But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate;
When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be seduc'd to arbitrary Sway;
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the Sail;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
And shews the Fiend confess'd, without a Vail.
He Preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
That Claims successive bear no binding force;
That Coronation Oaths are things of course;
Maintains the Multitude can never err;
And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;
The most have still their Int'rest in their Eyes;
The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wise.
Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
Pow'r is thy Essence; wit thy Attribute!
Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay, [way!
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths, in thy *Pindarick*
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise, what ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extreams they run;
To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
Some think the Fools were most, as times went then;
But now the World's o'er-stock'd with prudent Men.
The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
The *Turk*'s is, at *Constantinople*, best;

Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worſhip only true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their Turns.
A tempting Doctrine, plauſible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the Seeds of Civil War,
Inherent Right in Monarchs did declare:
And, that a lawful Pow'r might never ceaſe,
Secur'd Succeſſion, to ſecure our Peace.
Thus, Property and Sovereign Sway, at laſt
In equal Balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new *Jehu* ſpurs the hot-mouth'd Horſe;
Inſtructs the Beaſt to know his native Force;
To take the Bit between his Teeth, and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
Wou'd we poſſeſs the Freedom we purſue!
The laviſh Government can give no more:
Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our Rebel-Fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping Brave,
The free-born Subject ſunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is Man, when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundleſs in his Will!
That Kings can do no wrong we muſt believe:
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help Heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their Pow'r!
Already they have loſt their beſt Defence,
The Benefit of Laws, which they diſpence.
No juſtice to their righteous Cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.

And Medals grav'd, their Conqueſt to record,
The Stamp and Coin of their adopted Lord.
The Man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an Aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd Thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again, to ſee a Jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The Witneſſes, that, Leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on their feſter'd Sore,
Then, Juſtice and Religion they forſwore;
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
And Rogue and Saint diſtinguiſh'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confeſs their Cauſe;
And plead a Call to preach, in ſpight of Laws.
But that's no News to the poor injur'd Page;
It has been us'd as ill in every Age:
And is conſtrain'd, with Patience, all to take;
For what defence can *Greek* and *Hebrew* make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet ſeize,
They make it ſpeak whatever Senſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd, at firſt, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, ſince our Sects in Prophecy grow higher,
The Text inſpires not them; but they the Text inſpire.
London, thou great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert!
Or ſeparate thy ſound, from thy corrupted Part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the Parallel will ſtand:
Thy tides of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monſters from thy large increaſe we find;
Engender'd on the Slime thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Iſrael*'s Tribes thou haſt a numerous Band;
But ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted Burghers few.

The Head is Loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two ſuch gouty Hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wiſdom is to Sloth too great a Slave;
None are ſo buſie as the Fool and Knave.
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor ſharp Experience can to Duty bring,
Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King!
In Goſpel Phraſe their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is, living on the Spoil;
They boaſt, ev'n when each other they beguile.
Cuſtomes to ſteal is ſuch a trivial Thing,
That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King.
All Hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country firſt, and then infect.
They, for God's Cauſe their Monarchs dare dethrone;
And they'll be ſure to make his Cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting Jeſuit laid the Plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.
What means their Trait'rous Combination leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs.
But Treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsful Crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The Men, who no Conſpiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of Defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt their Prince.
If Soverign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they ſcan,
The ſame bold Maxim holds in God and Man:
God were not ſafe, his Thunder cou'd they ſhun
He ſhou'd be forc'd to Crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Poſſeſſion was the Murth'rers own.

In vain to Sophistry they have recourse:
By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.
Which, though not actual, yet all Eyes may see
'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal;
Chop up a Minister, at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.
From thence, t' assume the Pow'r of Peace and War;
And ease him by degrees of publick Care.
Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the Game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler Methods of their Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost Bounds of Loyalty they stand;
And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band,
That waits impatient for the last Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain:
They steal not, but in Squadrons scoure the Plain;
And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue;
The Most have Right, the Wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show;
For, in some Soils Republicks will not grow:
Our Temp'rate Isle will no extreams sustain,
Of Pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:
But slides between them both into the best;
Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch blest.
And though the Climate, vex'd with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholsome Tempest purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples Hearts,
(O crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call; [all.
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on
Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through thee.
But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels thee in their Brains.
What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,
That preach up thee for God; dispence thy Laws;
And with thy Stum ferment their fainting Cause?
Fresh Fumes of Madness raise; and toil and sweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet, thou'd thy Crimes succeed, thou'd lawless Pow'r
Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy canting Friends thy mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou hast any) must be one
That lets the World and Human-kind alone:
A jolly God, that passes Hours too well
To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;
And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.
Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:
If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harvest of rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.

The

The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
Which wapting Vent, the Nation's Health infects,
Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puft up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the civil Pow'r defie;
And parcel out Republick Prelacy.
But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Crane.
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
About their impious Merit shall contend.
The surly Commons shall respect deny;
And justle Peerage out with Property.
Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary Sway;
Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim,
In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame;
And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name.
Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd ingage;
Or Wars of exil'd Heirs, or foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's Breast.

---------Pudet hæc opprobria vobis
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

The entire *Episode* of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, translated from the Fifth and Ninth Books of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Connection of the First Part of the EPISODE in the Fifth Book, with the rest of the foregoing POEM.

Æneas having buried his Father Anchises *in* Sicily; *and setting sail from thence in search of* Italy, *is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed: After a Year's wandring, he is hospitably receiv'd by his friend* Acestes, *King of that part of the Island, who was born of* Trojan *Parentage: He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with divine honours; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race; in which* Nisus *and* Euryalus *were engag'd amongst other* Trojans *and* Sicilians.

FROM thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
Into a grassy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whose Brows were shaded with surrounding wood;
Full in the midst of this fair Valley, stood
A native Theater, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o'er-look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend in solemn state:
High on the new rais'd Turf their Leader sate:
Here those, who in the rapid Race delight,
Desire of honour, and the Prize invite:
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingled stand,
With *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the foremost of the Band.
Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Nisus for friendship to the Boy renown'd.

Diores next of *Priam's* Regal Race,
Then *Salius*, join'd with *Patron*, took his place:
But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.
Then two *Sicilian* Youths; the name of this
Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes*:
Two jolly Huntſmen in the Foreſt bred,
And owning old *Aceſtes* for their Head.
With many others of obſcurer name,
Whom Time has not deliver'd o'er to Fame:
To theſe *Æneas* in the midſt aroſe,
And pleaſingly did thus his mind expoſe.
Not one of you ſhall unrewarded go;
On each I will two *Cretan* Spears beſtow,
Pointed with poliſh'd Steel; a Battle-ax too,
With Silver ſtudded; theſe in common ſhare.
The foremoſt three ſhall Olive Garlands wear:
The Victor, who ſhall firſt the Race obtain,
Shall for his Prize a well-breath'd Courſer gain,
Adorn'd with Trappings; to the next in fame,
The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,
With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well ſupply'd,
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd:
The third this *Grecian* Helmet muſt content.
He ſaid: to their appointed Baſe they went.
With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And ſtarting all at once, the Station leave.
Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with eager view:
Shot from the Crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o'erpaſt,
Not ſtorms, nor thunder equal half his haſte.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Came *Salius*, then; a diſtant ſpace behind,
Euryalus the third.
Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almoſt ſide by ſide;
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace,
Had won, or left at leaſt a doubtful Race.

Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
When eager *Niſus*, hapleſs in his haſte,
Slipt firſt, and ſlipping, fell upon the plain,
Moiſt with the blood of Oxen lately ſlain;
The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his way,
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the graſſy floor
He fell, beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Nor mindleſs then *Euryalus* of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate Rival to oppoſe,
And caught the foot of *Salius* as he roſe;
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain:
Euryalus ſprings out the prize to gain,
And cuts the Crowd; applauding peals attend
The Conqu'ror to the Goal, who conquer'd thro' his friend.
Next *Helimus*, and then *Diores* came,
By two misfortunes, now the third in fame.
But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
For Juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the Crowd:
Urges his cauſe may in the Court be heard,
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully confer'd.
But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim:
Beſides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
Who vainly reaches at the laſt Reward,
If the firſt Palm on *Salius* be confer'd.
Then thus the Prince: Let no diſputes ariſe;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But give me leave her Errors to amend,
At leaſt to pity a deſerving friend.
Thus having ſaid,
A Lion's Hide, amazing to behold,
Pond'rous with briſtles, and with paws of gold,
He gave the Youth; which *Niſus* griev'd to view:
If ſuch rewards to vanquiſh'd men are due,
Said he, and falling is to riſe by you,

What prize may *Nisus* from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame!
In falling both did equal fortune try,
Would fortune make me fall as happily!
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands and body all besmear'd with blood:
Th' indulgent Father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd a massie Shield
Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long since from *Neptune*'s bars in triumph brought;
With this, the graceful Youth he gratify'd:
Then the remaining presents did divide.

Connection of the remaining part of the *Episode*, translated out of the Ninth Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*, with the foregoing part of the Story.

The War being now broke out betwixt the Trojans *and* Latins; *and* Æneas *being overmatch'd in numbers by his Enemies, who were aided by King* Turnus, *he fortifies his Camp, and leaves in it his young Son* Ascanius, *under the direction of his chief Counsellors and Captains; while he goes in person, to beg Succours from King* Evander *and the* Tuscans. Turnus *takes advantage of his absence, and assaults his Camp: The* Trojans *in it, are reduc'd to great extremities; which gives the Poet the occasion of continuing this admirable* Episode, *wherein he describes the friendship, the generosity, the adventures, and the death of* Nisus *and* Euryalus.

THE *Trojan* Camp the common danger shar'd;
By turns they watch'd the Walls; and kept the Nightly Guard:
To Warlike *Nisus* fell the Gate by Lot,
(Whom *Hyrtacus* on Huntress *Ida* got:

And sent to Sea *Æneas* to attend,) [send.
Well could he dart the Spear, and Shafts unerring
Beside him stood *Euryalus*, his ever faithful Friend.
No Youth in all the *Trojan* Host was seen
More beautiful in arms, or of a Nobler meen;
Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun;
One was their Friendship, their Desire was one:
With minds united in the Field they warr'd,
And now were both by Choice upon the Guard.
Then *Nisus* thus:
Or do the Gods this warlike Warmth inspire,
Or makes each Man a God of his desire?
A noble Ardour boils within my Breast,
Eager of Action, Enemy of Rest;
That urges me to Fight, or undertake
Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make.
Thou seest the Foe secure: How faintly shine
Their scatter'd Fires? the most in Sleep supine;
Dissolv'd in Ease, and drunk with Victory:
The few awake the fuming Flaggon ply;
All hush'd around: Now hear what I revolve [resolve.
Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts
Our absent Lord both Camp and Council mourn;
By Message both would hasten his return:
The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
(For Fame is recompence enough to me)
Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my Passage guide.
Euryalus stood listning while he spoke,
With Love of Praise and noble Envy struck;
Then to his ardent Friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be join'd?
Think'st thou my Share of honour I will yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the Field?
Not so my Father taught my Childhood Arms,
Born in a Siege, and bred amongst Alarms:

Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
Or of the Heav'n-born Heroe I attend.
The thing call'd Life with eaſe I can diſclaim;
And think it over-ſold to purchaſe Fame.
To whom his Friend;
I could not think, alas, thy Tender Years
Would miniſter new matter to my Fears:
Nor is it juſt thou ſhouldſt thy Wiſh obtain;
So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again
To thoſe dear eyes; or if a God there be
To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
But if ſome one, as many ſure there are,
Of adverſe accidents in doubtful War,
If one ſhould reach my Head, there let it fall,
And ſpare thy life, I would not periſh all:
Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date;
Do thou remain to mourn thy Lover's fate;
To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral rites beſtow.
Or if hard Fortune ſhall my Corps deny
Thoſe dues, with empty Marble to ſupply.
O let not me the Widow's tears renew,
Let not a Mother's curſe my name purſue;
Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
Left the fair Coaſt of fruitful *Sicily*;
Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
When every weary *Matron* ſtaid behind.
To this *Euryalus*, Thou plead'ſt in vain,
And but delay'ſt the cauſe thou canſt not gain:
No more, 'tis loſs of time: With that he wakes
The nodding Watch; each to his Office takes!
The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
Now every living thing lay void of care,
And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, ſhare:
Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council ſate,
And call'd their Chief Commanders, to debate
The weighty buſineſs of th' indanger'd State.

What next was to be done, who to be ſent
T' inform *Æneas* of the Foes intent.
In midſt of all the quiet Camp they held
Nocturnal Council; each ſuſtains a Shield,
Which his o'er-labour'd Arm can hardly rear;
And leans upon a long projected Spear.
Now *Niſus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg admittance, eager to be heard;
Th' affair important; not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids them be conducted in;
Then thus, commanded, *Niſus* does begin.
Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears;
Nor judge our undertaking by our years.
The Foes ſecurely drench'd in Sleep and Wine
Their Watch neglect; their Fires but thinly ſhine.
And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
Cov'ring the plain, and Clouding all the Skies,
Betwixt the ſpaces we have mark'd a way,
Cloſe by the Gate and Coaſting by the Sea;
This Paſſage undiſturb'd, and uneſpy'd
Our Steps will ſafely to *Æneas* guide.
Expect each hour to ſee him back again
Loaded with ſpoils of Foes, in Battle ſlain:
Snatch we the lucky Minute while we may,
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way:
For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have ſeen
The riſing Turrets with the ſtream between;
And know its winding Courſe, with every foord.
He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the word.
Our Country Gods in whom our truſt we place,
Will yet from ruin ſave the *Trojan* race;
While we behold ſuch ſpringing worth appear,
In youth ſo brave, and breaſts ſo void of fear.
(With this he took the hand of either Boy,
Embrac'd them cloſely both, and wept for joy:)
Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
What recompence for ſuch deſert, decree!
The greateſt ſure and beſt you can receive,
The Gods, your vertue, and your fame will give:

The Reſt, our grateful General will beſtow;
And young *Aſcanius*, 'till his Manhood, owe.
And I whoſe welfare in my Father lies,
(*Aſcanius* adds,) by all the Deities,
By our great Country, and our houſehold Gods,
By Hoary *Veſta*'s rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, on you my Fortune ſtands,
That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
(For I no other loſs but only his can mourn,)
Niſus your gift ſhall two large Goblets be,
Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
And high emboſt: which when old *Priam* reign'd
My conqu'ring Sire, at ſack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more, two Tripods caſt in antick mould,
With two great Talents of the fineſt Gold.
Beſides a Bowl which *Tyrian* Art did grave;
The Preſent that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
But if in Conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victors ſhall obtain,
Thou ſaw'ſt the Courſer by proud *Turnus* preſt;
That, and his golden Arms, and ſanguine Creſt,
And Shield, from lot exempted, thou ſhalt ſhare;
With theſe, twelve captive Dam'ſels young and fair:
Male Slaves as many; well appointed all
With Veſts and Arms, ſhall to thy Portion fall:
And laſt a fruitful Field to thee ſhall reſt,
The large demenes the *Latian* King poſſeſt.
But thou, whoſe Years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd Affection ſhall divide
From thee, O wondrous Youth: Be ever mine,
Take full Poſſeſſion, all my Soul is thine;
My life's Companion, and my boſom Friend;
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate ſhall both attend.
My Peace ſhall be committed to thy Care,
And to thy Conduct my Concerns in War.
Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd;
What ever Fortune, good or bad, betide,

The ſame ſhall be my Age, as now my Youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my Truth.
This only from your Bounty let me gain;
(And this not granted, all rewards are vain:)
Of *Priam*'s Royal Race my Mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the Name:
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing; but o'erſpent and old,
My Fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this
Whatever danger, neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious Bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And in this only Act of all my Life deceive:
By this your hand and conſcious Night I ſwear,
My Youth ſo ſad a Farewel cou'd not bear.
Be you her Patron, fill my vacant Place;
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a Grace;)
Support her Age, forſaken and diſtreſt;
That hope alone will fortifie my Breaſt,
Againſt the worſt of Fortunes and of Fears:
He ſaid; th' Aſſiſtants ſhed preſaging Tears.
But above all, *Aſcanius*, mov'd to ſee
That image of paternal Piety.
Then thus reply'd.------
So great Beginnings in ſo green an Age
Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage;
Thy Mother all the Privilege ſhall claim
Creüſa had; and only want the Name.
Whate'er event thy enterpriſe ſhall have,
'Tis Merit to have born a Son ſo brave.
By this my Head, a ſacred Oath, I ſwear,
(My Father us'd it) what returning, here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thy ſelf prepare,
Thy Parent and thy Family ſhall ſhare:
He ſaid; and weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad Belt he drew a ſhining Sword,
Magnificent with Gold; *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry ſcabbard ſheath'd the Blade.

This was his Gift: while *Mneſtheus* did provide
For *Niſus* Arms; a griſly Lion's Hide;
And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went: the noble *Trojans* wait
Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.
With Pray'rs and Vows above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far above his years.
And Meſſages committed to their care;
Which all in Winds were loſt, and empty air.
The Trenches firſt they paſs; then took their way,
Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
To many fatal e'er themſelves were ſlain:
The careleſs Hoſt diſperſt upon the Plain
They found, who drunk with Wine ſupinely ſnore:
Unharneſs'd Chariots ſtand upon the ſhore;
Midſt wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
A Medly of Debauch and War they lie.
Obſerving *Niſus* ſhew'd his friend the ſight;
Then thus: behold a Conqueſt without fight.
Occaſion calls the Sword to be prepar'd:
Our way lies there, ſtand thou upon the guard;
And look behind, while I ſecurely go
To cut an ample paſſage through the Foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then ſtalking took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay,
His head rais'd high, on Tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his breaſt, he puff'd his breath.
A King, and Prophet, by King *Turnus* lov'd,
But fate by Preſcience cannot be remov'd.
Three ſleeping Slaves he ſoon ſubdues: then ſpies
Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies:
His Armour Bearer firſt, and next he kills
His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,
And his lov'd Horſes; laſt invades their Lord,
Full on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword:
The gaſping head flies off: a purple flood
Flows from the Trunk, that wallows in the blood;

Which by the spurning heels dispers'd around
The bed, besprinkles and bedews the ground.
Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus*, and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
The night: oppreſt with wine and ſlumber lay
The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play;
More lucky, had it been protracted till the day.
The famiſh'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
O'er-leaps the fences of the nightly fold,
The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws;
Wrapt up in ſilent fear, they lie and pant beneath
Nor with leſs rage *Euryalus* imploys [his paws.
The vengeful Sword, nor fewer foes deſtroys;
But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew;
Which *Fadus*, *Hebeſus*, and *Rhatus* ſlew,
With *Atacis:* in ſleep the reſt did fall;
But *Rhætus* waking, and obſerving all,
Behind a mighty Jar he ſlunk for fear;
The ſharp edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there:
Full as he roſe he plung'd it in his ſide;
The cruel Sword return'd in crimſon dy'd.
The wound a blended ſtream of wine and blood
Pours out; the purple Soul comes floating in the flood.
Now where *Meſſapus* quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and juſt alive;
The warlike Horſes ty'd in order fed;
Niſus the diſcipline obſerv'd, and ſaid,
Our eagerneſs of blood may both betray:
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,
Foe to theſe nightly thefts: No more, my friend;
Here let our glutted Execution end;
A Lane through ſlaughter'd Bodies we have made:
The bold *Euryalus*, though loath, obey'd:
Rich Arms and Arras which they ſcatter'd find,
And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
Yet fond of gaudy Spoils, the Boy would ſtay
To make the proud Capariſons his prey,
Which deck'd a neighb'ring Steed.----

Nor did his Eyes less longingly behold
The Girdle studded o'er with Nails of Gold,
Which *Rhamnes* wore: This Present long ago
On *Remulus* did *Cædicus* bestow,
And absent join'd in hospitable Ties.
He dying to his Heir bequeath'd the prize:
'Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppress
He fell, and they the glorious gift possess.
These gaudy spoils *Euryalus* now bears;
And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears:
Messapus Helm he found amongst the dead,
Garnish'd with plumes, and fitted to his head.
They leave the Camp and take the safest road;
Mean time a Squadron of their foes abroad,
Three hundred Horse with Bucklers arm'd, they spy'd,
Whom *Volscens* by the King's command did guide:
To *Turnus* these were from the City sent,
And to perform their Message sought his Tent.
Approaching near their utmost lines they draw;
When bending tow'rds the left, their Captain saw
The faithful pair; for through the doubtful shade
His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd;
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volscens* from the crowd)
These Men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
Stand, stand! why thus in Arms? And whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
Silent they make away; and haste their flight
To neighb'ring Woods; and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horsemen spur their Steeds, to get
'Twixt them and home; and every path beset,
And all the windings of the well known Wood;
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood,
With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn,
Where tracks of Bears had scarce a passage worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, mis-led the younger from his way:
But *Nisus* hit the turns with happier haste,
Who now, unknowing, had the danger past,

And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba*'s name ſo call'd;
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen ſtall'd.
'Till turning at the length he ſtood his ground,
And vainly caſt his longing eyes around
For his loſt friend!
Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind,
Where ſhall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find!
Or what way take! Again he ventures back,
And treads the Mazes of his former track,
Thro' the wild wood: at laſt he hears the Noiſe
Of trampling Horſes, and the riders voice.
The Sound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
His Foes incloſing, and his Friend purſu'd,
Forelaid, and taken, while he ſtrove in vain
The Covert of the neighb'ring Wood to gain.
What ſhould he next attempt, what arms employ
With fruitleſs force to free the Captive Boy?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword;
And die by him whom living he ador'd?
Reſolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he ſhook,
And caſting to the Moon a mournful look,
Fair Queen, ſaid he, who doſt in woods delight,
And Grace of Stars, the Goddeſs of the Night;
Be preſent, and direct my Dart aright.
If e'er my pious Father for my ſake,
Did on thy Altars grateful offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with ſucceſsful toils;
And hung thy Sacred Roof with ſavage Spoils,
Through the brown ſhadows guide my flying Spear
To reach this Troop: Then poizing from his ear
The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
Through the divided ſhades the deadly Javelin flew;
On *Sulmo*'s back it ſplits: the double dart
Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
He ſtaggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
And with ſhort Sobbs, he gaſps away his breath.
All ſtand amaz'd; a ſecond Javelin flies
From his ſtretch'd arm, and hiſſes through the Skies:

The Lance through *Tagus* Temples forc'd its way;
And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce *Volscens* foams with rage; and gazing round,
Descry'd no Author of the fatal wound,
Nor where to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both; and at the Pris'ner flies,
With his drawn Sword: Then, struck with deep de-
The fatal sight the Lover could not bear; [spair,
But from his Covert rusht in open view;
And sent his voice before him as he flew;
Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone:
The crime confess'd; the fact was all my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless Youth,
Ye Moon and Stars bear witness to the Truth;
His only fault, if that be to offend,
Was too much loving his unhappy friend.
Too late, alas, he speaks;
The Sword, which unrelenting fury guides,
Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender sides;
Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
Gush'd out a Crimson stream and stain'd the ground;
His nodding neck reclines on his white breast,
Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppress,
By the keen Share: or Poppy on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Disdain, despair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove *Nisus* headlong on the Hostile Crowd;
Volscens he seeks, at him alone he bends;
Born back, and push'd by his surrounding friends,
He still press'd on; and kept him still in sight;
Then whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his might;
Th' unerring Weapon flew; and wing'd with death,
Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and stop'd his breath.
Dying he slew: and stagg'ring on the plain,
Sought for the Body of his Lover slain:
Then quietly on his dear Breast he fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd so well.
O happy pair! for if my verse can give
Eternity; your fame shall ever live:

Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies,
And spread where-e'er the *Roman* Eagle flies.

Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.

The *Epithalamium* of HELEN and MENELAUS.

By Mr. Dryden.

TWelve *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous Palace did resort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.
There hand in hand a comely Quire they led;
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
With curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers bespread.
Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And *Jove* himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why happy Bridegroom, why
E'er yet the Stars are kindled in the Sky,
E'er twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed!
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy self, and leave thy Bride alone:
Go, leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmless, 'till the break of day:

Give us this Evening; thou haſt Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth! to thee among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky *Omen* ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* ſhore.
Of all our Heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That *Jove*, when e'er he Thunders, calls thee Son:
Betwixt two Sheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare;
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare:
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line:
But oh, a Girl, like her, muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelveſcore *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt;
And hide the Beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the Night and Winter diſappear,
The Purple morning riſing with the year
Salutes the ſpring, as her Celeſtial eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:
So beauteous *Helen* ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the Graces bleſt:
As Pines the Mountains, or as fields the Corn,
Or as *Theſſalian* Steeds the race adorn:
So Roſie-colour'd *Helen* is the pride
Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beſide.
Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
In Basket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With *Pallas* in the Loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with Vocal Souls inſpire:
Whether the learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
Or chaſt *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praiſe ſo well
As *Helen*, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand *Cupids* dwell.

O fair, O graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to morrows Sun a Matron shall behold:
Yet e'er to morrows Sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadow's we will tread,
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their absent Mother mourn.
Our nobleſt Maids shall to thy name bequeath
The Boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a wreath.
This Monument, thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane Tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see
Thy Name ingrav'd; and worship *Helen*'s Tree:
Balm, from a Silver-box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the Roots and scent the sacred Ground;
The Balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,
But *Helen*'s Name will keep it ever young.
Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, Son-in-Law to *Jove!*
With fruitful joys, *Latona* bless your Love;
Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more.
From generous Loins a generous Race will spring,
Each Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy, like you, a King.
Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded Arms, and Breast to Breast.
Rise in the morn; but oh before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.
We will be with you e'er the crowing Cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd Flock:
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in Battle won.

IDYLLIUM XXIII.

The Despairing LOVER.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WITH inauspicious Love, a wretched Swain
Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His Person hated, and his Gifts despis'd:
Nor knew the force of *Cupid*'s cruel Darts,
Nor fear'd his awful Pow'r on human Hearts;
But either from her hopeless Lover fled,
Or with disdainful Glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy:
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But as a hunted Panther casts about [scout,
Her glaring Eyes, and pricks her list'ning Ears to
So she, to shun his Toils, her cares imploy'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her Mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her Eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
Her sallow Cheeks her envious mind did show,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a Shrew.
Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape,
His love still dress her in a pleasing shape:
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn
But fann'd the Fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty Pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With Tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.
With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love;
And any heart, but only hers, wou'd move:
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood;
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:

Staring his Eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke.
Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race,
Thy Tygreſs heart belies thy Angel Face:
Too well thou ſhow'ſt thy Pedigree from Stone;
Thy Grandames was the firſt by *Pyrrha* thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my Love, and ſo my Fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this Gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly Cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife,
Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathſome Life;
This moment puts an end to all my Pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go th' extreameſt remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah, what draught ſo deep to quench my Fires?
Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones,
And Threſhold guilty of my Midnight Moans:
What I have ſuffer'd here ye know too well:
What I ſhall do the Gods and I can tell.
The Roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White Lillies hang their Heads and ſoon decay,
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming Youth, and withering ſo;
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of Love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at leaſt
My dying Prayers, and grant my laſt Requeſt!
When firſt you ope your Doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill-omen'd Object meets your Eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs Wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey:

Some cruel Pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wish, (but oh my wish is vain I fear,)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your Mantle o'er my grizly Face;
Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my Breath;
Even you are not more pittiless than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:
Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear,
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here:
Oh, Passengers, *Aminta*'s Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love;
He heav'd with more than humane force, to move
A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,) [Beam:
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws;
And fitted to his Neck the fatal Noose:
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his Breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful Fair
Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet
Nor wept his Fate, nor cast a pitying Eye, [in Air,
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by:
And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the touch.
Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love:
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high:
Nodding a while; and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph
below:

Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring Voice was heard;
Lovers farewel, revenge has reacht my scorn;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon, *on his intended Voyage to* Ireland.

By Mr DRYDEN.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)
And he, who rules the raging Wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore,
And land him safely on the Shore:
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at Sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of Iron arm'd his side!
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny Flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the Shore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What form of death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight,

Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep?
Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main;
Th' eternal Fences over leap;
And pass at will the boundless Deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the seed of Fire:
A train of Ills, a ghastly Crew,
The Robbers blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre Face,
And Feavours of the fiery Race,
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted Ground:
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey,
Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes
Are safe from our audacious Crimes;
We reach at *Jove*'s Imperial Crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

On the Prince's going to *England* with an Army to restore the Government, 1688.

Hunc saltem everso Juvenem succurrere Sæclo
Ne prohibete----- Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

ONce more a FATHER and a SON fall out:
The World involving in their high Dispute;
Remotest *India*'s Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
Their Motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the lesser Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, Liberty the Son,
A Prize well worth th' uncommon Venture run.
Him a false Pride to govern unrestrain'd,
And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
All Bars of Property drives headlong through,
Millions oppressing to enrich a few.
Him Justice urges, and a noble Aim
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
For Law and Reason's Power he does engage,
Against the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
There, all the License of unbounded Might;
Here, conscious Honour, and deep Sense of Right,
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.
Greatness the one, Glory the other fires;
This only can deserve, what that desires.
This strives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And he for what they most abhor and fear.
Cæsar and *Pompey*'s Cause by *Cato* thought
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.
Ye fatal Sisters! now to Right be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey*'s Fate amends.
In *Orange*'s Great Line, 'tis no new thing
To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's

ECLOGUES.

TRANSLATED

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

By JOHN CARYLL, *Esq*;

The Reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, *under the Name of* Tityrus, *personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of* Augustus Cæsar, *from the general Calamity of his* Mantuan *Neighbours*; *whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Soldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of* Cremona; *who in the Civil Wars, joined with* Cassius *and* Brutus. *These* Mantuans *are likewise personated by* Meliboeus, *as also by* Amaryllis, *the City of* Rome, *by* Galatea, *that of* Mantua *are represented. The drift of this* Eclogue, *is to celebrate the Munificence of* Augustus *towards* Virgil, *whom he makes his tutelar God*; *and the better to set this off, he brings in* Meliboeus, *viz. by* Mantuan *Neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of* Tityrus. *This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country men,* Virgil *shadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty. And because Slaves did not commonly use to be infranchised 'till Age had made them useless for Labour*; *to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old Man, as by the* Candidi- or Barba, *and the* Fortunate Senex; *sufficiently*

appears; though in reality Virgil *at that time was young, and then first made known to* Augustus, *by the Recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends,* Varus *and* Mæcenas.

TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oaks diffuse,
You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.
We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,
The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
And every Grove learns *Amaryllis'* Name.

TITYRUS.

A God (to me he always shall be so)
O *Melibeus!* did this Grace bestow.
The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed:
He every Blessing on his Creatures brings; [sings.
By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herdsman

MELIBEUS.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate,
Which thus exempts you from our wretched State.
Look on my Goats that browz, my Kids that play,
Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,
And this poor Mother of a new fall'n Pair,
(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair!)
Has left 'em in yond Brakes, beside the way,
Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of Prey.
Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,
This dire Calamity I had divin'd.
'Twas oft foretold me by Heaven's loudest Voice,
Rending our tallest Oaks with dismal Noise:
Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,
And long from hollow Tree were heard to grone.
But say: What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd?

TITYRUS.

The place call'd *Rome*, I fooliſhly believ'd
Was like our *Mantua*, where, on Market-days,
We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherd's praiſe;)
So Whelps (I knew) ſo Kids, their Dams expreſs,
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But other Towns when you to her compare,
They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypreſs are.

MELIBEUS.

What great Occaſion call'd you hence to *Rome?*

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at laſt, though ſlow to come:
She came not till cold Winter did begin,
And Age ſome Snow had ſprinkled on my Chin,
Nor then, till *Galatea* I forſook,
For *Amaryllis* daign'd on me to look.
No hope for Liberty, I muſt confeſs,
No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me poſſeſs,
Whilſt I with *Galatea* did remain:
For though my Flock her Altars did maintain,
Though often I had made my Cheeſe-preſs groan,
Largely to furniſh our ungrateful Town,
Yet ſtill with empty hands I trotted home.

MELIBEUS.

I wonder'd (*Galatea*!) whence ſhould come,
Thy ſad Complaints to Heaven, and why ſo long
Ungather'd on their Trees thy Apples hung?
Abſent was *Tityrus*! Thee every Dale,
Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call!

TITYRUS.

What ſhould I do? I could not here be free,
And only in that place could hope to ſee
A God propitious to my Liberty.
There I the Heavenly Youth did firſt behold,
Whoſe monthly Feaſt, while ſolemnly I hold,
My loaded Altars never ſhall be cold.
He heard my Prayers, Go home (he cry'd) and feed
In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed,

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man! thy Farm untouch'd remains,
And large enough; tho' it may ask thy Pains,
To clear the Stones, and Ruſhes cure by Drains.
Thy teeming Ewes will no ſtrange Paſtures try,
No Murrain fear from tainted Company.
Thrice happy Swain! guarded from *Sirian* Beams,
By ſacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
Look on that bordering Fence, whoſe Oſier Trees
Are fraught with Flowers, whoſe Flowers are fraught with Bees:
How, with their drowſie tone, the whiſtling Air
(Your ſleep to tempt) a Concert does prepare!
At farther diſtance, but with ſtronger Lungs,
The Wood-man joins with theſe his Ruſtick Songs:
Stock-Doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their Throat,
Thoſe in a Hoarſer, theſe a ſofter Note.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea ſhall dwellers change:
Fiſh on dry Ground, Stags ſhall on Water range:
The *Parthians* ſhall commute their Bounds with *Franes*,
Thoſe ſhall on *Soan*, theſe drink on *Tygris* Banks,
E'er I his God-like Image from my Heart,
Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we muſt come to Parts remote, unknown,
Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone:
Theſe Frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Africk* thoſe,
Cretan Oaxis others muſt incloſe:
Some 'mongſt the utmoſt *Britains* are confin'd,
Doom'd to an Iſle, from all the World disjoin'd.
Ah! muſt I never more my Country ſee,
But in ſtrange Lands an endleſs Exile be?
Is my eternal Baniſhment decreed,
From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and Reed?
Muſt impious Soldiers all theſe Grounds poſſeſs,
My Fields of ſtanding Corn, my fertile Leyes?
Did I for theſe *Barbarians* Plow and Sow?
What dire effects from civil Diſcord flow!

Graft Pears (O *Melibeus!*) plant the Vine!
The Fruit shall others be, the Labour thine.
Farewel my Goats! a happy Herd, when mine!
No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade
Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
I part with every Joy, parting from you;
Then farewel all the World! Verses and Pipe, adieu!

TITYRUS.

At least this Night with me forget your Care;
Chesnuts, and well-prest Cheese shall be your Fare;
For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
And curling Smoak from Village tops ascends.

The SECOND ECLOGUE.

English'd by Mr. TATE.

A Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy,
The lov'd *Alexis* was his Master's Joy.
No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
But daily walk'd where shady Beeches grew:
Where stretch'd on Earth, alone he thus complains,
And in these accents tells the Groves his Pains.
Cruel *Alexis*! hast thou no remorse?
Must I expire, and have my Songs no force?
'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
The very Lizards hide, that love the Sun.
The Reapers home to dinner now repair,
While busie *Thestylis* provides both Sawce and Fare.
Yet in the raging Heat I search for thee,
Heat only known to Locusts and to me.
Oh was it not much better to sustain,
The angry days of *Amaryllis*'s Reign?
Or still be subject to *Menalchas* sway, [than Day.
Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more fair

O lovely Boy, presume not on thy Form,
The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a Storm:
Thou both disdain'st my Person and my Flame,
Without so much as asking who I am!
How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,
Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies flow.
A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,
And all the Year upon New-milk I feed.
Besides, the fam'd *Amphion*'s Songs I sing,
That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring.
Nor am I so deform'd; for t'other Day,
When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
As on the Clifts, above the Sea I stood,
I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
And if I look as handsome all the Year,
To vie with *Daphnis* self, I wou'd not fear.
Ah! wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,
And love, like me, to wound the Stag in flight!
Where wholsome Mallows grow our Kids to drive,
And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!
From *Pan* the Reed's first use the Shepherd knew,
'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.
What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
For half the noble Skill I offer you?
A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,
The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave;
And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine:
Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,
With streak of lovely white enamell'd o'er;
Who drein the bagging Udder twice a-day,
And both at home for thy Acceptance stay.
Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she
Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts and me.
Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
The richest Presents that the Spring can make.

See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee:
Fair *Naïs*, ſcarce thy ſelf ſo fair as ſhe,
With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets join'd,
A Garland for thy ſofter Brow has twin'd.
My ſelf with downy Peaches will appear,
And Cheſnuts, *Amaryllis* dainty. Chear:
I'll crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
Together bound, becauſe their ſweets agree.
Unbred thou art, and homely, *Corydon*,
Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won:
Nor canſt thou hope, if Gifts his Mind cou'd ſway,
That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
Ah me! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
Winds blaſt my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my Streams.
Whom fly'ſt thou? Gods themſelves have had aboad
In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God.
Let *Pallas* in the Towns ſhe built, reſide,
To me a Grove's worth all the World beſide:
Lions chaſe Wolves, thoſe Wolves a Kid in prime,
That very Kid ſeeks Heaths of Flow'ring time,
While *Corydon* purſues with equal Flame,
Alexis, thee; each has his ſeveral Game.
See how the Ox unyok'd brings home the Plow,
The Shades increaſing as the Sun goes low.
Bleſt Fields reliev'd by Night's approach ſo ſoon,
Love has no Night! 'tis always raging Noon!
Ah *Corydon!* what frenzy fills thy Breaſt?
Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undreſt.
Luxurious ſprouts ſhut out the rip'ning Ray,
The Branches ſhorn, not yet remov'd away.
Recal thy Senſes, and to work with ſpeed,
Of many Utenſils thou ſtand'ſt in need.
Fall to thy Labour, quit the peeviſh Boy;
Time, or ſome new Deſire ſhall this deſtroy.

The SECOND ECLOGUE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. CREECH.

The Shepherd Corydon *wooes* Alexis; *but finding he could not prevail, he reſolves to follow his Affairs, and forget his Paſſion.*

ALEXIS.

YOung *Corydon* (hard Fate) an humble Swain
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain;
He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
Yet every day through Groves he walk'd alone,
And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan:
Cruel *Alexis*! can't my Verſes move!
Haſt thou no Pity? muſt I die for Love?
Juſt now the Flocks purſue the ſhades and cool,
And every Lizard creeps into his Hole:
Brown *Theſtylis* the weary Reapers ſeeks,
And brings their Meat, their Onions and their Leeks:
And whilſt I trace thy Steps, in every Tree
And every Buſh, poor Inſects ſigh with me:
Ah! had it not been better to have born
The peeviſh *Amaryllis* Frown and Scorn,
Or elſe *Menalcas*, than this deep deſpair?
Though he was black, and thou art lovely fair!
Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
Truſt not too much, ſweet Youth, to that fair Face:
Things are not always us'd that pleaſe the ſight,
We gather Black-berries when we ſcorn the white.
Thou doſt deſpiſe me, thou doſt ſcorn my Flame,
Yet doſt not know me, nor how rich I am:
A thouſand tender Lambs, a thouſand Kine,
A thouſand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.

I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains.
Nor is my Face so mean, I lately stood,
And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
And think my self, though it were judg'd by you,
As fair as *Daphnis*, if that Glass be true.
Oh that with me, thee humble Plains would please,
The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
Or drive the Kids, or spread the fowling Snare!
Then you and I would sing like *Pan* in shady Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep and harmless Shepherd loves.
Nor must you think the Pipe too mean for you,
To learn to Pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
I have a Pipe, well season'd, brown, and try'd;
Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
He said, Here, take it for a Legacy,
Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,
He said, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me.
Besides, I found two wanton Kids at play
In yonder Vale, and those I brought away,
Young sportive Creatures, and of spotted hue,
Which suckle twice a day, I keep for you:
These *Thestylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
But now they're hers, since you my gifts disdain:
Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
The Rose, and thousand other fragrant Flowers,
To please thy Senses in thy softest hours;
These *Naïs* gathers to delight my Boy,
Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
I'll seek for Chesnuts too in every Grove,
Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
The glossie Plumbs, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
Delightfull All, and many a pretty thing:
The Lawrel and the neighb'ring Myrtle Tree,
Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree [thee.
And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to

Ah *Corydon*! thou art a fooliſh Swain,
And coy *Alexis* doth thy Gifts diſdain;
Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could wooe,
Iolas can preſent him more than you.
What doth the mad Man mean? He idly brings
Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.
Ah! whom doſt thou avoid; whom fly? the Gods
And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods:
Let *Pallas*, ſhe, whoſe Art firſt rais'd a Town,
Live there, let us delight in Woods alone:
The Boar the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid purſues,
The Kid her Thyme, as faſt as t'other do's,
Alexis Corydon, and him alone,
Each hath his Game, and each purſues his own:
Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now:
And yet my Paſſion nor my Cares remove,
Love burns me ſtill, what flame ſo fierce as Love!
Ah *Corydon*! what fury's this of thine!
On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine:
Come, rather mind thy uſeful work, prepare
Thy Harveſt Baskets, and make thoſe thy care,
Come, mind thy Plow, and thou ſhalt quickly find
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

The THIRD ECLOGUE:

Or, *PALÆMON.*

Engliſh'd by Mr. Creech.

Menalcas *and* Dametas *upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager.* Palæmon *coming that way by chance, is choſen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controverſie.*

MENALCAS.

TELL me *Dametas*, tell whoſe Sheep theſe are?

DAMETAS.

Ægon's, for *Ægon* gave 'em to my care.

MENALCAS.

Whilſt he *Neæra* Courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I ſhall prove the happier Swain,
Poor Sheep! whilſt he his hopeleſs Love purſues,
Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ewes:
The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins ſwigg the Teat,
But find no moiſture, and then idly bleat.

DAMETAS.

No more of that, *Menalcas*. I could tell,
And you know what, for I remember well;
I know when, where, and what the Fool deſign'd,
And what had happen'd, but the Nymphs were kind.

MENALCAS.

'Twas then perhaps, when ſome obſerv'd the Clown
Spoil *Mico*'s Vines, and cut his Olives down.

DAMETAS.

Or rather when, where thoſe old Beeches grow,
You broke young *Daphnis*'s Arrows and his Bow,
You ſaw them given to the lovely Boy,
Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his Joy;

But hopes of ſweet revenge thy Life ſupply'd,
And hadſt thou not done miſchief, thou hadſt dy'd.

MENALCAS.

What will not Maſter Shepherds dare to do,
When their baſe Slaves pretend as much as you?
Did not I ſee, not I, you pilfering Sot,
When you lay cloſe, and ſnapt rich *Damon*'s Goat?
His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, The Robber, ſee,
Guard well your Flock; you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell thee Shepherd, 'twas before my own,
We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he would own, and gave me cauſe to boaſt,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he loſt.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him! thou never hadſt a Pipe,
Well join'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under Hedges to the long-ear'd Rout,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a ſereeching Note.

DAMETAS.

And ſhall we have a trial of our Skill?
I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
Two Calves ſhe ſuckles, and yet twice a day
She fills two Pails; Now ſpeak, what dare you lay?

MENALCAS.

I cannot ſtake down any of my Flock,
My Fold is little, and but ſmall my Stock:
Beſides, my Father's covetouſly croſs,
My Stepdame curſt, and they will find the loſs:
For both ſtrict Eyes o'er all my Actions keep,
One counts my Kids, and both twice count my Sheep.
But yet I'll lay what you muſt grant as good,
(Since you will loſe) two Cups of Beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work Divine,
And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine;
So curiouſly he hits the various Shapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the bluſhing Grapes;
It doth my Eyes, and all my Friends delight,
I'm ſure your Mouth muſt water at the ſight:

Within two Figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't? that made the Sphear,
And shew'd the various Seasons of the Year,
What time to sheer our Sheep, what time to plow,
'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean 'till now.

DAMETAS.

Alcimedon too made me two Beechen Pots,
And round the Handles wrought smooth Ivy knots;
Orpheus within, and following woods around,
With bended Tops, seem listning to the sound.
I never us'd them, never brought them forth;
But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

MENALCAS.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by;
See, 'tis *Palæmon*; come, I'll ne'er give o'er,
'Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

DAMETAS.

Begin, I'll not refuse the skilful'st Swain,
I scorn to turn my back for any Man;
I know my self; but pray judicious Friend,
('Tis no small matter) carefully attend.

PALÆMON.

Since we have chosen a convenient place, [Grass,
Since Woods are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with
The Trees with Fruit, the Year seems fine and gay,
Dametas first, then next *Menalcas* play,
By turns, for Verse the Muses love by turns.

DAMETAS.

My Muse begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
The God loves me, and doth my verses love.

MENALCAS.

And *Phœbus* mine: on *Phœbus* I'll bestow
The blushing Hyacinth, and Lawrel bough.

DAMETAS.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o'er the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet wou'd be seen,

MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Paſſion tell,
Our Dogs ſcarce know my *Delia* half ſo well.

DAMETAS.

I'll have a Gift for *Phyllis* e'er 'tis long,
I know where Stock-doves build, I'll take their young.

MENALCAS.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I ſent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but ſoon I'll ſend again.

DAMETAS.

What things my Nymph did ſpeak; what tales of Love!
Winds bear their Muſick to the Gods above.

MENALCAS.

What boot's it, Boy, you not contemn my Flame?
Since whilſt I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

DAMETAS.

My Birth-day comes, ſend *Phyllis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing-time, *Iolas* come.

MENALCAS.

And I love *Phyllis*, for her Charms excel,
She ſigh'd, farewel, dear Youth, a long farewel.

DAMETAS.

Wolves ruin Flocks, Wind Trees, when newly blown,
Storms Corn, and me my *Amaryllis*'s Frown.

MENALCAS.

Dew ſwells the Corn, Kids browz the tender Tree,
The Goats love ſallow; fair *Amyntas* me.

DAMETAS.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a ruſtick Song,
Muſe feed a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

MENALCAS.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's Command.
Muſe feed the Bulls that puſh, and ſpurn the Sand.

DAMETAS.

Let *Pollio* have what e'er thy wiſh provokes,
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

MENALCAS.

He that loves *Bavius* Songs, may fancy thine,
The ſame may couple Wolves, and ſhear his Swine.

DAMETAS.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and shoots a Sting.

MENALCAS.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

DAMETAS.

Kids from the River drive, and sling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk-maid stroaks an empty Teat.

DAMETAS.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field!
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdsman kill'd.

MENALCAS.

Sure these feel none of Love's devouring flames,
Meer skin and bone, and yet they drain the Dams:
Ah me! what Sorceress has bewitch'd my Lambs!

DAMETAS.

Tell me where Heaven is just three Inches broad,
And I'll believe thee Prophet, or a God.

MENALCAS.

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising Flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phyllis* shall be yours.

PALÆMON.

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,
For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love:
But my work calls, let's break the meeting off,
Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk enough.

The FOURTH ECLOGUE.

POLLIO.

Engliſh'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Poet celebrates the Birth day of Salonius, *the Son of* Pollio, *born in the Conſulſhip of his Father, after the taking of* Salonæ, *a City in* Dalmatia. *Many of the Verſes are tranſlated from one of the* Sibyls, *who propheſied of our Saviour's Birth.*

Sicilian Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain! [Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade the
Delight not all; if thither I repair,
My Song ſhall make 'em worth a Conſul's Care.
The laſt great Age foretold by ſacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* times
Rowl round again, and mighty Years, begun
From their firſt Orb in radiant Circles run.
The baſe degenerate Iron-off-ſpring ends;
A golden Progeny from Heav'n deſcends;
O chaſt *Lucina* ſpeed the Mother's Pains
And haſte the glorious Birth, thy own *Apollo* reigns!
The lovely Boy, with his auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph Grace;
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed Race.
The Father baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty World no more.
The Son ſhall lead the Life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.
The jarring Nations he in Peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring)
As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.
The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing Herds, secure from Lions feed.
His Cradle shall with rising Flowers be crown'd;
The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred Ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.
But when Herbick Verse his Youth shall raise,
And form it to Hereditary Praise;
Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.
The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,
And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.
Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,
The Merchant still shall plough the Deep for gain:
Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful Ground.
Another *Tiphys* shall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore
Shall land the chosen Chiefs:
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan* fate:
But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,
The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;
No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil shall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin, [Vine:
No Plow shall hurt the *Glebe*, no Pruning-hook the
Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they his happy Web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in Years, to awful Honours move,
O of Cœleſtial Stem! O foſter Son of *Jove*!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;
See to their Baſe reſtor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air, [pear.
And joyful Ages from behind, ſtand crowding to ap-
To ſing thy Praiſe, wou'd Heav'n my Breath prolong,
Infuſing Spirits worthy ſuch a Song;
Not *Thracian Orpheus* ſhould tranſcend my Lays,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bays:
Though each his Heav'nly Parent ſhou'd inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the Lyre.
Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges ſhou'd their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious Boy, to caſt about [out;
Thy Infant Eyes, and with a ſmile, thy Mother ſingle
Thy Mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
No God ſhall crown the Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs the Bed.

The FIFTH ECLOGUE.

DAPHNIS.

Engliſh'd by Mr. DUKE.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Mopſus, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your Age commands Reſpect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern Winds the bending Branches ſhake,
And in their play the Shades uncertain make:
Or whether to that ſilent Cave you go,
The better choice! and ſee the wild Vines grow
Luxuriant round, and ſee how wide they ſpread,
And in the Cave their purple Cluſters ſhed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with *Phœbus* too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful Flame
Of dying *Phyllis*, whether *Alcon*'s Fame,
Or *Codrus*'s Brawls thy willing Muſe provoke;
Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the ſad Song repeat,
That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
And ſet to ſweeteſt Notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you *Amyntas* ſing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the moſt humble Shrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous Bluſhes of the Roſe,
Or bending Oſiers to the Olive Tree;
So much, I judge, *Amyntas* yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this Diſcourſe, here put an end,
This is the Cave, ſit and my Verſe attend.

When the ſad Fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
The pitying Nymphs diſſolv'd in pious Tears.
Witneſs, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries,
Witneſs, you Floods, ſwoln with their weeping Eyes,
The mournful Mother (on his Body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,

And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
Nor thirsty Herds to the cold River drive;
The generous Horse turn'd from fresh Streams his Head,
And on the sweetest Grass refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death, even fiercest Lions mourn'd,
And Hills and Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceness broke,
And brought 'em willing to the sacred Yoke:
Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worship did ordain
The Revels of his consecrated Train;
The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
And their long Spears with cluster'd Branches bound.
As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn;
Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: Since thy sad Fall,
No more *Apollo* his glad presence yields,
And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.
Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,
Barren Wild-Oates, and huttful Darnel grow;
And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,
The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn.
Come Shepherds, strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd ground,
The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround;
Daphnis these Rites requires: to *Daphnis'* Praise
Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,

Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis *lie;*
Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears
Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful Verse,
As to tir'd Swains soft slumbers on the Grass;
As freshest Springs that through green Meadows pass,
To one that's parch'd with thirst and summer's heat.
In thee thy Master does his Equal meet:
Whether thy Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!

Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,
Will raiſe; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of *Stimichon* be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious Show, [go,
Thro' Heav'n's bright Pavement does triumphant
And ſees the moving Clouds, and the fixt Stars below:
Therefore new Joys make glad the Woods, the Plains,
Pan and the *Dryades*, and the chearful Swains.
The Wolf no Ambuſh for the Flock does lay,
No cheating Nets the harmleſs Deer betray,
Daphnis a general Peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad Mountains raiſe to Heaven their Voice!
Hark! the hard Rocks in myſtick tunes rejoyce!
Hark! through the Thickets wondrous Songs reſound,
A God! A God! *Menalcas*, he is crown'd!
O be propitious? O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd Altars we deſign,
To *Daphnis* two, to *Phœbus* two we raiſe,
To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praiſe:
Sacred to thee they each returning year
Two bowls of Milk and two of Oil ſhall bear:
Feaſts I'll ordain, and to thy deathleſs praiſe
Thy Votaries exalted Thoughts to raiſe,
Rich *Chian* Wines ſhall in full Goblets flow,
And give a taſte of *Nectar* here below.
Dametas ſhall with *Lictian Ægon* join,
To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine,

Alpheſibæus with a reeling Gate,
Shall the wild Satyrs dancing imitate.
When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
When we with ſolemn Rites our Fields ſurvey,
Theſe Honours ever ſhall be thine; the Boar
Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more;
No more in Streams the Fiſh, in Flow'rs the Bee,
L'er, *Daphnis*, we forget our Songs to thee:
Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year
Shall, as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, bear.
To thee as to thoſe Gods ſhall Vows be made,
And Vengeance wait on thoſe, by whom they are
[not paid.

MOPSUS.

What Preſent worth thy Verſe, can *Mopſus* find?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the Southern Wind
So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murm'ring tide,
Nor Rivers that through ſtony Valleys glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this Pipe ſhall take: And 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor *Corydon*'s unhappy Flame: *Ecl.* 2.
The ſame that taught me *Melibœus*'s Sheep. *Ecl.* 3.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this Sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with Braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauty's pride:
And who cou'd think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

The SIXTH ECLOGUE.

SILENUS.

Engliſh'd by the Earl of Roſcomon.

My Aim being only to have Virgil *underſtood by ſuch who do not underſtand* Latin, *and cannot (probably) be acquainted with ſome Names and Paſſages of this* Eclogue, *I have directed them by Figures to the* Poſtſcript, *where they will find the beſt account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

I Firſt of *Romans* ſtoop'd to Rural Strains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among [1] *Sicilian* Swains,
When my [2] *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuſe,
And with this whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe.
A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flock ſhould feed,
And chuſe a Subject ſuited to his Reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
To write thy Praiſes, [3] *Varus*, and thy Wars)
My Paſt'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.
But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a Trifle prize)
Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains ſhall ſing,
And every Grove and every Eccho ring.
Phœbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
And none who under that Protection came,
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of Fame.
Proceed my Muſe.
[4] Young *Chromis* and *Mnaſylus*, chanc'd to ſtray,
Where (ſleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,

Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
And always boyl in each extended Vein;
His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use;
Drop'd from his Head, a wreath lay on the Ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they 5 bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive Song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest 6 *Nais* of the Flood,
With a 7 Vermilion Dye his Temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,
(She shall be satisfy'd another way.)
With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
The knotty Oaks their listning branches bow'd,
And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he sung the World's stupendious Birth,
How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, through universal Night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear;
How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,
A new-born Sun surpriz'd the dazled sight;
How Vapours turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,
And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty Ground supply;
How the first Forrest rais'd its shady Head, [fed.
Till when, few wandring Beasts on unknown Mountains

Then *Pyrrha*'s stony Race rose from the Ground,
Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,
And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd desire
8 Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly Fire)

Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vultures endleſs prey,
Severely pays for animating Clay. [tell?]
He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
Into whoſe Arms the lovely 9 *Hylas* fell;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the Coaſt.
He with compaſſion told *Paſiphae*'s fault, [thought?
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty
The 10 Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat.
Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains ſtray,
He on ſoft Flow'rs his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
Surround, my Nymphs, ſhe cries, ſurround the Grove;
Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the Clay,
Will to my Love direct your wandring way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I rome,
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.
He ſung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
By thoſe *Heſperian* Baits her Lover laid;
And the ſad Siſters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd;
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their Eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verſe, the Poplars ſeem'd to riſe.
He taught which Muſe did by *Apollo*'s will
Guide wandring 11 *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learned Senate roſe,
And 12 *Linus* thus (deputed by the reſt)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks expreſs'd:
This Harp of old to *Heſiod* did belong,
To this, the Muſes Gift, join thy harmonious Song:
Charm'd by theſe ſtrings, Trees ſtarting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound.

Thus conſecrated, thy [13] *Grynæan* Grove
Shall have no equal in *Apollo*'s Love.
Why ſhould I ſpeak of the [14] *Megarian* Maid,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?
And [15] her, who round with barking Monſters arm'd,
The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd;
[16] Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd Ships depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled Friends.
Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of *Philomela*'s Rape,
Who to thoſe Woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her own.
Whatever near [17] *Eurota*'s happy Stream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo*'s Theam,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And ſend his Myſtick numbers through the Sky,
'Till Night began to ſpread her gloomy Vail,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring World reſign'd.

POSTSCRIPT.

1 SIcilian------Virgil *in his* Eclogue, *imitates* Theocritus *a* Sicilian *Poet.*

2 Thalia------*The name of the Rural Muſe.*

3 Varus------*A great Favourite of* Auguſtus, *the ſame that was kill'd in* Germany, *and loſt the* Roman *Legions.*

4 Chromis *and* Mnaſylus------*Some Interpreters think theſe were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, becauſe of their names, which are never uſed for Shepherds, any where (that I remember) but here.*

5 They bound------Proteus, Pan, *and* Silenus *would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.*

6 Nais------The *Latin* word for a Water-Nymph.

7 *Vermilion Dye*------*The colour that* Pan *and* Silenus *lov'd best.*

8 Rival'd the Sun------Minerva *delighted with the Art and Industry of* Prometheus (*who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,*) *carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image.* Ovid. 2. M.

9 Hylas------*Favourite of* Hercules, *who was drown'd in a well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole him away: I use the word* resounds (*in the present Tense*) *because* Strabo (*who lived at the same time as* Virgil) *seems to intimate, that the* Prusians *continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud Cries.*

10 The Maids of Argos------*Daughters of* Prætis, *King of* Argus, *who presumed so much upon their Beauty, that they preferr'd it to* Juno's, *who in revenge, struck them with such madness, that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by* Melampodes *with Hellebore, and for that reason, black Hellebore is called* Melampodion.

11 Gallus------*An excellent Poet and great Friend of* Virgil, *he was afterwards Prætor of* Ægypt, *and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same* Gallus *you read of in the last Eclogue: And* Suidas *says, that* Virgil *means him by* Aristæus, *in the divine Conclusion of his Georgicks.*

12 Linus, *Son of* Apollo *and* Calliope.

13 The Grynæan Grove------*Consecrated to* Apollo; *by this he means some Poem writ upon that subject by* Gallus.

14 The Megarian Maid-----Scylla, *Daughter of* Niſus *King of* Megara, *who falling in Love with* Minos, *betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treaſon, rejected her.*

15 Her who round-----*Another* Scylla, *Daughter of* Phorcis, *whoſe lower Parts were turned into Dogs by* Circe; *and ſhe, in deſpair, flung her ſelf into the Sea.*

16 Whoſe only Hope------Ulyſſes's *Ships were not loſt, though* Scylla *devoured ſeveral of his Men.*

17 Eurotas-------*A River in* Greece *whoſe Banks were ſhaded with Laurels*; Apollo *retired thither to lament the Death of his dear* Hyacinthus, *whom he had accidentally killed.*

The SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Adams.

This Eclogue is wholly Paſtoral, and conſiſts of the Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrſis *and* Corydon, *to the hearing of which* Meliboeus *was invited by* Daphnis, *and thus relates it.*

MELIBOEUS.

WHile *Daphnis* ſate beneath a whiſp'ring ſhade,
Thyrſis and *Corydon* together fed
Their mingling Flocks; his Sheep with ſofteſt Wooll
Were cloath'd, his Goats of ſweeteſt Milk were full.
Both in the beauteous ſpring of blooming Youth,
The worthy Pride of bleſt *Arcadia* both;
Each with like Art, his tuneful Voice cou'd raiſe,
Each anſwer readily in Rural Lays;
Hither the father of my Flock had ſtray'd,
While ſhelters I for my young Myrtles made;
Here I fair *Daphnis* ſaw; when me he ſpy'd,
Come hither quickly, gentle Youth! he cry'd.

Your Goat and Kids are safe, O seek not those,
But if you've leisure, in this Shade repose:
Hither to water, the full Heifers tend,
When length'ning Shadows from the Hills descend,
Mincius with Reeds here interweaves his bounds,
And from that sacred Oak a busie swarm resounds.
What should I do? nor was *Alcippe* there,
Nor *Phyllis*, who might of my Lambs take care;
Yet to my Business, I their Sports prefer.
For the two Swains with great Ambition strove,
Who best could tune his Reed, or best could sing his Love;
Alternate Verse their ready Muses chose;
In Verse alternate each quick fancy flows;
These sang young *Corydon*, young *Thyrsis* those.

CORYDON.

Ye much lov'd Muses! such a Verse bestow,
As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow;
Or if all can't obtain the Gift Divine,
My Pipe I'll consecrate on yonder Pine.

THYRSIS.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with spight be torn;
Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,
Lest his ill Tongue your future Poet harm.

CORYDON.

These branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boar's Head,
By little *Mycon*'s on thy Altar laid:
If this continue, *Delia*! thou shalt stand
Of smoothest Marble by the skilful'st Hand.

THYRSIS.

This Milk, these Cakes, *Priapus*, every year
Expect, a little Garden is thy care:
Thou'rt Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.

CORYDON.

O *Galatea!* sweet as *Hybla*'s Thyme;
White as, more white, than Swans are in their prime,

Come, when the Herds shall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if e'er thy *Corydon*'s thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harsh as bittereſt Herbs appear,
Rough as wild Myrtle, vile as Sea-weeds are,
If years seem longer than this tedious day;
Haste home my Glutton Herd, haste haste away.

CORYDON.

Ye Mossie Springs! ye Pastures! softer far
Than thoughtless hours of sweeteſt slumbers are,
Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
On the glad Vines the swelling Buds appear.

THYRSIS.

Here on my Hearth a constant flame does play,
And the fat Vapour paints the Roof each day;
Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
As Streams their Banks, or Wolves do Number mind.

CORYDON.

Look how the Trees rejoice in comely Pride,
While their ripe Fruit lies scatter'd on each side;
All Nature smiles, but if *Alexis* stay,
From our sad Hills the Rivers weep away.

THYRSIS.

The dying Grass with sickly Air does fade,
No Field's unparcht, no Vines our Hills do shade;
But if my *Phyllis* come, all sprouts again,
And bounteous *Jove* descends in kindly Rain.

CORYDON.

Bacchus the Vine, the Laurel *Phœbus* loves,
Fair *Venus* cherishes the Myrtle Groves,
Phyllis the Hazels loves, while *Phyllis* loves that Tree,
Myrtles and Laurels of less fame shall be.

THYRSIS.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,
The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods:
If oft thy Swain, fair *Lycidas*, thou see,
To thee the Ash shall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBOEUS.

These I remember well

While vanquisht *Thyrsis* did contend in vain,
Thence *Corydon*, young *Corydon* does reign
The best, the sweetest on our wondring Plain.

The EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

English'd by Mr. Stafford.

SAD *Damon*'s and *Alphesibœus* Muse
I sing: to hear whose Notes the Herds refuse
Their needful Food, the salvage Lynxes gaze,
And stopping Streams their pressing waters raise.
I sing sad *Damon*'s and *Alphesibœus* Layes;
And thou (whatever part is blest with thee,
The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
Smile on my Verse: is there in Fate an hour
To swell my numbers with my Emperour?
There is, and to the World there shall be known
A Verse, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.
Amidst the Laurels on thy Front Divine,
Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine:
Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be thine.
Night scarce was past, the Morn was yet so new,
And well pleas'd Herds yet roul'd upon the dew;
When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
And sung, Rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
Rise, rise, while *Nisa*'s falshood I deplore,
And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,
To hear my sad expiring Muse and me,
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your harmony.
On *Mænalus* stand ever-ecchoing Groves,
Still trusted with the harmless Shepherds loves:
Here *Pan* resides, who first made Reeds and Verse agree,
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your harmony.

Mopſus is *Niſa*'s choice; how juſt are Lovers fears?
Now Mares with Griffins join, and following years
Shall ſee the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.
O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, and fling
Thy Nuts, ſee modeſt *Heſper* quits the Sky.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

O happy Nymph, bleſt in a wondrous Choice,
For *Mopſus* you contemn'd my Verſe and Voice:
For him my Beard was ſhaggy in your Eye;
For him, you laugh'd at every Deity. [mony.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-

When firſt I ſaw thee young and charming too,
'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
My thirteenth year was downy on my Chin,
And hardly could my hands the loweſt branches win;
How did I gaze? how did I gazing die?
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

I know thee Love, on Mountains thou waſt bred,
And *Thracian* Rocks thy Infant fury fed:
Hard ſoul'd, and not of human Progeny.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
Her hands in blood: 'twas Love her Children ſlew:
Was ſhe more cruel, or more impious he?
An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother ſhe.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Roſe;
From Reeds and Thyſtles, Balm and Amber ſpring,
And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to ſing:
Let *Tityrus* in Woods with *Orpheus* vie,
And ſoft *Arion* on the Waves defie; [mony.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewel ye Woods:
From yon high Cliff, I'll plunge into the Floods.
O *Niſa* take this diſmal Legacy,
Now ceaſe my Pipes and Muſe, ceaſe all your harmony.

Thus he. *Alphesibœus* Song rehearse,
Ye sacred Nine, above my Rural Verse.
Bring Water, Altars bind with mystick Bands,
Burn Gums and Vervain, and lift high the Wands;
We'll mutter sacred Magick till it warms
My icy Swain; 'tis Verse we want; my charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

By charms compell'd the trembling Moon descends,
And *Circe* chang'd, by charms, *Ulysses'* Friends;
By Charms the Serpent burst: ye pow'rful Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
Which thrice I drag the sacred Altars round.
Unequal numbers please the Gods: My Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Three knots of treble colour'd Silk we tye;
Haste *Amaryllis*, knit 'em instantly:
And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains; my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Just as before this Fire the Wax and Clay
One melts, one hardens, let him waste away.
Strew Corn and Salt, and burn those leaves of Bay.
I burn these Leaves, but he burns me: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage as when the bellowing Kind,
Mad with desire, run round the Woods to find
Their Mates; when tir'd, their trembling Limbs they lay
Near some cool Stream, nor mind the setting day:
Thus let him rage, unpitied too: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

These Garments once were my perfidious Swain's,
Which to the Earth I cast: Ah dear remains!
Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph: My Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Mœris himself these Herbs from *Pontus* brought,
Pontus for every noble Poison sought;
Aided by these, he now a Wolf becomes,
Now draws the buried stalking from their Tombs.

The Corn from Field to Field transports: My Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.
Cast o'er your Head the Ashes in the Brook,
Cast backward o'er your Head, nor turn your look.
I strive, but Gods and Art he slights: My Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.
Behold new Flames from the dead Ashes rise,
Blest be the Omen, blest the Prodigies,
For *Hylax* barks, shall we believe our Eyes?
Or do we Lovers dream? cease, cease, my Charms,
My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my Arms.

The same ECLOGUE.

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherds envy, and the Fields delight:
Whom as they strove, the list'ning Heifers stood,
Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food;
They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves, and led
The wandring Rivers from their wonted Bed.
I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherds Envy, and the Fields delight.
And you great Prince, whose Empire unconfin'd,
As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
Whether you with Victorious Troops pass o'er
Timavus Rocks, or coast th' *Illyrian* shore;
Shall I, beginning with these Rural Lays,
Ever my Muse to such Perfection raise,
As without rashness to attempt your Praise,
And thro' the subject World your Deeds rehearse?
Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse!
My first Fruits now I to your Altar bring;
You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.

Mean while among your Laurel wreaths allow
This Ivy branch to ſhade your Conquering Brow.
Scarce had the Sun diſpell'd the ſhades of Night,
Whilſt dewy browz the Cattel does invite;
When in a mournful poſture, pale, and wan,
The luckleſs *Damon* thus his plaints began.
Thou drowſie Star of Morning, come away,
Come and lead forth the ſacred Lamp of day;
Whilſt I by *Niſa* baffled and betray'd,
Dying, to Heaven accuſe the perjur'd Maid.
But Prayers are loſt Breath; the Powers above
Give Diſpenſations for falſe Oaths in Love.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th'*Arcadian* Swains.
'Tis a moſt bleſſed Place, that *Arcady!*
And Shepherds bleſs'd, who in thoſe Coverts lie!
Muſick and Love is all their Buſineſs there,
Pan doth himſelf part in thoſe Conſorts bear:
The Vocal Pines with claſping Arms conſpire,
To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
Mopſus does *Niſa* a cheap Conqueſt gain,
Preſented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain.
What hour ſecure, what reſpite to his Mind
In this falſe World can a poor Lover find?
Let Griffins Mares, and Eagles Turtles wooe,
And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs purſue:
Theſe may indeed ſubject of wonder prove,
But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.
Mopſus buy Torches: *Hymen* you muſt join;
Beſpeak our *Bride-Cake*, *Heſperus* all is thine.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
A worthy Match, and juſt reward of Pride!
Whilſt you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
Too long my Beard, nor ſmooth enough my Face:
And with my Perſon, you my Flocks diſgrace.

There are revenging Gods, proud Nymphs, there are,
And injur'd Love is Heav'ns peculiar care.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
Early I walk'd one Morn with careless thought,
Your Mother you into our Garden brought,
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges sought;
The fairest Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away,
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute led [astray.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
Now Love I know you, for my self, too late:
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.
Trust not this flattering Voice, or smiling Face,
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
Not one of us, nor like the *British* Race,
She-Wolves gave suck to the *pernicious Boy*,
The *Shepherds he*, *they* do the *Flocks* destroy.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
Mischief is all his sport; at his Commands,
In her Son's Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands;
A sad unnatural Mother she, 'tis true,
But *Love*, that cruelty she learn'd of *you*.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
Now into all extravagance will run:
The Tamarisk bright Amber shall distil,
And the coarse Elder bear soft Daffadil.
Shortly the Screech-*Owl*, with her boading Throat,
The *Swans* shall *Rival* in their *dying* Note,
S----- and *O*-----the Bays shall claim,
And equal *Dr*---- and *Ros*----'s Fame.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the Work ſink with me! farewel ye Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and Conſcious of my Loves:
Down from the Precipice my ſelf I'll caſt,
Accept this preſent *Niſa*----'tis my laſt.
Then ceaſe, my Flute, for ever ceaſe, thy ſtrains,
Bid a ſad ſilence through th' *Arcadian* Plains.

The NINTH ECLOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

When Virgil *by the favour of* Auguſtus *had recover'd his Patrimony near* Mantua, *and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by* Arius *the* Centurion, *to whom theſe Lands were aſſign'd by the Emperour in Reward of his Service againſt* Brutus *and* Caſſius. *This* Eclogue *therefore is fill'd with Complaints of his hard Uſage; and the Perſons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of* Virgil, *and his Friend.*

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO, *Moeris*! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas* at laſt
The time is come, I never thought to ſee,
(Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)
When the grim Captain in a ſurly tone
Cries out, Pack up ye Raſcals and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two Kids, t' appeaſe his angry Mood
I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
That from the ſloaping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed; but Songs and Rhimes
Prevail as much, in theſe hard iron Times,
As would a plume of trembling Fowl, that riſe
Againſt an Eagle ſouſing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven from a hollow Oak,
To ſhun debate, *Menalcas* had been ſlain,
And *Moeris* not ſurviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the ſacred Muſes to aſſail?
Who then ſhou'd ſing the Nymphs, or who rehearſe
The Waters gliding in a ſmoother Verſe!
Or *Amaryllis* praiſe that Heavenly Lay,
That ſhorten'd as we went, our tedious way;
O *Tityrus*, tend my Herd and ſee them fed,
To Morning Paſtures, Evening Waters led:
And 'ware the *Libyan* Ridgil's butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfiniſh'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'rs
Preſerve our Plains, and ſhield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,
Obnoxious by *Cremona*'s neighb'ring Crime,)
The Wings of Swans, and ſtronger pinion'd Rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags diſtend,
And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend;
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:

At leaſt the Shepherds ſeem to like my Lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to *Cinna*'s Ears, nor *Varus* dare aſpire; [Quire.
But gabble like a Gooſe, amidſt the Swan-like

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind:
Nor are they Verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forſake,
What pleaſures can the Tides with their hoarſe murmurs make?
See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring;
Where Nightingales their Love-ſick ditty ſing;
See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grottoes cool, with ſhady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around;
Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

Or that ſweet Song I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry Night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, doſt thou ſearch in old Records,
To know the ſeaſons when the Stars ariſe?
See *Cæſar*'s Lamp is lighted in the Skies:
The Star, whoſe Rays the bluſhing Grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;
Thy Childrens Children ſhall enjoy the Fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhime:
I cou'd have once ſung down a Summer's Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My Voice grows hoarſe; I feel the Notes decay,
As if the Wolves had ſeen me firſt to day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the Waves roul ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht Winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if the tuneful Song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern *Bianor*'s Tomb;
Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a Bow'r
Of wreathing Trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
We've day before us, yet to reach the Town:
Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,
A Song will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.

MOERIS.

Ceaſe to entreat me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another day.
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

The TENTH ECLOGUE.

GALLUS.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Stafford.

Sicilian Nymph, aſſiſt my mournful ſtrains;
The laſt I ſing in Rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verſe ſo tender and ſo true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a Verſe to Grief and *Gallus* due?
So, when thy waters paſs beneath the Tide,
Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapleſs Vows;
While, on the tender Twigs the Cattel browz:
Nothing is deaf; Woods liſten while we ſing,
And ecchoing Groves reſound, and Mountains ring.

Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
When to unpity'd flames he was betray'd?
Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
Nor was *Parnaſſus* guilty of your ſtay:
The Bays, whoſe Honours he ſo long had kept,
The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
When ſtretch'd beneath a Rock, he ſigh'd alone,
The Mountain Pines and *Mænalus* did groan,
And cold *Lycæus* wept from every ſtone.
His Flock ſurrounded him: nor think thy fame
Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name;
E'er thou and I our Sheep to Paſtures led,
His Flocks the Goddeſs-lov'd *Adonis* fed.
The Shepherds came; the ſluggiſh Neat-herd Swains,
And Swine-herds reeking from their Maſt and Grains.
All ask'd from whence this frenzy? *Phœbus* came
To ſee his Poet, *Phœbus* ask'd the ſame:
And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,
Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare [of War?
The Froſts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms
Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;
A wreath of Lillies on his Head he wore.
Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too,
His Skin all dy'd of a vermilion hue:
He cry'd, what mad deſigns doſt thou purſue?
Nor ſatisfy'd with Dew the Graſs appears,
With browz the Kids, nor cruel Love with Tears.
When thus (and ſorrow melted in his Eyes)
Gallus to his *Arcadian* Friends replies:
Ye gentle Swains, ſing to the Rocks my moan,
(For you *Arcadian* Swains ſhould ſing alone:)
How calm a reſt my wearied Ghoſt wou'd have,
If you adorn'd my Love, and mourn'd my Grave?
O that your Birth and Buſineſs had been mine,
To feed a Flock, or preſs the ſwelling Vine!
Had *Phyllis*, or had *Galatea* been
My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,

(What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
Are Violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?)
Secure in that unenvied ſtate, among
The Poplars, I my careleſs Limbs had flung;
Phyllis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* ſung.
Behold, fair Nymph, what bliſs the Country yields,
The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the laughing Fields.
Next all the Pleaſures of the Foreſt ſee,
Where I could melt away my years with thee.
But furious Love denies me ſoft repoſe,
And hurls me on the pointed Spears of Foes.
While thou (but ah! that I ſhould find it ſo,)
Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, doſt go
Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.
Yet, flying me, no hardſhip may'ſt thou meet;
Nor Snow nor Ice offend thoſe tender Feet.
But let me run to Deſarts, and rehearſe
On my *Sicilian* Reeds *Euphorion*'s Verſe;
Ev'n in the Dens of Monſters let me lie,
Thoſe I can tame, but not your cruelty.
On ſmootheſt rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe;
And as the rinds encreaſe, the Love ſhall grow.
Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Manalus* reſort,
I'll make the Boar my danger and my ſport.
When, from the Vales the jolly cry reſounds,
What rain or cold ſhall keep me from my Hounds?
Methinks my Ears the ſprightly Conſort fills;
I ſeem to bound thro' Woods and mount o'er Hills.
My Arm of a *Cydonian* Jav'lin ſeiz'd,
As if by this my madneſs cou'd be eas'd;
Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd:
My frenzy changes now; and Nymphs and Verſe I hate,
And Woods; for ah, what toil can ſtubborn Love abate!
Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,
And ſhiver in the cold *Sithonian* Snow,

Or to the ſwarthy *Ethiops* Clime remove,
Parch'd all below, and burning all above,
Ev'n there wou'd Love o'er-come; then, let us yield to Love.
Let this ſad Lay ſuffice, by ſorrow breath'd,
While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd:
My Rural Numbers, in their homely guiſe,
Gallus, becauſe they came from me, will prize:
Gallus, whoſe growing Love my Breaſt does rend,
As ſhooting Trees the burſting Bark diſtend.
Now riſe, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;
And *Juniper* is an unwholſome ſhade: [Mildew fade.
Blaſts kill the Corn by Night, and Flow'rs with
Bright *Heſper* twinkles from afar; away
My Kids, for you have had a feaſt to day.

The LAST ECLOGUE.

Tranſlated, or rather Imitated in the Year 1666.

By Sir William Temple, *Bar.*

ONE labour more, O *Arethuſa*, yield,
Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
Some Verſes to my *Gallus* e're we part,
Such as may one day break *Lycoris* Heart,
As ſhe did his; who can refuſe a Song,
To one that lov'd ſo well, and dy'd ſo young!
So mayſt thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* pleaſe,
When thou creep'ſt under the *Sicanian* Seas.
Begin, and ſing *Gallus* unhappy fires,
Whilſt yonder Goat to yonder branch aſpires
Out of his reach. We ſing not to the deaf;
An anſwer comes from every trembling Leaf.
What Woods, what Foreſts had intic'd your ſtay?
Ye *Naiades*, why came ye not away!

When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnaſſus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
To ſtop your Courſe; nor could your haſty flight
Be ſtay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
Him the freſh Laurels, him the lowly Heath
Bewail'd with dewy Tears; his parting Breath
Made lofty *Manalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycæan Marbles wept when he was dead.
Under a lonely Tree he lay and pin'd,
His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
As he on Love; ſuch kind and gentle Sheep,
Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.
There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Froſts and Winds.
All ask him whence, for whom this fatal Love?
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
Why *Gallus!* why ſo fond? he ſays; thy flame,
Thy care, *Lycoris*, is another's game;
For him ſhe ſighs and raves, him ſhe purſues
Thorough the mid-day Heats and morning Dews;
Over the ſnowy Cliffs and frozen Streams,
Through noiſie Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy Dreams.
She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain
Hanging his mournful Head, *Phœbus* in vain
Offers his Herbs, employs his Counſel here;
'Tis all refus'd, or anſwer'd with a Tear.
What ſhakes the Branches! what makes all the Trees
Begin to bow their Heads, the Goats their Knees?
Oh! 'tis *Sylvanus*, with his moſſie Beard
And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
Of Wood-born Satyrs; ſee! he ſhakes his Spear,
A green young Oak, the talleſt of the year.
Pan, the *Arcadian* God, forſook the Plains,
Mov'd with the ſtory of his *Gallus* pains.
We ſaw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
Painted with Berries-juice; we ſaw him ſtand
And gaze upon his Shepherd's bathing Eyes;
And what! no end, no end of Grief, he cries!

Love little minds all thy consuming care,
Or restless Thoughts, they are his daily fare.
Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs,
Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
And touch'd the Shepherd with his Hazle Rod:
He, sorrow slain, seem'd to revive, and said,
But yet *Arcadians* is my Grief allay'd,
To think that in these Woods, and Hills, and Plains,
When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains
Shall sing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inspir'd
By *Phœbus*; Oh! how gently shall these tir'd
And fainting Limbs repose in endless sleep,
While your sweet Notes my Love immortal keep!
Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
Just one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
Or wield a hook, or prune a branching Vine,
And known no other Love, but, *Phyllis*, thine;
Or thine, *Amyntas*; what though both are brown,
So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down;
Amongst the Vines, the Willows and the Springs,
Phyllis makes Garlands, and *Amyntas* sings.
No cruel Absence calls my Love away,
Farther than bleating Sheep can go astray:
Here my *Lycoris*, here are shady Groves,
Here Fountains cool, and Meadows soft, our Loves
And Lives may here together wear, and end:
O the true Joys of such a Fate and Friend!
I now am hurried by severe Commands
Into remotest Parts, among the Bands
Of armed Troops; there by my Foes pursu'd,
Here by my Friends; but still my Love subdu'd.
Thou far from home, and me, art wand'ring o'er
The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Western shore,
The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet?
Ah, gently, gently, least thy tender Feet
Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely Arms;
The Northern cold relents not at their Charms:

Away I'll go into ſome ſhady Bowers,
And ſing the Songs I made in happier hours,
And charm my woes. How can I better chuſe,
Than amongſt wildeſt Woods my ſelf to loſe,
And carve our Loves upon the tender Tree;
There they will thrive. See how my Loves agree
With the young Plants: look how they grow together,
In ſpight of abſence, and in ſpight of Weather.
Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o'er
Yon woody Hill; I'll chaſe the grizly Boar,
I'll find *Diana*'s and her Nymphs reſort;
No Froſts, no Storms, ſhall ſlack my eager Sport.
Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
And hollow ſounding Woods: look how my Locks
Are torn with Boughs and Thorns; my Shafts are gone,
My Legs are tir'd, and all my Sport is done.
Alas! this is no cure for my Diſeaſe;
Nor can our toils that angry God appeaſe.
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can pleaſe me more,
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
No ſport, no labour, can divert my Grief:
Without *Lycoris* there is no relief.
Though I ſhould drink up *Heber*'s Icy ſtreams,
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet ſtill her fiery Beams
Would ſcorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to Love.

The End of the FIRST PART.

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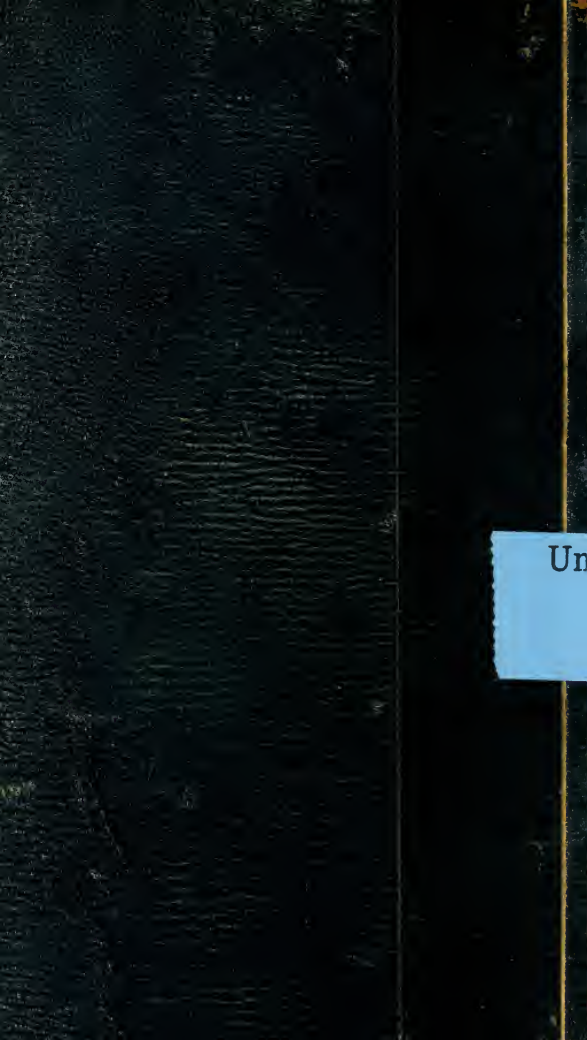
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